

LIFE



DATE IN
CASABLANCA

FEBRUARY 1, 1943 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



"HORRORS, BAB! A TERM PAPER TO FINISH AND MY FOUNTAIN PEN GOES PF-F-T! BET I CAN'T GET IT FIXED EITHER. REPAIR PARTS OF METAL AND RUBBER ARE SO TERRIBLY SCARCE."

"YOU'VE FLUNKED OUT IN FORESIGHT, KITTEN. I TOLD YOU TO USE NEW **PARKER QUINK**. THE **SOLV-X** IN IT STOPS MOST PEN TROUBLES BEFORE THEY START!"

COPR. 1943, THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

Metal and rubber...vital pen repair materials may soon be impossible to obtain!

THE fountain pen that fails today may never write again. Repair parts are getting scarce!

So now is the time to safeguard that pen of yours with new Parker Quink. This is the wholly new kind of ink developed by Parker scientists. It is the only ink which contains the wonder-working ingredient called *solv-x*.

You see, most pen breakdowns really begin with faulty ink. Repair records show that. Many inks are inferior in their chemistry and tend to clog and gum. Some are too highly acid. They cause metal parts to corrode and they speed up the deterioration of rubber.

Parker Quink with *solv-x* goes right to the heart of this problem. The *solv-x* in it gives positive protection to every rubber and metal

part with which the ink comes in contact. It flushes away all sediment left by other writing fluids—cleans your pen as it writes.

Order brilliant Parker Quink today. You'll find it full-bodied and extra-quick drying. Just as fine for steel pens as for fountain pens. Quink comes in 2-ounce and 4-ounce bottles. Also in economical pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

NEW PARKER QUINK ELIMINATES THE CAUSE OF MOST PEN FAILURES

- The *solv-x* in new Parker Quink dissolves away all sediment and gummy deposits left by inferior inks. Actually cleans your pen as it writes.
- Quink with *solv-x* prevents the rubber rot and corrosion caused by strongly acid writing fluids.



The only ink containing solv-x

FOR V... — MAIL New Parker Quink in "Micro-film Black" photographs perfectly. Quink comes in 8 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. 15¢, 25¢ and up.



DO YOUR BEST... AND

Be at your Best

THESE are simple obligations, to our country, to our men at the front, and to ourselves.

No matter what your job—housewife, office employee, war worker—give it all you've got . . . do your best all of the time.

That means keeping strong, keeping healthy. This job's going to take every bit of stamina we can muster. And health is your greatest asset.

But as you work, don't forget to play. Play is the great equalizer. Make it part of your life also. Step forth. Go places. Meet people. Cultivate old friends and make new ones—lots of them. And try to be at your best always. Look your neatest. Be your sweetest. Swap a smile for a tear. Trade a laugh for a frown. Don't let down. Keep smiling. Keep going. That's the way the boys at the front would like it.

As a safe, efficient household antiseptic for use in a thousand little emergencies, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent for

more than half a century. In the later years it has established a truly impressive record against America's No. 1 health problem, the ordinary cold, and its frequent attribute, sore throat.

It is hardly necessary to add that, because of its germicidal action which halts bacterial fermentation in the mouth, Listerine is the social standby of millions who do not wish to offend needlessly in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

for Oral Hygiene

ATTENTION PLEASE: If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste you're missing something!

This One



JQ9D-SNP-K4NJ

"PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



There were no high schools for girls and no college in the world admitted women when Emma Willard, early in the nineteenth century, opened her Female Seminary under the shadow of Middlebury College in Vermont. Later she established the famous Emma Willard School at Troy, New York. No person did more than she to demonstrate that women were capable of mastering subjects of higher learning previously taught only by men and to men.

Should Women own Life Insurance?

In Emma Willard's day it was not considered "genteel" for women to own or manage property or to disturb their minds over money worries.

What a difference today!

In many homes, due to an "all out" war, women have taken on financial responsibility in addition to their home-making duties and are doing the double job far better than any man could do it.

In planning for money when money may be needed most, women have been quick to appreciate the values in life insurance. Today, one out of every five policies which National Life writes is bought by a woman.

Life insurance means to every woman—and to men, too—

Money for every vital need.

Money to supplement your own retirement Social Security Savings, if you are employed.

Money to give you a living income when you can no longer work.

Money to care for and educate your children, should either you or your husband drop out suddenly.

Money to meet large obligations such as mortgage payment, the purchase of a business or accumulated taxes.

Why not find out what life insurance can do for you? Use the coupon below.

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HOME OFFICE—VERMONT

MONTPELIER, VERMONT

A Mutual Company, founded in 1850, "as solid as the granite hills of Vermont"

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, DEPT. 115, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Without obligation to me, please send more complete information as to what life insurance can do for me.

☐ I am a housewife. ☐ I am working.

☐ I have dependents. ☐ I have no dependents.

Name..... Date of Birth.....

Address.....

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CORPORAL ZIFF'S LETTER

Sirs:

In your Newsfronts page for Jan. 11 you quote a letter from Corporal Barry Ziff, who asks that we clarify our principles. May I have the opportunity of telling Corporal Ziff what I am fighting for?

There is a mad dog by the name of Adolph Schicklgruber and his gang of Nazis roaming the world, plundering, raping and butchering humanity. Yamashita of Japan announced that the Imperial Armies of Japan would occupy San Francisco, Chicago, New York and London and that he would dictate his terms from the White House in Washington.

Even an adolescent knows what it means to have the Japanese soldiery occupy a city. What they did at Nanking horrified both the civilized and uncivilized worlds. Their binding and bayoneting of British prisoners was unbelievable until it was verified by Anthony Eden. Manila was declared an open city and all anti-aircraft guns and firearms removed, but the Japs gleefully roamed the air over the city, leisurely dropping their bombs and machine-gunning the civilian population in the streets.

What Schicklgruber did at Warsaw, Rotterdam and Belgrade was doubled and redoubled by his Gestapo and their concentration camps and firing squads. It is inconceivable for the human mind to envision the misery and despair endured by his hostages.

There is a pack of mad dogs in our neighborhood and our children are laughing and playing in the streets.

I have faith in my Commander in Chief and in my Government. And when Schicklgruber, Tojo, and their gangs are brought to their knees and disposed of, I am confident that the wisdom of our leaders will bring us a lasting peace.

That is what I am fighting for.

PVT. NATHAN GOLDSTEIN

Fort McClellan, Ala.

Sirs:

Corporal Ziff's letter to you and your editorial upon it put a heavy burden upon the public conscience. For one soldier willing and able to write, there must be hundreds who have the same opinions and do not express them. As a college professor, I think I have the right to say that the vast majority of the students in this country share the corporal's ideals and, as a veteran of the last war, I can add that my own generation also believed in them.

Our generation was double-crossed in 1918 by a group of politicians who preferred the defeat of the President to world peace. They had perhaps the excuse of ignorance. The successors at the present time, however, have no excuse whatsoever. The fruits of isolationism fell rotten from the bough a year ago. They can be fed to us again only if we are stupid enough to close our eyes and nostrils. But that the attempt will be made to palm them off on us is as clear as daylight. Already the forces of reaction are gathering and already the more observant of the younger generation are growing suspicious and sceptical. The record of the State Department in its dealings with Darlan, the speeches at the annual meeting of the NAM, the recent insistence that the President say nothing of social security in his message to Congress are only a few straws pointing to the new direction of the wind.

Those of us who are too old to fight in the armed forces will have only ourselves to blame if the Corporal Ziffs are cheated. There is a political front and it is on that front that the Nazis may very well triumph, regardless of what our soldiers do to them on the field of battle. The duty of those who stay at home is clear: it is to shout from the housetops our demand that our children be not slaughtered for nothing. It is to make evident to every Congressman and Senator our insistence that the peace be, as you say, a people's peace. We need not make the details precise, nor can

we, since the future is still dark. But there is one thing which cannot be brushed aside as a detail, and that is the necessity of organizing the world in such a fashion that these periodic holocausts shall be stopped. If to do so means an infringement of national sovereignty, an abandonment of tariffs, internationalism, or even applied Christianity, the price will still be cheap. But if we hold our tongues for fear of sticking out our necks or engaging in rowdy debates, then we may as well bow our heads at once and pray for mercy. For our domestic brand of Hitlers will take over without hesitation.

GEORGE BOAS

Baldwin, Md.

SNIPER'S COAT

Sirs:

Enclosed is a picture of a Japanese raincoat. In your issue of Jan. 11 there appeared a similar garment described as a Jap sniper's camouflage coat.

I understand that this type of coat is worn by all the peoples of the South



JAP-ADAPTED RAINCOAT

Pacific as a raincoat. The Japs, the great adapters, appear to have adapted it to more sinister purposes.

LOWELL E. CAMPBELL

Columbus, Ohio

AMERICAN CITIES

Sirs:

As an ex-resident of Honolulu, I disagree thoroughly with your statement in LIFE, Jan. 11: "... The fact is that no bombs have been dropped on our cities and no one has slaughtered our women and children."

I say that bombs were dropped and that women and children were slaughtered in a city of the U. S.: Honolulu. Read practically any newspaper on the day after Pearl Harbor. Hawaii is still a territory, but its citizens are very much American citizens.

Also, how about Manila?

EMMA D. REDDICK

Albuquerque, N. Mex.

● LIFE erred in not specifying continental American cities, had no intention of slighting territorial cities' tragic contact with the real war.—ED.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

Sirs:

I have just read your issue of Jan. 11. I enjoyed the Speaking of Pictures department more than usual, particularly the description of Noel Coward as "England's Orson Welles."

If you ever do a feature like this again, I suggest: 1) A picture of William Shakespeare labeled "England's Arch Oboler;" 2) A picture of Chiang Kai-shek labeled "China's Leon Blum;" 3) A picture of Robert Browning labeled "England's Maxwell Bodenheim;" 4) A picture of Eleonora Duse labeled "Italy's Lana Turner."

ROBERT HELMLING

New York, N. Y.

(continued on p. 4)



Telephone wire coming up

Here's a bomber-gunner hurrying to load
his 50-calibre gun. . . .

In peace, a lot of that copper would have
gone into new telephone lines. Now it's
needed for shooting and winning the war.

That's why we can't build new lines right
now. That's why we're saying—"Please
don't place Long Distance calls to war-busy
centers unless it's absolutely necessary."

Thanks for all your help and we hope
you will keep on remembering.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

**WAR CALLS
COME FIRST**





... But wait! Do the glasses you're wearing belong in the scrap heap too?

MAYBE glasses that no longer fit your eyes won't help the war effort, but it's even more certain they don't help you!

Few things, in fact, are harder on your eyes than day-in and day-out wearing of lenses that are wrong for you. Outgrown lenses are hard on your eyes, on your nerves, your temper, your ability to concentrate.

Better to throw those outworn lenses into any scrap heap, therefore, than to go on wearing them! And have them replaced at once with new lenses that fit your eyes as they are today!

Ask about Soft-Lite

When did you last have your eyes examined? If you've been letting them go too long, have them examined now.

Only a professional man, of course, can tell you if your eyes are especially sensitive to glare, and if you need Soft-Lite Lenses.

Soft-Lite has been recommended professionally to millions now grateful for the comfort this modern lens has given them, for restfulness to tired eyes, for relief from mysterious headaches.

So when you go for that eye examination ask about Soft-Lite.

Soft-Lite Lenses are made to filter out glare, neutralize brilliance. They can be ground to any prescription, single-vision or bifocal.

Less Conspicuous

Slightly flesh-toned, Soft-Lite Lenses are less conspicuous, actually better looking than ordinary lenses. Remember, when you have your eyes examined, ask about Soft-Lite!

SOFT-LITE LENSES are made by Bausch & Lomb from the highest quality optical glass. Exclusive scientific formula controls amount of light reaching the eye—neutralizes glare, absorbs excess light and protects against eyestrain fatigue. There is only one genuine Soft-Lite—identified by this Protection certificate.



Soft-Lite Lenses

SOFT-LITE LENS COMPANY
745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
America needs your eyes

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

MOSCOW TODAY

Sirs:

Walter Graebner's report on Moscow Today (LIFE, Jan. 11) is one of the most absorbing and thrilling ever published by you. Mr. Graebner states that the total war economy of Russia has not yet been approached by England, to say nothing of America. This is true, without question, yet I should like to add that the utilization of Russia's population for her military effort has hardly been accomplished in two years.

The Russians have been expecting war for many years so the "war economy" is nothing new to them. While their sacrifices are greater now than formerly, still the psychological shock is not as difficult as that now confronting the American people. That Americans are rising to meet their crises in a magnificent manner, by and large, is something to be very proud of.

MARJORIE A. MABON
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:

In the article Moscow Today the writer, in speaking of the "individual initiative and self-reliance" of the Russian people, says, "These qualities are never encouraged as much in the Soviet Union as in other countries..."

In the Russian Revolution the peasants seized the estates of the landlords, the workers' councils seized the factories of the capitalists, and the soldiers removed the Czar's officers and controlled the army with their committees. Lenin, leading the Bolshevik party and supported by this mass movement of the Russian people, established the socialist order in Russia. Today these same people are fighting the mightiest battle in history to drive all of the armies of Western Europe from their country. Who thinks their initiative needs any encouraging?

ALBERT E. AVERILL
Rockland, Me.

STRIPPED LOCOMOTIVE

Sirs:

Your Jan. 11 issue carried a full-page picture of an American locomotive arriving in England. Workmen at the Schenectady plant of the American Locomotive Co. are still chuckling over the fact that the British, with typical reserve, named it the *Austerity*, because it had been stripped of all but essential parts. At Schenectady it was called the *Gypsy Rose Lee*.

H. WILSON LLOYD
American Locomotive Co.,
New York, N.Y.

WOMEN'S ROTC

Sirs:

Although your article on the New Hampshire girls' ROTC (LIFE, Jan. 11) was in many respects quite interesting, it started me wondering just what is to come of it all. You stated that it was for the purpose of training them for the WAACs and WAVES. As I understand it, those women are to replace men in jobs not requiring muscles, yet New Hampshire seems to be spending its time developing them.

RICHARD C. MOSES
Andover, Mass.

Sirs:

In your article on the University of New Hampshire coed and the war, you state that this group was the first coed group in a major college to undertake training and drill similar to men's ROTC.

I would like to call to your attention the work of Carolina's coeds who have been taking part in drill, physical education, military training and preparation for the auxiliary forces since last September. If our coeds were not the first, at least they preceded the New Hampshire girls by over one month.

HASKELL B. GLEICHER
University of North Carolina,
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Almost Perfect SECRETARY

Mary — — —, we promised not to tell her name, loves her job, won't change at any price. Being his right arm, the big boss really depends on Mary. She analyzes all the mail and magazine ads. Worries about his problems. When war orders threatened to swamp production, his and her worries increased fourfold. One day Mary read how other organizations busted bottlenecks and solved problems of machine loading, production, assembly, sub-contract control, etc. . . . firms like Colt, Remington, Marlin, Dupont, Ranger, Republic, Consolidated, Vega, American Car, Baldwin, Buick, Cadillac, Massey-Harris, General Electric, Westinghouse. Mary investigated, then told the boss.

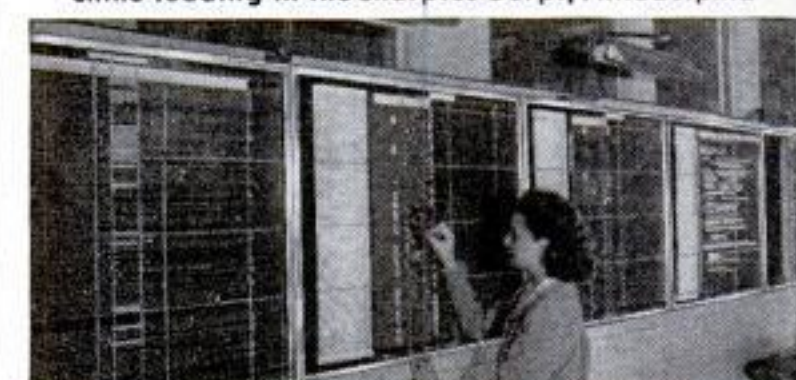


PRODUC-TROL won her a raise. Mary says, "Better than the raise was the satisfaction of knowing I helped increase production that won the ARMY-NAVY 'E' which Mr. W. so coveted. PRODUC-TROL pictures every detail of our production problems so clearly, he is able to concentrate on the thirty or forty real problems rather than worry over four thousand previous ghost problems. Increased production means much to both of us . . . he has a son and I have a boy friend over there."

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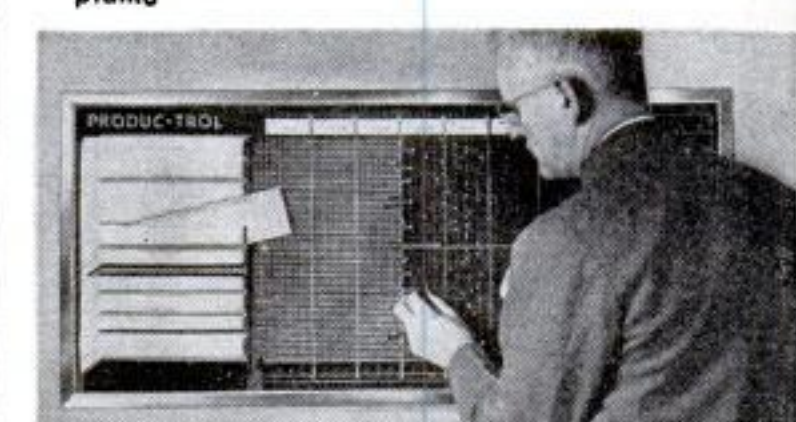
Produc-Trol individual order scheduling & machine loading in the Sharples Corp., Philadelphia



Battery of Produtrol Boards speeding war orders at Syracuse plant of Lamson Corp.



Produtrol Boards at Standard Steel Spring Co., Detroit, schedule armor plate from 32 plants



Produtrol pictures 200 items at a glance. Vital facts stand out like a sore thumb. Simple. Any clerk can use Produtrol. Inexpensive. Pays for itself a dozen times a day.

To smart secretaries and executives: A line on your business letterhead brings "Spotlight", illustrating the complete Produtrol line. As production is 100% war orders, all Produtrol orders must bear priority numbers.

If "information" cannot give you the telephone number of Produtrol in your city, phone, wire, or write—

WASSELL ORGANIZATION
WESTPORT, CONN.
Telephone: WESTPORT 2-4743
MANUFACTURERS OF PRODUC-TROL

(continued on p. 6)

How Little Mistakes in Eating Can Keep You Half-Sick

WHICH DO YOU SUFFER FROM?



Common Rheumatism and Arthritis

He suffers from rheumatic pains largely because of simple mistakes in his diet. If he follows the suggestions on page eight of Victor H. Lindlahr's remarkable book, "*You Are What You Eat*," he should get quick relief.



Dietary Indigestion—Heartburn

He is one of the countless people who suffers needlessly from dietary stomach disorders. Chapter 7 of Victor H. Lindlahr's great book shows a way to quick relief and prevention for thousands.



Excess Weight

She could reduce in no time, yet actually eat more food than she does now... if she only ate properly. "*You Are What You Eat*" would tell her how.



Frequent Colds

She is an easy victim of coughs and colds. Something vital is lacking in her diet. What? Read the first chapter of "*You Are What You Eat*" to see how easy it should be to put her on the road to strength and health.



Sinus Trouble

Sinus trouble (catarrhal) is robbing this man of strength. He is tortured constantly. Yet Victor H. Lindlahr knows how a simple change in the food he eats might help him end his ailment.



Poor Eyesight

She suffers from eye-strain and resulting frequent headaches due to a lack of one vitamin. If she followed Victor H. Lindlahr's suggestions she might prevent these annoying eye troubles.



Learn How to Eat Your Way to Better Health

HERE, AT LAST, is Victor H. Lindlahr's remarkable method of health through diet brought to you in a big fascinating book—at a price so low everyone can own it! In just one evening, you can learn how to correct mistakes in eating that may have been keeping you below par... you may learn how to be healthier, happier by following the proven principles of health through diet in Victor H. Lindlahr's remarkable book, "*You Are What You Eat*."

It is a book that reads like a detective novel! A book that gives you the thrilling revelations of recent nutritional discoveries... a book that condenses and explains these facts and tells you, in simple, understandable language, just how to apply them.

Do you suffer needlessly because of simple mistakes you are making in your eating? Let Victor H. Lindlahr help you and your family gain better health through diet. It has been done in thousands of cases. It is being done every day!

Don't Let Little Mistakes in Eating Rob You of Good Health

Foods are medicine... and Victor H. Lindlahr knows that foods have the power that may give you freedom from many common symptoms. Out of the kitchen can come meals to help put an end to many of your distressing troubles. Yes, foods often possess a remarkable power for improving health—and now Victor H. Lindlahr shows you how to use this power!

DO YOU KNOW?

How you may improve your complexion by a simple change in diet?
What foods help you ward off colds?
What low-calory foods are very high in mineral and vitamin value?
What are the familiar foods that often correct constipation?
What methods of cooking destroy the chief values of certain foods?
What foods often help promote sound, restful sleep?

Are there any foods of special value to older people?
Which vegetables can help in building better blood?
What high-vitamin fruits and vegetables will help build you up when you are run-down?
How do your eating habits affect your nerves?
—These and hundreds of other fascinating facts about food are revealed in "*YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT*."

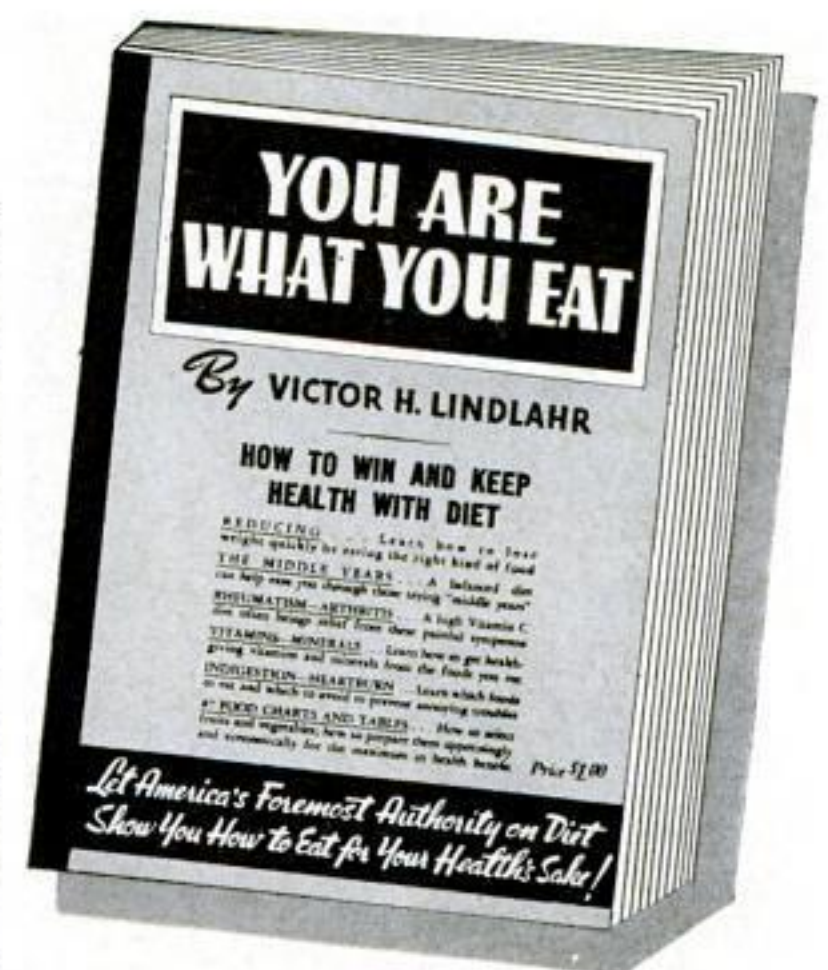
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Same Number of Pages!

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ACT NOW! Get Your Copy Wherever Books Are Sold, or Mail Coupon for 5-Day FREE Trial!

JOURNAL OF LIVING PUBLISHING CORP.
Dept. H-6, 1819 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Send me Victor H. Lindlahr's Book, "*You Are What You Eat*," for only 49c, plus a few cents postage. I understand that if not delighted I may return the book within 5 days and my money will be refunded.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

NOTE: If apt to be out when postman calls, send 50c with coupon and save C.O.D. postage.

"Rely on
Reliance"



Carloads of Safe Landings!

And we'll keep on shipping Reliance-made Parachutes to our boys "over there" until the war is won! Here at home, we will continue to make as many as possible of the same, smart, dependable Aywon Shirts you have always known. Aywon Shirts are superbly comfortable, stylish, long-wearing. In fresh new colors and patterns at popular prices. Ask for Aywon Shirts for men—Penrod Shirts for boys.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

212 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
New York Office—200 Fifth Ave.

MAKERS OF Big Yank Shirts and Trousers • Happy Home and Kay Whitney Frocks
No-Tare Shorts • Universal Pajamas
Yankshire Coats • Ensenada Suits and Slacks.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

Sirs:

LIFE erred in crediting University of New Hampshire with introduction of military training for women. Indiana University announced military training for coeds last Aug. 1 and instituted it Sept. 1 with basic and advanced units known as Women's Auxiliary Training Corps. University of Illinois also has organized WATC units and happily the movement is spreading, but Indiana University insists that it was first and should receive due credit.

E. ROSS BARTLEY

Indiana University,
Bloomington, Ind.

● LIFE did not mean to imply that the University of New Hampshire was the first college to institute wartime physical conditioning for women. What New Hampshire claims is that its coeds are the first to be trained, not as WATCs, but as potential WAACs, WAVES, etc., under official instructions laid down by the Army and Navy in a manual prepared in mid-October. LIFE salutes the training programs at North Carolina, Indiana, Illinois and other schools without attempting to decide their respective claims to being first in the field.—ED.

WAR WIDOWS

Sirs:

In your Letters column for Jan. 11 there is a letter from Janice Barrett of New York City describing her feelings as a war widow. I think it is one of the most poignant and tragic statements I have ever read, yet it is in another sense the most heartening.

Mrs. Barrett's reaction to this staggering blow is one of sorrow, but she is still very much on her feet, planning constructively to heal the wound of her loss. To me it shows that not all fighting Americans are on the battlefronts.

EDWARD L. STEINER

Binghamton, N. Y.

● A flood of answers to Mrs. Barrett's letter indicates that war widows are not as forgotten as she fears.—ED.

KIDS' UNIFORMS

Sirs:

LIFE's cover for Jan. 11 showing children in uniform prompts me to send the enclosed photograph of Miss Jacqueline Rudolph who wears a Marine uniform, which your children have apparently



SERGEANT RUDOLPH

overlooked. Jacqueline is only 5, but she has sold over \$97,000 of war bonds and stamps. She has also been made an honorary sergeant and mascot in the Marines.

MRS. J. B. RUDOLPH

Troy, N. Y.

GREATER BREATHING COMFORT

COMES IN
SECONDS!



Any time—any place—this handy new Vicks Inhaler makes cold-clogged nose feel clearer in seconds. It's so cram-full of effective medication, that just a few whiffs bring grand relief! And... you can use it as often as needed! Try it today—it's a honey!

VICKS INHALER

CHEST COLDS

To relieve misery, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, loosens phlegm, brings comfort.

VICKS
VAPORUB

Spur



5¢

THE COLA DRINK

WITH
CANADA DRY
QUALITY

"To be well and keep well ★★"



*Watch that smile...
and watch that job*



Toothbrushes are essential to national health. More than half of the people of America do not possess one. To be well and keep well every American should have a good toothbrush and use it regularly.

DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN
Editor of "Hygeia" published by
the American Medical Association

Seems startling doesn't it . . . that there really are millions and millions of people in America who don't even own a toothbrush, let alone use one regularly?

Take the word of our national health authorities that there are. And take their word too

that poor teeth are frequently the underlying cause of poor health.

You know . . . we all know that every ounce of productive capacity is needed by our country. So do your part by protecting your health in every way possible. Guard your dental health with the finest toothbrush money can buy—a Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft.

Miracle-Tuft alone offers "EXTON" brand bristling—waterproofed by an exclusive patented process. Sealed in glass, surgically sterile, it reaches you *germ-free*. And a welcome economy right now is the fact that it gives a full year of effective service. Get a Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft toothbrush today.

Only MIRACLE-TUFT offers these exclusive advantages

1. "EXTON" brand bristling for longer life, more efficient tooth-cleansing.
2. Surgically sterile glass packaging—germ-free delivery to you.
3. A full year of effective service for you, proved by millions of sales.

50¢



And at 25¢, the super value brush of the day . . .



DR. WEST'S "25"—an outstanding value made possible by production-line methods. As fine a brush as it is possible to make at anywhere near this price.

Copr. 1943 by Weeco Products Company



LANE Valentine Special

No. 48-2097. A superb value especially designed for this big event. Exterior veneers are all superbly matched American Walnut. Hand-rubbed and polished finish. Equipped with Lane Patented Automatic Tray. And look at the price!

\$29⁷⁵ WHILE THEY LAST!

Slightly higher in West and Canada

*This Valentine makes
two hearts beat as one!*



HE HELD HER WITH A LANE

HAPPINESS ahead! That is what this romantic Lane Valentine gift promises. For it starts tomorrow's home where love and joy will be everlasting.

To help sweethearts everywhere make this Valentine Day memorable, Lane and Lane dealers are featuring a superb value in this Lane Valentine Cedar Hope Chest. As the only tested aroma-tight cedar chest in the world, backed by free moth insurance policy written by one of the world's largest insurance companies, Lane provides guaranteed moth protection for the trousseau she is now collecting. Save by selecting this love gift now.

The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. L, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

Only LANE Has All These Guaranteed Moth Protection Features

1. The only tested aroma-tight cedar chest in the world.
2. Exclusive aroma-tight features assure guaranteed moth protection.
3. Built of 3/4-inch aromatic red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations.
4. New waterproof Lane-welded veneers will not peel.
5. Chemically treated interiors even aroma flow—prevent stickiness and add life to the chest.
6. Free moth insurance policy written by one of the world's largest insurance companies.

To Men in Service:
Write factory if name of Lane dealer where chest is to be delivered is not known.

The ideal gift for sweetheart, daughter, mother, or sister for engagements, birthdays, weddings, graduation, anniversary, or confirmation. Styles and exteriors to suit every taste.



CONSERVE!
Buy War Bonds!
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in a LANE!

Help Uncle Sam! Give your precious woolens the best moth protection in a Lane Cedar Chest.

(Left) No. 48-2011. An authentic colonial design of bewitching simplicity in Antique Maple. Equipped with Lane Patented Automatic Tray.

(Right) No. 44-1964. 18th Century drawer design in Honduras Mahogany. Top two drawers are simulated. Hand-rubbed satin finish.



LANE
Cedar **HOPE CHEST**
THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME



LIFE'S REPORTS

GIRAUD ON THE FALL OF FRANCE

by GENERAL HENRI HONORE GIRAUD

After he escaped to Switzerland from the German prison fortress of Königstein (LIFE, Sept. 21), General Henri Giraud wrote a 17,000-word memorandum to Marshal Pétain, analyzing the causes of the collapse of France. This memorandum, which is condensed below, reveals how the fall of France looked to the pro-Allied but strongly Rightist general who is now High Commissioner of French North Africa.



GENERAL GIRAUD

What are the causes of this unforeseeable crash, unheard of in the history of France?

First, the primordial question, that of birthrate. France even without the war was on the slope of suicide. The family was disappearing to give place to couples without children. In the world's richest country where the soil gives to anybody who wants to work it, the countryside was depopulating itself.

There was a great deal of talk in France, beautiful programs were made, many blue ribbons were distributed. The matches of football and rugby, the boxing, the horse races, the bicycle and automobile races had more and more success. . . . The result was fatal. In a race formerly solid, rustic, tough against fatigue, but where alcohol and syphilis had opened suppurating wounds, the skeleton shrank, the tissues became lax, the resistance disappeared. Neither from the point of view of endurance, nor of training was the soldier of 1940 equal to that of 1914. Very limited ability in marching, even less capacity for work, insurmountable need of sleep—these were the characteristics of the soldier of 1940.

Between 1914 and 1918 we made a superhuman effort. We emerged from the test physically and morally exhausted. Our ideal wasn't to profit by the victory to make a better world; it was to enjoy ourselves. From the first to the last rank of society, people wanted to amuse themselves, or rather to daze themselves.

What did the school teach these youngsters and these men? First, egoism, personal interest and the cult of envy. After that, negation of everything spiritual, of everything divine, of everything ideal. Atheism, if not proclaimed, was at least encouraged.

Could the military service improve or correct this education? Certainly not at a time when the service of one year was practically reduced to four months and when, as I ascertained, certain men had not even learned the appellations of their officers.

To sum up—youth insufficient in quantity, insufficient in quality. That's what the 20 years following the victory gave us.

If from youth, which formed only a small part of the Army, we pass to the entire nation, what were its characteristics? At the base, lack of authority. One doesn't delegate authority; one asserts it. In France between 1919 and 1939 it merely exhausted itself. In the government, under whatever label, we never saw anything but parties, we never saw France. The composition of every ministry—and they were many—was a scandal.

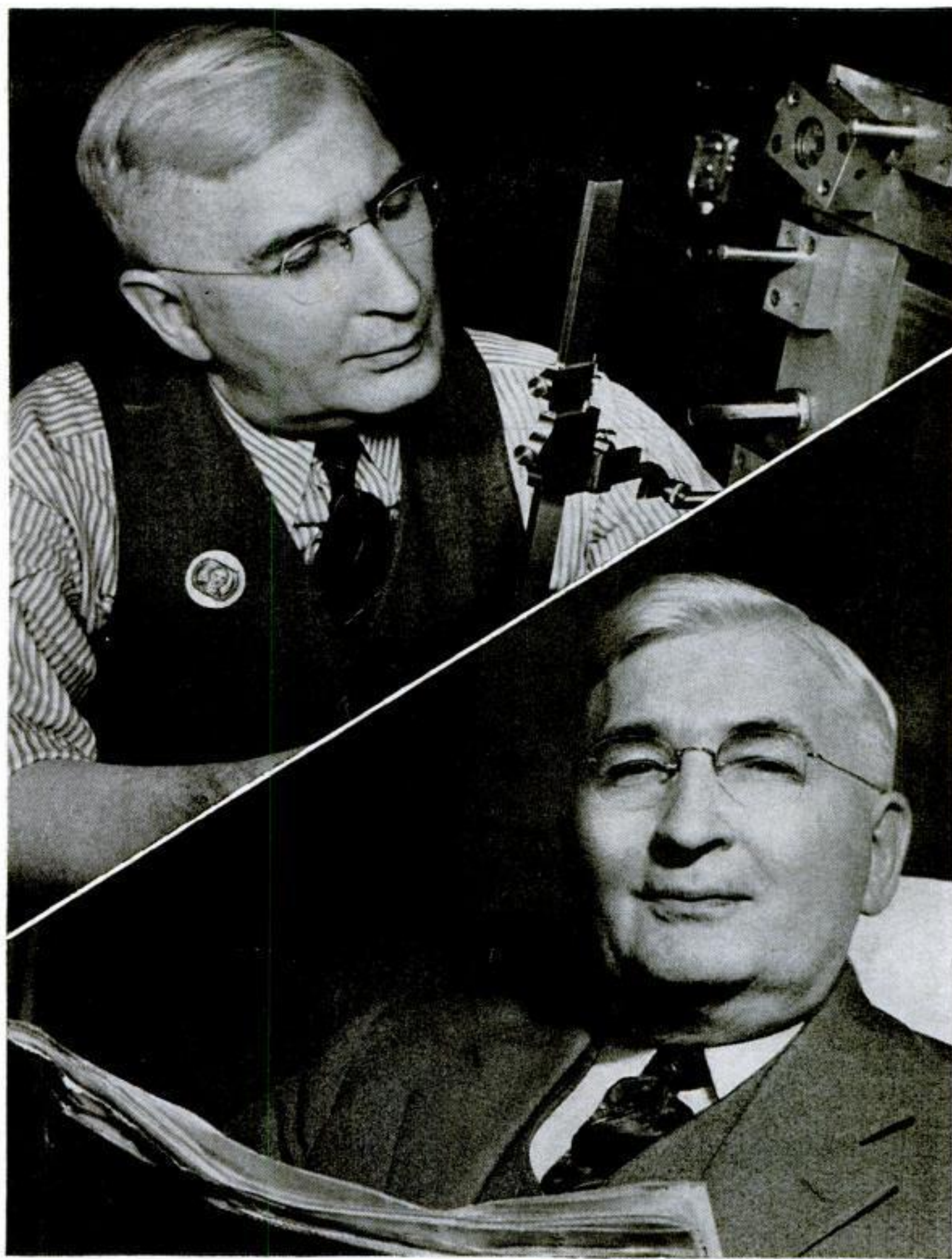
Our officers and noncommissioned officers of the reserve who made up the enormous majority of our staff, did not dare to command, whether the simplest piece of work or the gravest mission was in question.

It was the same from the top to the bottom of the industrial ladder. The result was a weakening of output, a lack of method, an increase in overhead, incompatible with any well-conducted business. Whether it was a typist arriving a quarter hour late or putting on her lipstick a quarter hour early, a truck driver wasting five minutes or a fitter chatting with his neighbor instead of polishing off his piece, the result always came back in costs.

But the damage was even more moral than material. Getting used to disobeying his chiefs, getting used to no commanding, the Frenchman from his earliest youth became used to doing as he pleased.

And the reservist returning to his regiment no longer knew how to obey or how to make his squadron or section obey him. When

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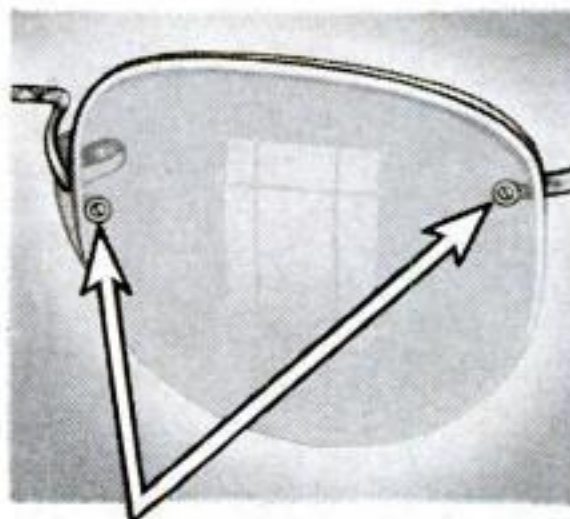


William Schall, chief inspector at Stromberg-Carlson, Rochester, N. Y.

WAR WORKER'S GLASSES DO DOUBLE DUTY

"My new Shuron glasses do double duty," says William Schall of Stromberg-Carlson, radio manufacturer now converted to 100% war production. "They are strong and practical for the rush of the day's work . . . and they're just right for the evening's recreation."

You, too, can enjoy the "frame" strength and "rimless" appearance of a Shuron *Shurset Ful-Vue* mounting. Have your eyes examined now—and ask for *Shurset* by name.



Shurset mountings use a plastic cushioned screw-fastening to suspend each lens from the rigid top arm at two points—like a sign suspended from a bracket. Lenses are strain-free . . . stay in permanent alignment. Lens breakage is reduced to a minimum.

Shurset
FUL-VUE MOUNTINGS

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SHURON WIDESITE

WIDE ANGLE LENSES

The Ideal Combination

SHURON OPTICAL CO., INC., GENEVA, N. Y.

LIFE'S REPORTS

(continued)

colonels and generals must do the work of corporals, it is obvious the house is upside down.

The war of four years taught us how to die and to suffer. It did not teach us how to work. Until 1914 the French laborer and peasant were hard workers. Our country was a country of *petite bourgeoisie*, citizen and peasant, where the woolen stocking was a fact, where economy—by certain people called miserliness—guided the French citizen.

The war of 1914-1918 did not help to sustain this *petit bourgeois* spirit. . . . The arrival of the Americans, their methods, their supplies, helped considerably to upset their ideas. They got into the habit of counting in billions or not at all.

Spurious luxury increased. Perfumers made fortunes. The proprietor, the worker, the foreman, the subordinate, each one of them came to think of pleasure first and of reducing work to a minimum. . . . At the same time, it was forgotten that throughout the centuries the church had ordered Sunday as a day of rest, and that the strict observance of this was the surest method of giving to each the necessary weekly relaxation.

First of all it was the short English working week which crept in on the Continent and so the number of hours became the contract basis between employers and wage earners. From 48 hours it went to 45, and then to 40.

The employer had a hundred pretexts, a thousand occasions. In summer it was the seaside, in autumn, hunting, then winter sports. The employe looked on and drew his own conclusions.

Not only the working hours but the working conscience diminished. The job was no longer the thing that mattered. All that had gone to build up the excellence of French production, its elegance, its finish, its attention to detail diminished or disappeared altogether. American methods were adopted, forgetting that France had neither the spirit nor the potential of America.

It was easier to succeed by intrigue than work. Politics became a career of compromise, arrangement, betrayal. Many lawyers, professors and journalists suddenly believed themselves statesmen, as soon as they had taken their first degree—but above all, as soon as they had managed to get into the office of some undersecretary of state, or into the reception room of some woman of importance. Ministries, commissions, prefectures, colonial administration, etc. were in this way filled with young men who, instead of using their brains for examinations, used their shoe leather or their fathers' gasoline to make useful and profitable contacts.

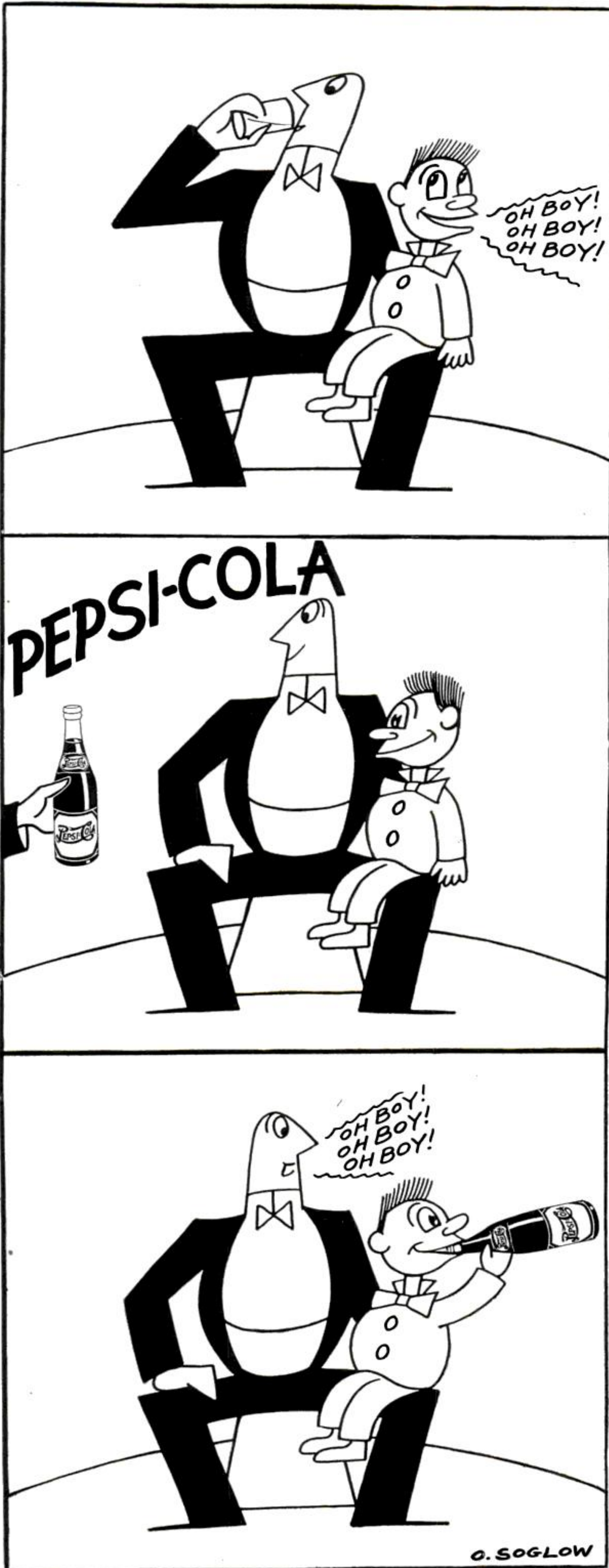
Shortage of equipment, unfilled orders, airplanes that never materialized, obsolete tanks, munitions that never arrived—all this was the result of work inadequate in quantity and quality.

From 1918 to 1940 France luxuriated in every kind of regime that might be called republican—from horizon blue to the red Popular Front. Ministries fell like houses of cards, scandals accumulated, riots caused the spilling of French blood, even on the paving stones of the capital; but always the same men trod the boards. The ruin which the Popular Front caused France is immeasurable, but its greatest responsibility was to teach the people of France laziness under the grandiose name of "leisure."

The king of all was the corner cafe. The 40-hour week did not bring in anything more to the mother of the family because the breadwinner spent in two days twice as much as in one. The only result was that alcohol merchants did well.

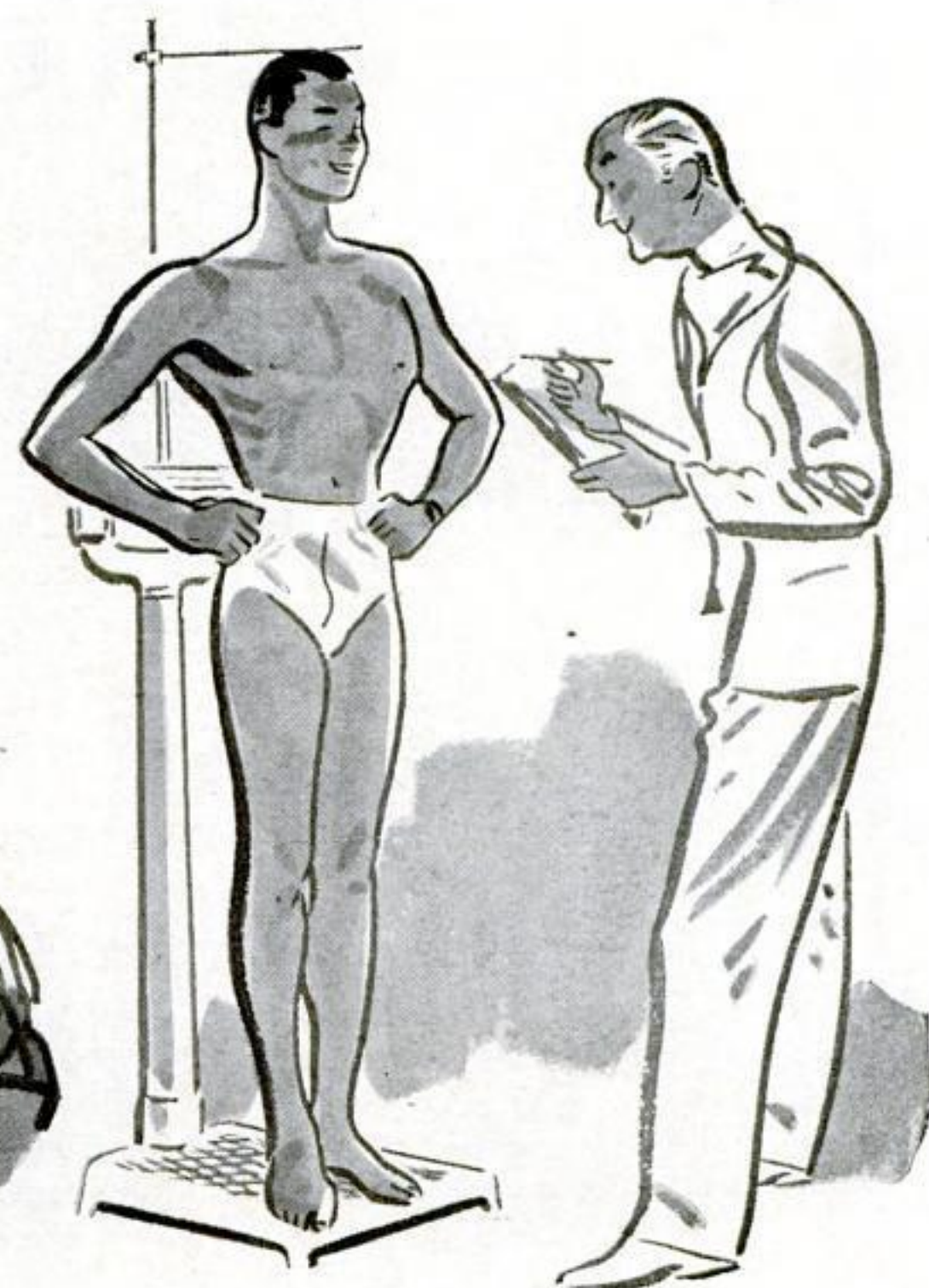
Let us hope that those who were crushed on the northern battlefields by the *Luftwaffe*, that those who had neither anti-tank guns nor anti-aircraft guns nor munitions will cry vengeance against the idlers who neglected to make these things, and above all against those whose criminal ideology and lack of responsibility have created this disorder and anarchy.

To preach under-production at a time when Germany shouted that it was better to have cannons than butter was not only treason against the nation, but a crime against honesty. They gave the greatest success to the totalitarian regimes and the greatest assistance that those regimes could have desired, for sincere Frenchmen who have been in Germany as prisoners of war can bear witness to its prosperity and to its physical and moral health. Admittedly the Germans do not perhaps have liberty, but there is certainly neither disorder nor anarchy. Everywhere it is work, the only fortune for a people which wishes to live and live happily. May France remember it and profit by it.





GARRET
means "he who is honored"



GORDON
means "a fine man"



HERBERT
means
"glory of the army"



EVAN
means
"young warrior"



ETHYL
is a trade mark name

It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."



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Free illustrated book of names

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . WITH THESE LIFE MAKES ITS APOLOGIES FOR AN INJUSTICE DONE TO INDIANA UNIVERSITY

In its Nov. 23 issue, LIFE did an injustice to Indiana University and its 6,000 students. With the 18- to 19-year-old draft law just passed, it ran a picture story about "doomed campus folkways" in which students of Indiana University were shown behaving as most of them firmly believe they never should behave. The origin of this story was an etiquette booklet, *Our Indiana*, written by an enterprising senior and published by the Student Union for the benefit of incoming freshmen. LIFE found the booklet topical and humorous enough to send Photographer Walter Sanders to the campus to illustrate its "Do's and Don't's" and its guide to local customs.

When the story was published, however, a regrettable editorial misunderstanding resulted in an unfair interpretation of the pictures. The Indiana scenes were presented not as carefully posed "Do's and Don't's" from the booklet but as a general pattern of undergraduate behavior which was about to be swept away by a lowering of the draft age. Not only the willing boys and girls (most of them amateur actors) who helped Photographer Sanders to get the dramatized pictures but also the student body in general naturally felt outraged at such journalistic treatment.

Because the story as originally conceived was of general public interest, LIFE herewith returns to Indiana and prints some additional pictures inspired by the booklet in their correct context. In so doing, it hopes also to make amends for its initial error, and to set the Indiana record straight. In addition, it offers its sincere apologies to all concerned at the university.

Smart and chatty, with clever sketches of some situations which freshmen should avoid, the booklet was this fall digested by about 2,000 newcomers to Indiana University. So well did they take its advice to heart that other colleges are contemplating getting out similar handbooks to replace the rather stodgy catalogs with which most freshmen are introduced to campus mores.



GIRL PORES OVER BOOKLET WHICH WAS WRITTEN BY MEDICAL STUDENT JOHN VISHER

DON'T'S



Don't wake roommates when you come in late from a date to regale them with accounts of good time you had. And don't throw your clothes all around room while undressing.



Don't collect pins. Though wearing a boy's fraternity pin does not signify formal engagement on Indiana campus, it is considered very bad taste to wear more than one at a time.

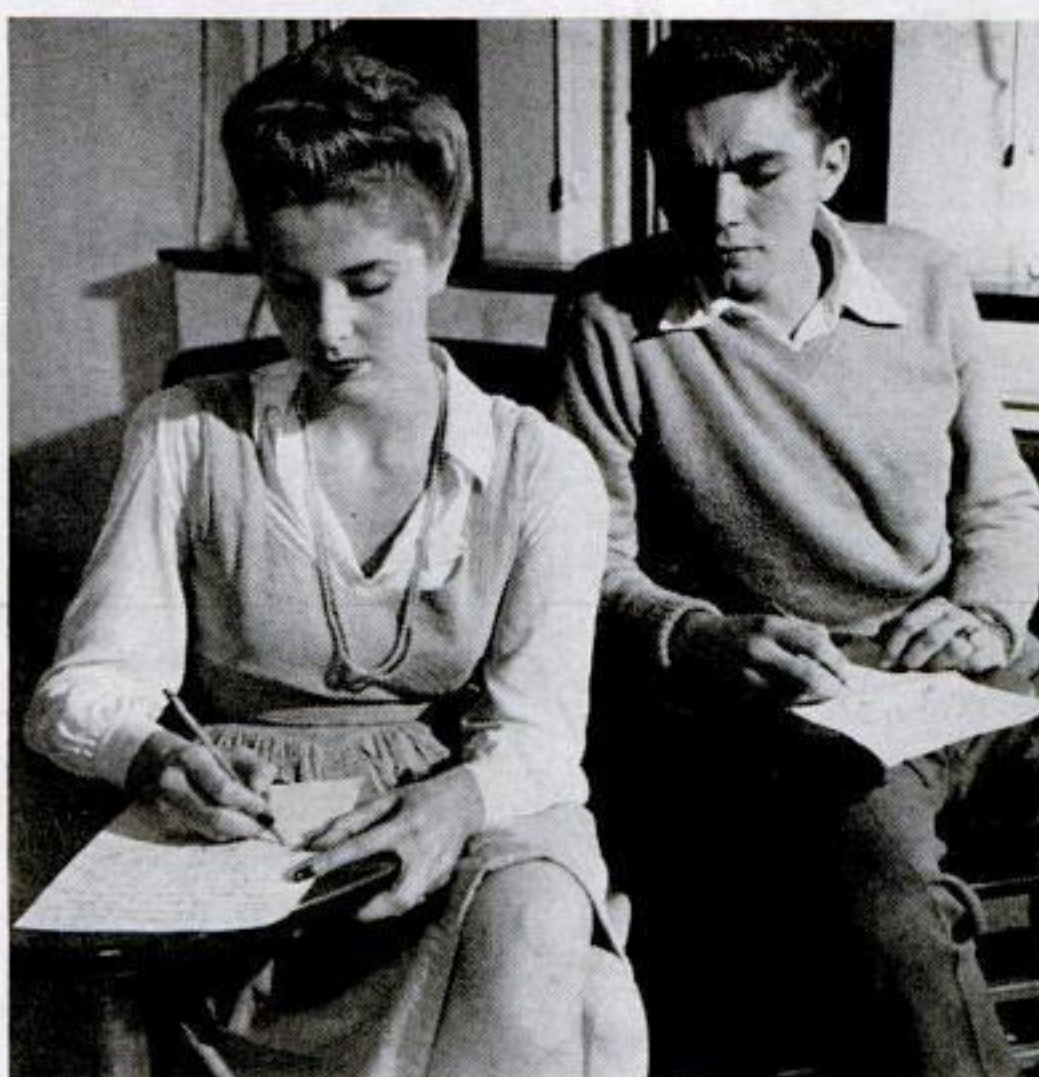
CUSTOMS



Indiana's campus is dotted with a multitude of funny little hats, including freshmen's "pods," sorority and fraternity caps. The girl wearing question mark is a coed counselor.



Don't smoke where ashtrays are not provided. This is parody of girl chain-smokers surrounded by butts.



Don't "periscope" (peek) over a fellow student's shoulder, whether you are cribbing or just checking up on progress.



Don't drink too much if you want to date her again. This make-believe inebriate worked up his act on plain Coca-Cola.



Don't sit (for boys) when you are introduced to girl. Campus manners are breezy but courtesy prevails.



Don't "slip the grip" unless the girl offers her hand first. Contrariwise, have your hand ready in case she sticks hers out.



Don't be a bone-crusher if handshaking is in order. A firm and thoughtful pressure of hand is booklet's recommendation.



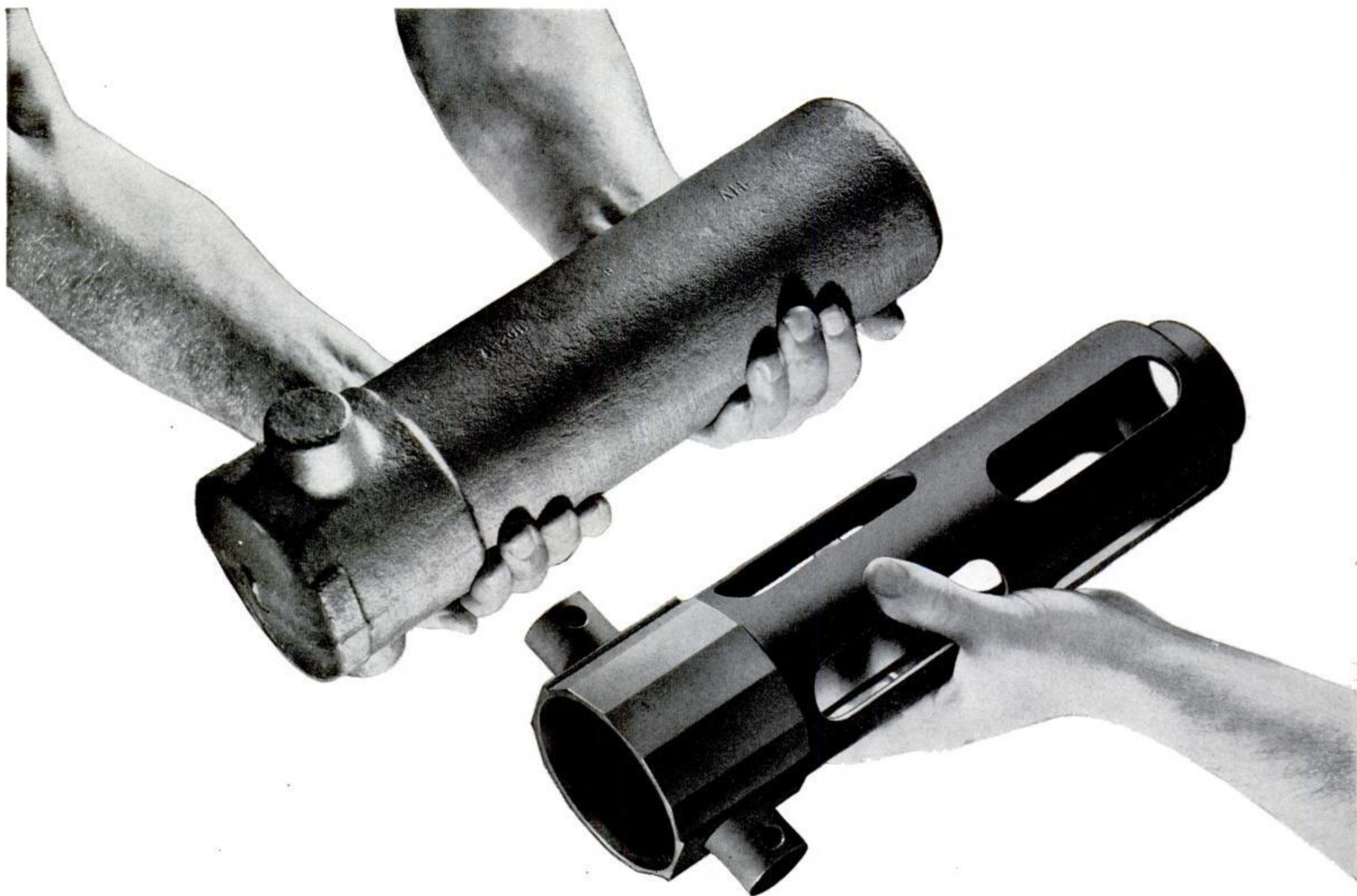
"Dames Ball" is an annual event at which girls escort boys, send them vegetable corsages, pay all expenses.



Senior cords are dirty, baggy pants which no underclassmen are allowed to wear. They are adorned with girls' autographs.



Old Oaken Bucket is football trophy which goes back and forth between Indiana and Purdue. Chain links stand for wins.



Our 56-pound problem child has lost a lot of weight

The problem child was a rough forging of solid alloy steel weighing 56 pounds. Out of it we had to produce the recoil spring casing of a 20 mm. automatic anti-aircraft cannon weighing but 6 pounds.

That was back in March of 1941 when the production of this deadly weapon was first assigned to us—and we were supposed to follow manufacturing specifications that had been developed in Europe. It meant that we had to machine away 50 pounds of metal as "scrap" to produce the finished casing.

It didn't look right to our engineers. Too slow . . . too costly . . . too much waste.

But cannon were needed in a hurry. So we started building them the "European way" and our engineers began to study this problem child intent on devising a better, faster and more economical way to produce it.

Their automotive experience soon suggested that this critical part might be made *without using the 56-pound forging at all!*

They began by welding a steel tube to a cylindrical forging which weighed a total of 14 pounds—and from which *only eight pounds* of metal had to be removed to produce a casing that dupli-

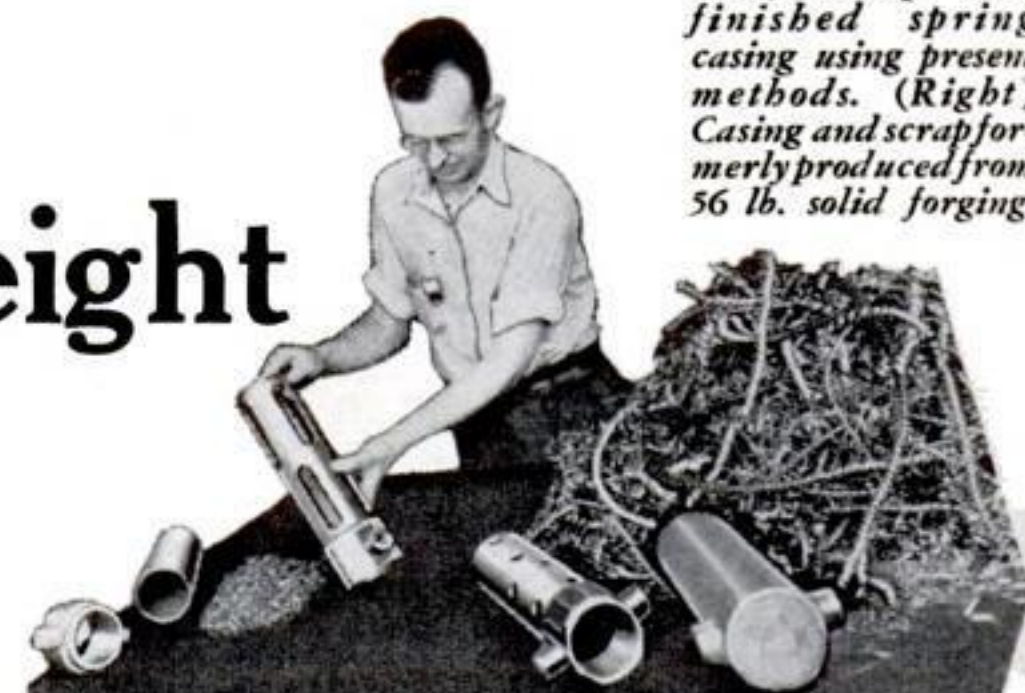
cated the "original" in appearance, weight and functional factors.

Eager to foster the more efficient production of arms, the Navy welcomed the opportunity of testing this radical departure from original specifications.

Subjected to gruelling tests at the Navy Proving Grounds, its performance lived up to our engineers' expectations. "Okay," said the Navy . . . and today, every 20 mm. cannon we build represents a saving of 42 pounds of alloy steel in *this one part alone!*

As a result, literally *hundreds of tons* of this precious war material will be released for other purposes and, due to other processing improvements, *hundreds of thousands of hours of valuable machine tool time* will be made available for other armament production.

BELOW at left Cylindrical forging, tube, scrap and finished spring casing using present methods. (Right) Casing and scrap formerly produced from 56 lb. solid forging.



This is but one of the many instances where, with official cooperation, we have been able to effect improvements to speed the production and reduce the cost of armament to the Navy, *thus increasing the buying power of the dollars you are putting into War Bonds!*

Other Pontiac war assignments include 40 mm. automatic field guns, aerial torpedoes, tank components, Diesel engine inner-assemblies and transport mechanisms—implements of attack and defense on land, on the sea and in the air.

Pontiac

DIVISION OF

General Motors



IT TAKES A LOT OF MONEY
TO WIN A WAR—BUY
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Yearly battle between "quacks" (medical students, in white coats) and "shysters" (law students) is lively, serio-comic affair that usually ends with members of the losing side taking a tubbing in stream that runs through Indiana's wooded campus.

WHAT I LACK IS VITAMIN Y-O-U!

TAKE OFF, JOHNNY! YOU CAN'T PROMOTE YOURSELF WITH ME!

BUT WHY, KAY? WHEN YOU WASH A GUY OUT, YOU OWE HIM A REASON!

WELL, HERE IT IS, JOHNNY! YOU'RE DUE FOR INSPECTION AT YOUR DENTIST'S ON — ON YOUR BREATH-APPEAL!

HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID!

TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!

COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH — HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES — STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS — REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH

LATER — THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

HOW'S A GUY'S CHANCES FOR PROMOTING A DATE WITH YOU TONIGHT, KAY?

PRACTICALLY PERFECT, JOHNNY — SO LONG AS THE GUY IS Y-O-U!

COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

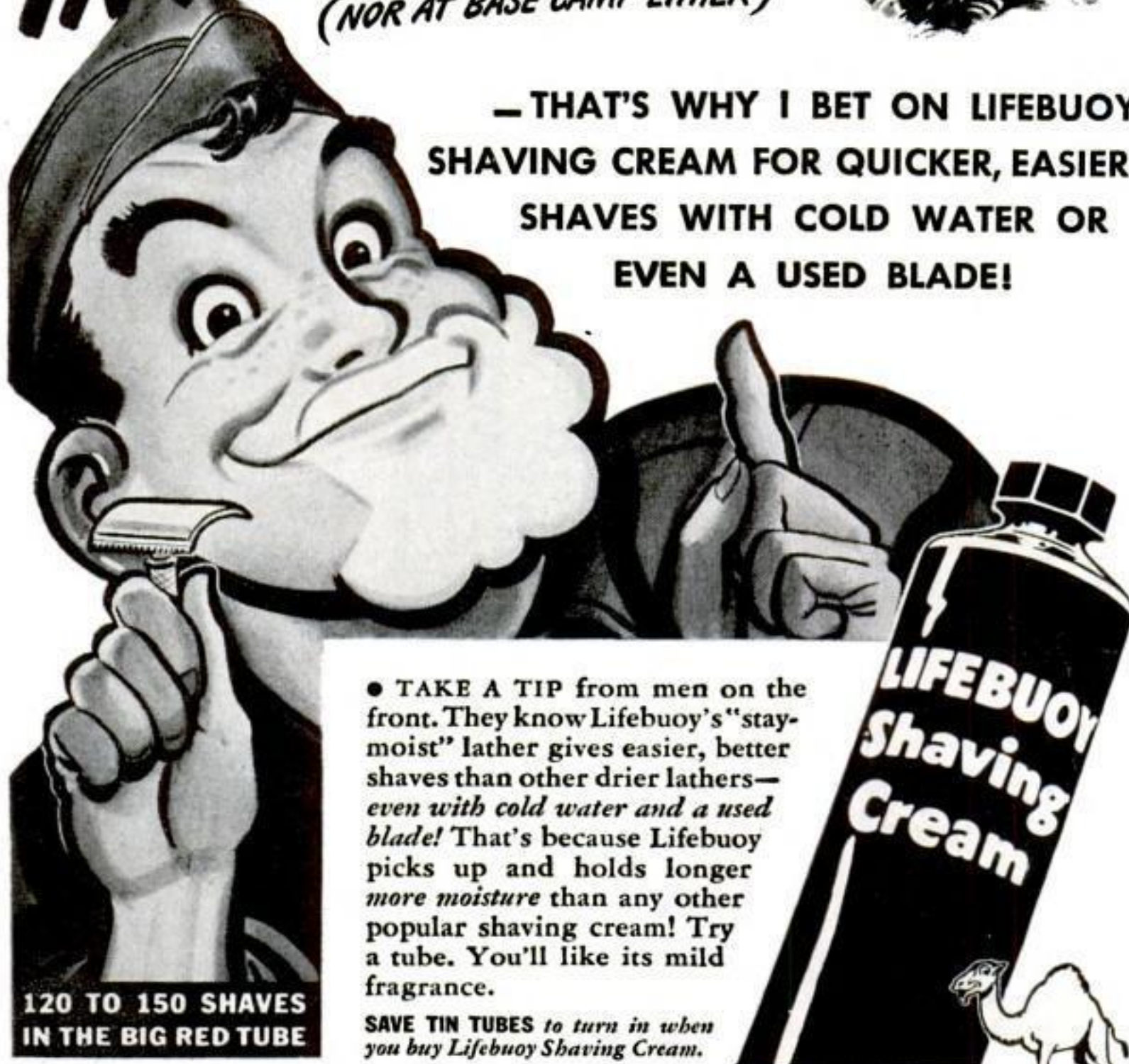
Take an empty tube with you when you buy

THERE'S NO HOT WATER IN A FOX-HOLE

(NOR AT BASE CAMP EITHER)



— THAT'S WHY I BET ON LIFEBOUY
SHAVING CREAM FOR QUICKER, EASIER
SHAVES WITH COLD WATER OR
EVEN A USED BLADE!



• TAKE A TIP from men on the front. They know Lifebuoy's "stay-moist" lather gives easier, better shaves than other drier lathers—even with cold water and a used blade! That's because Lifebuoy picks up and holds longer more moisture than any other popular shaving cream! Try a tube. You'll like its mild fragrance.

SAVE TIN TUBES to turn in when you buy Lifebuoy Shaving Cream.

120 TO 150 SHAVES
IN THE BIG RED TUBE

LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM HOLDS MOISTURE LIKE A CAMEL



"You could fry an egg—right on this tank!"

"That's how hot it is on the desert. And wind and sun go right to work on my lips. They parch and crack and they're always sore and wind-burnt."

Desert fighters aren't alone in this complaint. Men in all branches of the service suffer from chapped, parched lips. They need the special help that Chap Stick brings.

Service Men Discover Quick Relief from Chapped, Weather-Sore Lips

• Nature has not given your lips a means of self protection to keep them from drying out and chapping.

But here is news of Chap Stick, a special medicated aid that does that job for you. Chap Stick protects lips against painful dryness and chapping. Brings welcome relief

to lips already swollen and cracked.

Fleet's Chap Stick has been approved by over 50 years' service in American homes—now used by U. S. soldiers and sailors the world over. Colorless on lips, pleasant to use. Ask for generous, man-sized 25c stick today in your PX or Ship's Service Store.

Look for the name Fleet's on the package—your assurance it's the one and only Chap Stick.

On sale in drug stores everywhere. Chap Stick Company, Lynchburg, Va



Winter weather calls for special tested aid for chapped lips.

Nothing worse for lips than the cold, raw winds of the sea.

Weather effect on lips is severe with men from civilian life.



FLEET'S
Chap Stick
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office

ON DUTY WITH U. S. FORCES FROM ALASKA (40° BELOW) TO AFRICA (140° ABOVE)

LIFE'S COVER



Finding a pretty, clever girl in Casablanca was the feat of a U.S. Navy flier named Jim and he made the most of it. The date he had with Nikki is shown on pages 94-99. More famous glam-or arrived in North Africa on Jan. 15 with Kay Francis, Mitzi Mayfair, Martha Raye and Carole Landis (see pp. 32-33).

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†Prisoner of war

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PARAMOUNT'S

ALAN LADD

AS
"Lucky Jordan"

He's on the loose again — this time with Helen Walker — whose blonde beauty hides the kind of fire Alan fans to full blaze. Everybody's after "Lucky Jordan"—but he's too hot for a girl to fool with — too tough for a mob to break!

And don't miss Alan's first starring hit—"Lucky Jordan"!

How would you like a photograph of your Alan Ladd, completely free? Merely tear this advertisement out and send to Paramount Pictures Inc., Room 1210-C, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C. — and one will be mailed you immediately.

ALSO ON YOUR CHECK LIST AS A "MUST-SEE": Paramount's



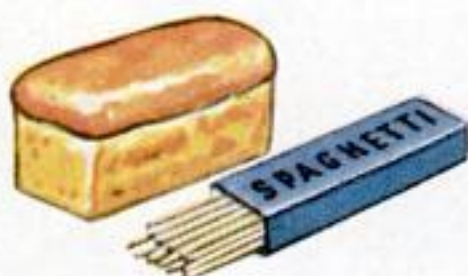
With almost as many stars as the flag! 43—count 'em—43! 7 great songs! A million laughs! No matter who your favorite stars are—you'll see 'em and cheer 'em in this picture! It's a once-in-a-lifetime hit—so be sure to see it!

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THESE PARAMOUNT HITS ARE COMING

EXTENDING MEAT

WARTIME WAYS TO EXTEND THIS FINE PROTEIN FOOD OVER MORE MEALS PER WEEK

Meat with cereals



Meat loaf made with bread crumbs or oatmeal... Braised meat with noodles... Meat pie... Stuffed meats... Stew with dumplings... Curry with rice... Meat balls or sauce or cooked sausage meat with spaghetti or macaroni.

Meat with vegetables



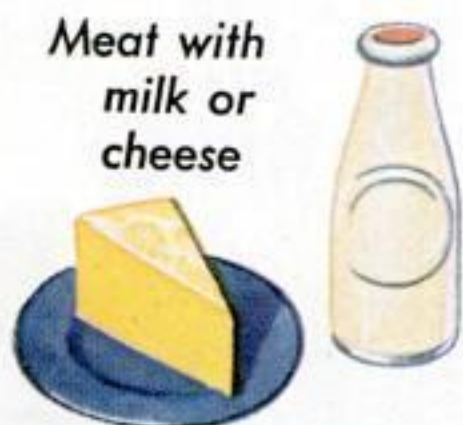
Stew or pot roast with vegetables... Ground meat baked in vegetables... Ham shanks with beans... Tongue and spinach... Braised oxtails or short ribs with vegetables... Baked lima beans and bacon squares... Shepherd's pie (mashed potato topping).

Meat with eggs



Diced or ground meat in omelets... Soufflés... or cooked sausage meat scrambled with eggs.

Meat with milk or cheese



Creamed meat... Salt pork or bacon squares with cream gravy... Ham and cheese sandwich... Bacon or ham with toasted cheese.

Meat in soup



Beef barley soup made from soup bone... Oxtail soup, with vegetables and rice... Split pea soup with ham bone.



MEAT-EXTENDER LOAF
(with mashed potato covering)
(Serves a family of 4 two meals)

1 lb. veal, ground }
½ lb. pork, ground } or 2¼ lbs. veal, ground.
¾ lb. beef, ground }
½ teaspoon powdered sage
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup chopped onion
½ cup soft bread crumbs or oatmeal
2 eggs, slightly beaten
¾ cup liquid (milk or tomato juice)
1 cup peas
1 cup thinly sliced carrots
2½ cups mashed potatoes (quite dry)
¾ cup catchup
Flour

Combine all ingredients except potatoes, catchup and flour (reserve 1 tablespoon of beaten egg for brushing potato frosting) and mix well. Pack in medium-sized baking pan. Bake in moderate oven for 1½ hours. Make sauce by thickening liquid from loaf (or use meat drippings or bacon fat) with 2 tablespoons flour blended with cold water for every cup of liquid. Stir in catchup. Unmold meat loaf on baking sheet, frost with mashed potatoes, brush with beaten egg and brown in very hot oven (450° F.).

A world at war is placing new values on many of the things we used to take for granted.

More and more meat is going to our armed forces and our fighting allies. There is less meat for our home tables.

We are glad to share because we realize how much the nutritional value of meat means to our fighters and how much its good flavor means to their morale.

Here at home, with the domestic allotment of meat reduced, we are realizing how much the enjoyment of the meal centers around meat.

You "can't keep a good cook down"

With typical pioneering ingenuity and thrift, and the newer knowledge of nutrition, women are learning how to combine meat with other good foods—how to stretch its good flavor over many meals and how to divide its nu-

...tional value into more frequent "parcels". The government reminds you that you've been using meat as a source of seven nutritional elements: complete high-quality proteins, the B vitamins—thiamine, riboflavin and niacin—and the minerals—iron, copper, phosphorus.

There's a lot of personal satisfaction in making the most of meat these days. Your meat-man has many helpful ideas.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE, Chicago



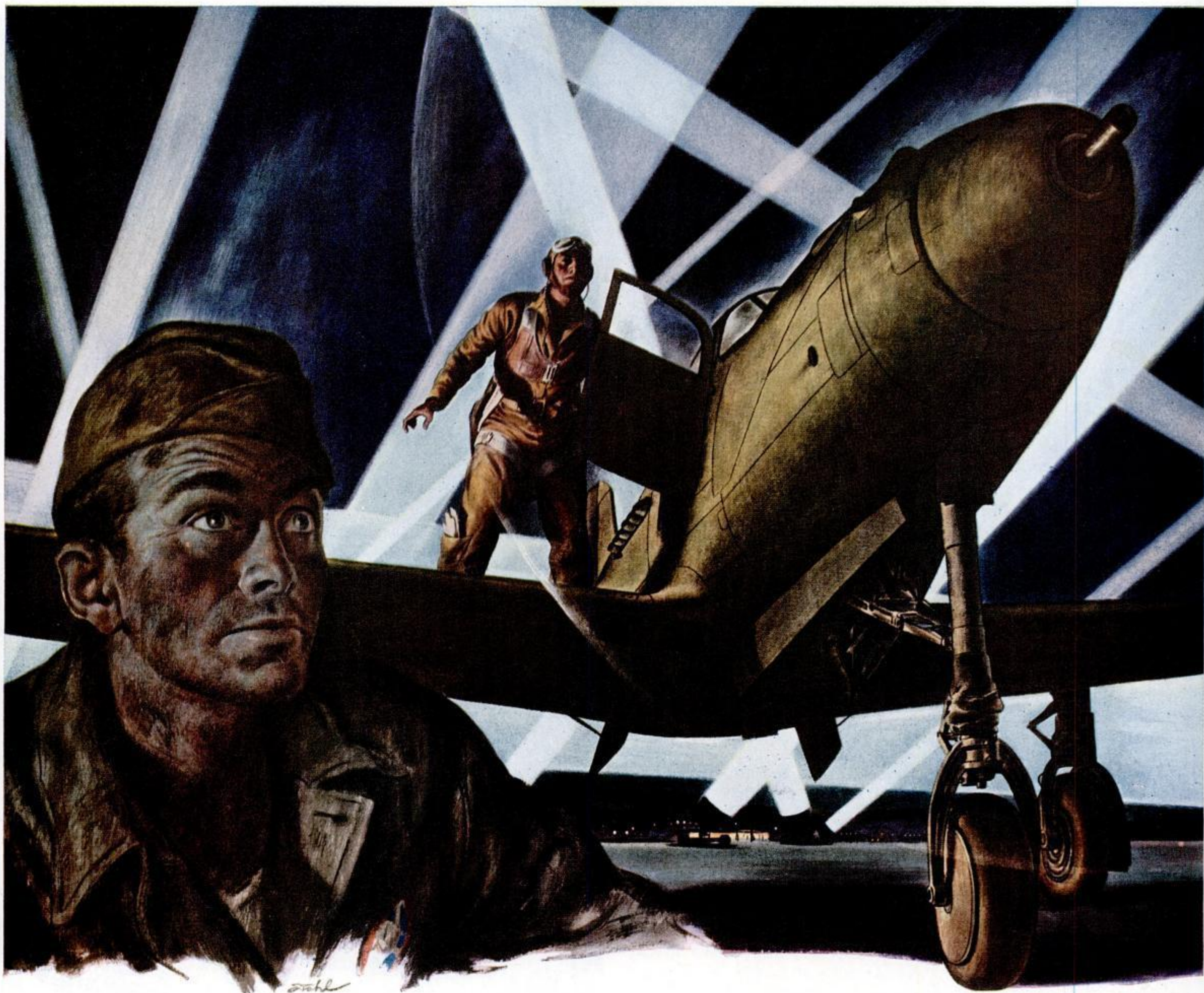
This Seal means that all statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

SEND FOR THESE TWO HELPFUL BOOKLETS

1. "32 Tested Meat Recipes"—Step-by-step recipes and complete menus.
2. New Edition of "Meat Buying Guide for Thrifty Meals"—Purse size—48-page handbook of more than 80 meat cuts. What to ask

for, how to prepare, what to serve with them and easy ways to plan meals for good nutrition.

For Both Books, send 5¢ in coin to Dept. 3, Lock Box No. 1133, Chicago, Illinois.



Tonight's lesson for Japs

...subduing Zeros

A great guy takes off, and a headline is in the making... a headline about courage and spunk and Army Bell Airacobras that help him shatter Jap Zeros into "kingdom come." From General MacArthur's Headquarters, Australia, October 12th (A.P.) comes news of the citation for "gallantry in action" of this Army Pilot:

all encouragement they can get. Jap Zeros knock blast. The wher over of a round. For pate. a dive man now.

Capt. Mainwaring was leading a flight of Airacobras over New Guinea on May 29 when one of his planes was attacked by eighteen Jap fighters. Turning back he shot down the leader of the enemy formation and scattered the others. He then reformed his own group and made a co-ordinated attack, destroying three more and possibly shooting down two others.

Under control of the Airacobra pilot is one of the world's hardest-hitting fastest-moving one man arsenals. Forward is a powerful cannon. Flanking him are heavy machine guns.

Around him is protective armor and behind him is an outstanding record of Airacobra success in combat.

The day is coming when Allied Victory will end this war. An advanced world of air-borne commerce will follow. Then, all

of our engineering skill and resources will turn from the needs of war to building planes for the needs of Peace. © Bell Aircraft Corporation, Buffalo, New York.

Airacobras for victory—
FUTURE PLANES FOR PEACE
BELL *Aircraft*

PACEMAKER OF AVIATION PROGRESS

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LIFE'S PICTURES

LIFE Photographer Ralph Morse, who took the pictures of Guadalcanal (pp. 21-27), has been on assignment to the Pacific ever since last March. He has been home only once, to secure new cameras after losing all his equipment at the battle of Savo Island, where he was on the *Vincennes* when it was sunk. Abandoning ship, he floated in the water for 6½ hours, holding up an officer who had given his lifebelt to an enlisted man. He was rescued by a destroyer.

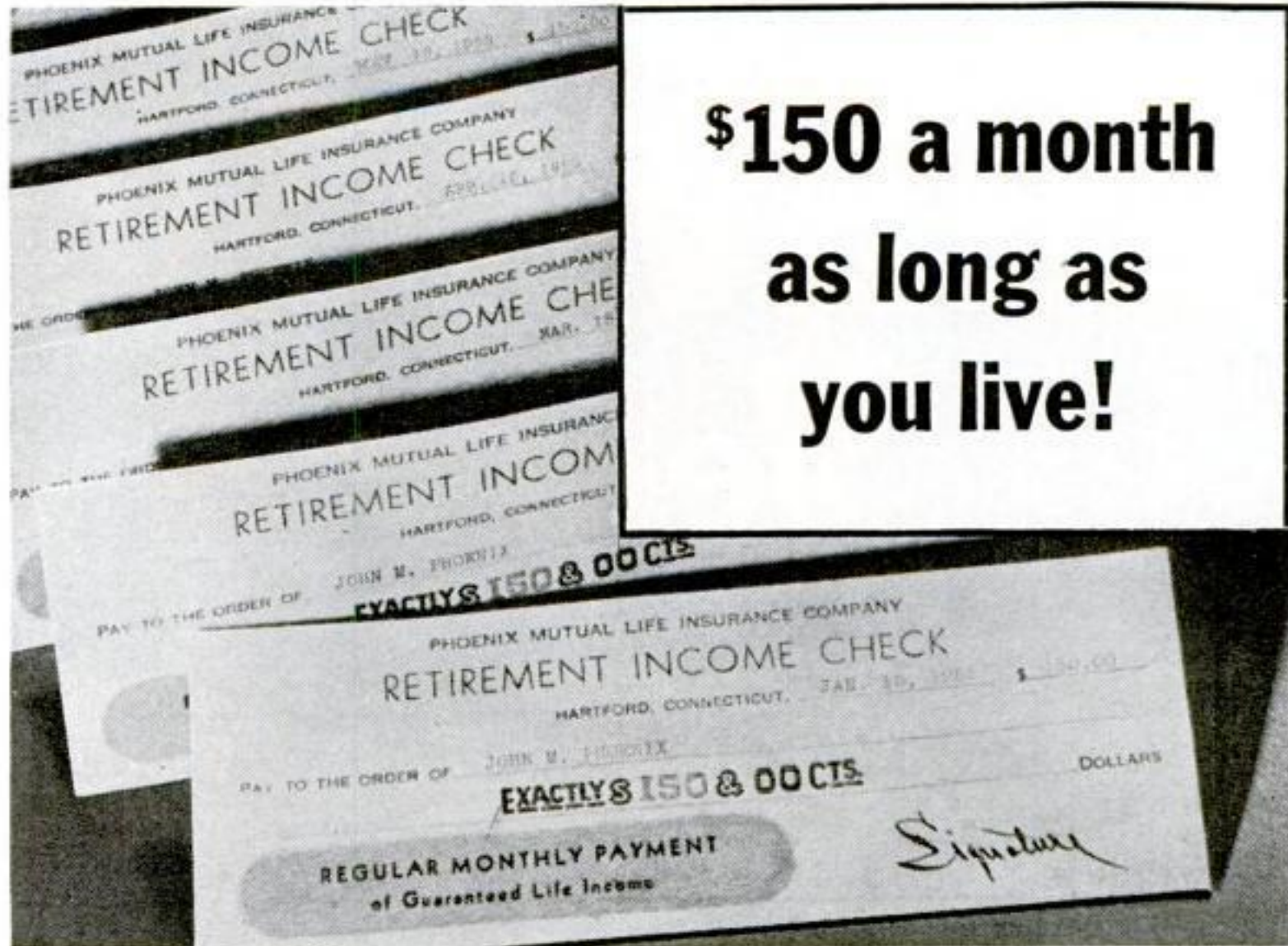
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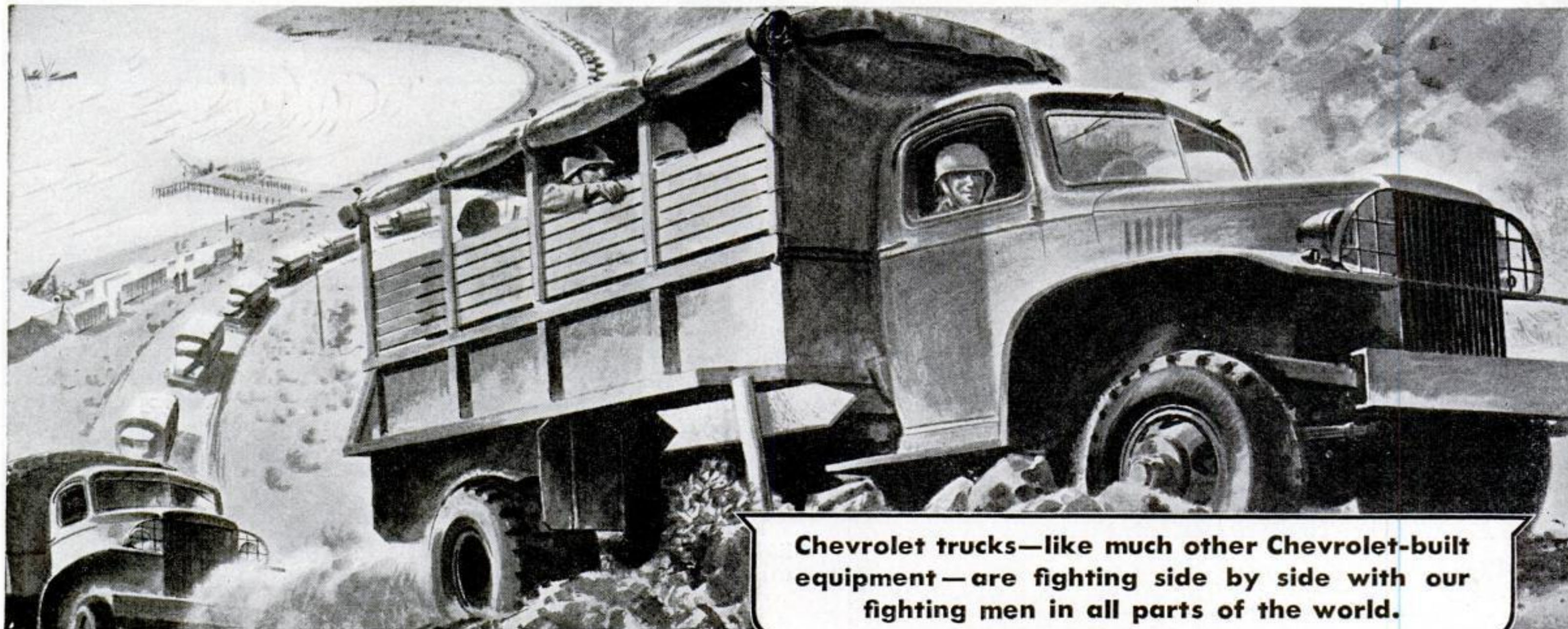
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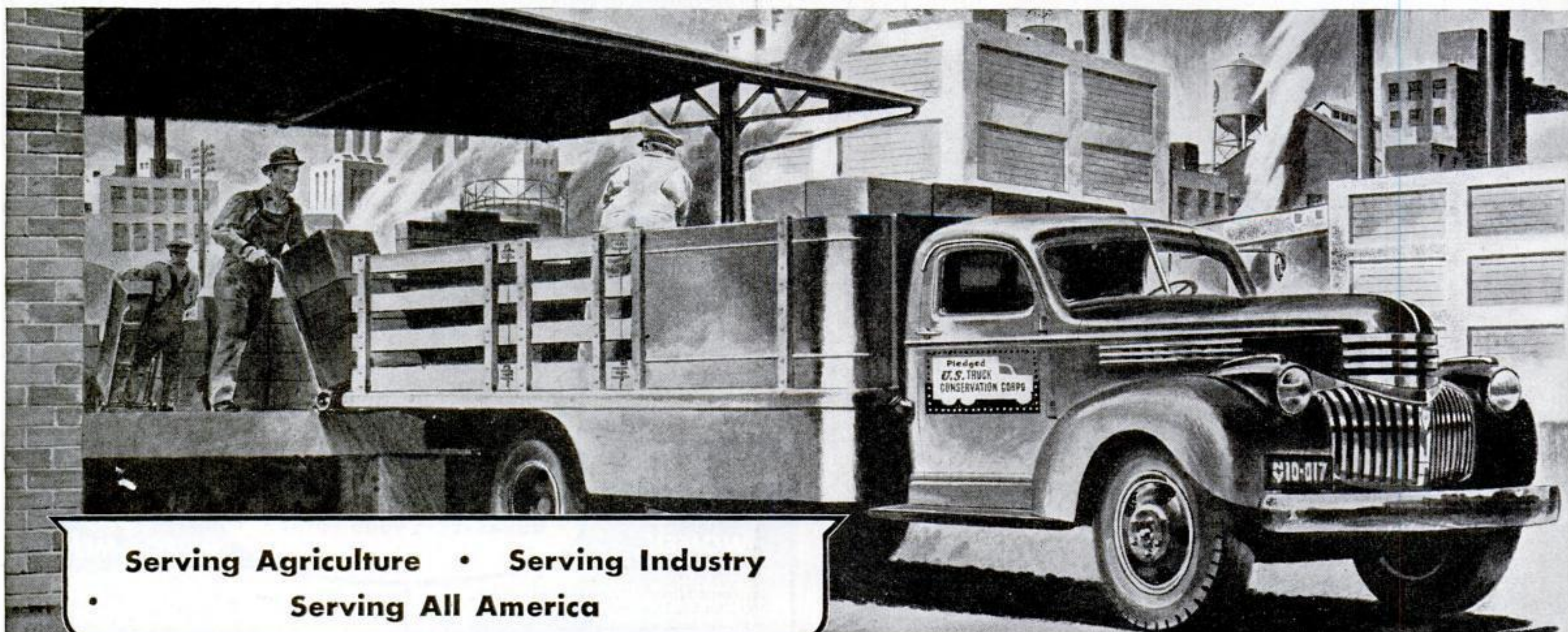
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BY A FOXHOLE NEAR TOP OF GRASSY KNOLL, BATTLE-STAINED U. S. SOLDIERS CLEAN THEIR GUNS AFTER ACTION. ON GUADALCANAL IT IS WISE ALWAYS TO BE NEAR A FOXHOLE

GUADALCANAL: GRASSY KNOLL BATTLE

Photographs for LIFE by Ralph Morse

Christmas was like any other day on Guadalcanal. It rained, and the job of ferreting out Japs and killing them went right on as usual. A skirmish called the Battle of Grassy Knoll was in its seventh day. It, too, was like battles which had gone before and have come after.

Grassy Knoll was the nickname given to Mt. Aesten, which rises 1,500 ft. above Henderson Field. From it Japanese artillery was pounding the valuable landing strips. As the first offensive for his Army troops, who had relieved the Marines on Guadalcanal, Major General Alexander Patch had decided to take the heights. The battle began on Dec. 18, in the rain, with a heavy artillery bombardment of the Japanese positions. The Americans moved

forward in the dark, black figures in a black jungle.

By next day the battle had turned into a battle of supply. With bulldozers, the engineers were ripping a jeep road over the ridges and through the jungles toward the front, but for the last mile and a half everything had to be carried. For this work the native

Solomon Islanders were useful. They lugged ammunition, food, mortar shells and water cans up twisting, narrow defiles.

The battle continued through Christmas, on through New Year's Day. On Jan. 2 the Americans made their final push, up a 500-ft. jungle wall. The Japs did not retreat, and 267 of them were killed where they fought.

The pictures on these pages were taken by LIFE Photographer Ralph Morse on his second trip to Guadalcanal. The first time he landed with the Marines on Aug. 7 but lost all his films. In addition he has been present at the Battle of the Coral Sea, at Midway, and at Savo Island, where the cruiser on which he was stationed, the *Vincennes*, was sunk.

**PART II OF
PACIFIC MISSION**
by Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker
BEGINS ON PAGE 78 OF THIS ISSUE



Through dense jungles near foot of Grassy Knoll, American soldiers make their careful way on patrol. Called "bush" by the Australians, the jungle on Guadalcanal is a solid wall of

vegetable growth, a hundred feet tall. There are huge palm leaves, elephant-ear leaves of the taro, ferns and jagged leaves of the banana trees, all tangled together in a fantastic web.

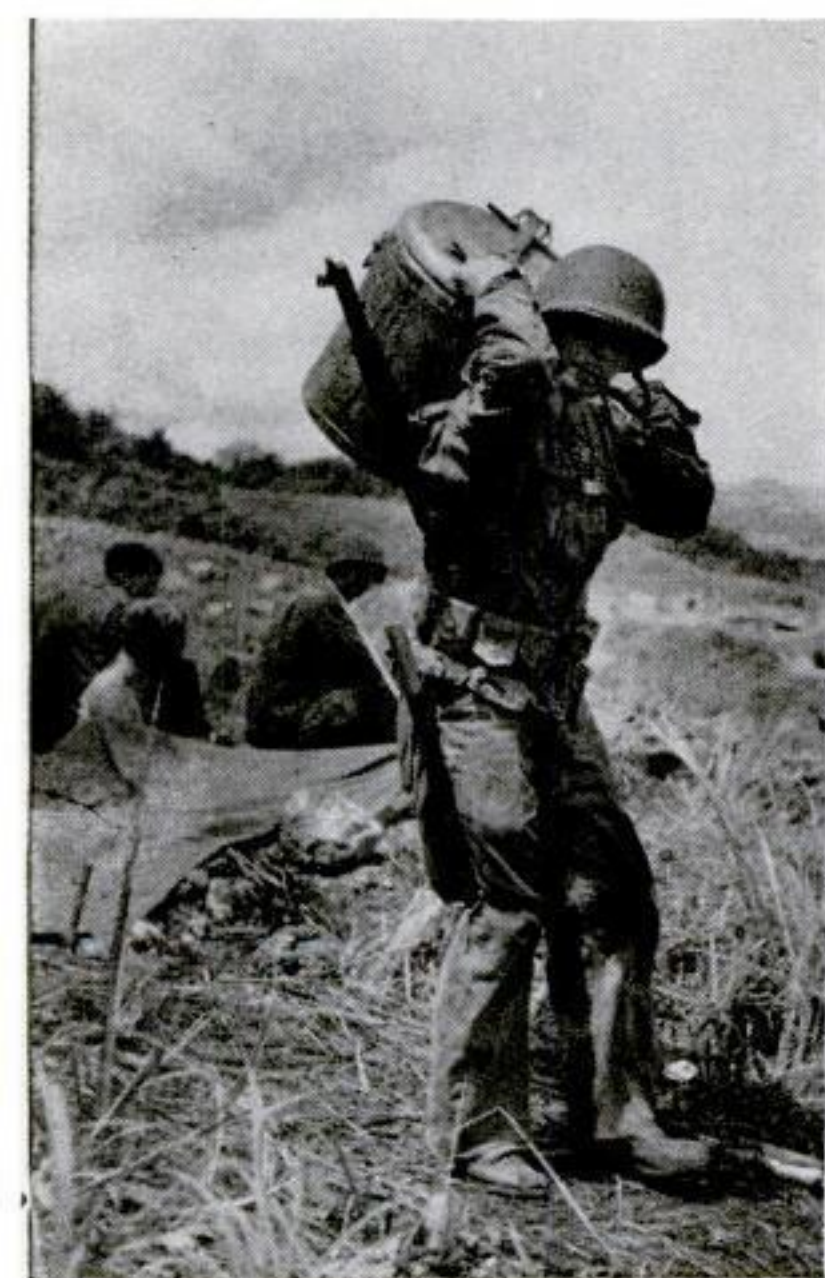
Near the ground are thousands of kinds of insects, praying mantises, ants and spiders. In most places the "bush" was so dark that Photographer Morse was unable to take a picture.



Supplies are lugged to the front, down a hill and across a narrow valley to another steep hill. On the side of the hill are foxholes and dugouts where U. S. troops are living while

waiting to be moved to the front line. Sometimes they will live in a foxhole for an hour, sometimes for weeks. During a sudden pause in the heavy artillery barrage before the bat-

tle of Grassy Knoll, officers heard one private say to another in such a foxhole, "The most beautiful girls in the world are in Boston." Near such foxholes too are American graves.



On his back a wiry, stooped U.S. infantryman, smoking an old pipe, carries a heavy container filled with supplies up over the hills to the front.



Barbed wire is carried forward. This will be useful, once a position has been secured, in defending it against further Jap attacks. For such work American troops fortunately have good air protection from planes based on nearby Henderson Field. There, too, the Army has supplanted Marines.



Wounded on litters are carried back to a field hospital. Even such rescue parties must watch for Jap snipers.

Guadalcanal: Grassy Knoll Battle (continued)



Water truck fills up 5-gallon cans at the last observation post, near the end of the jeep trail. From this point all supplies must be carried up to the front.



Ammunition is passed out to troops near front. After the battle hand-grenade cartons, empty rifle shells, ammunition boxes with ragged holes quickly knocked in them will be strewn everywhere.



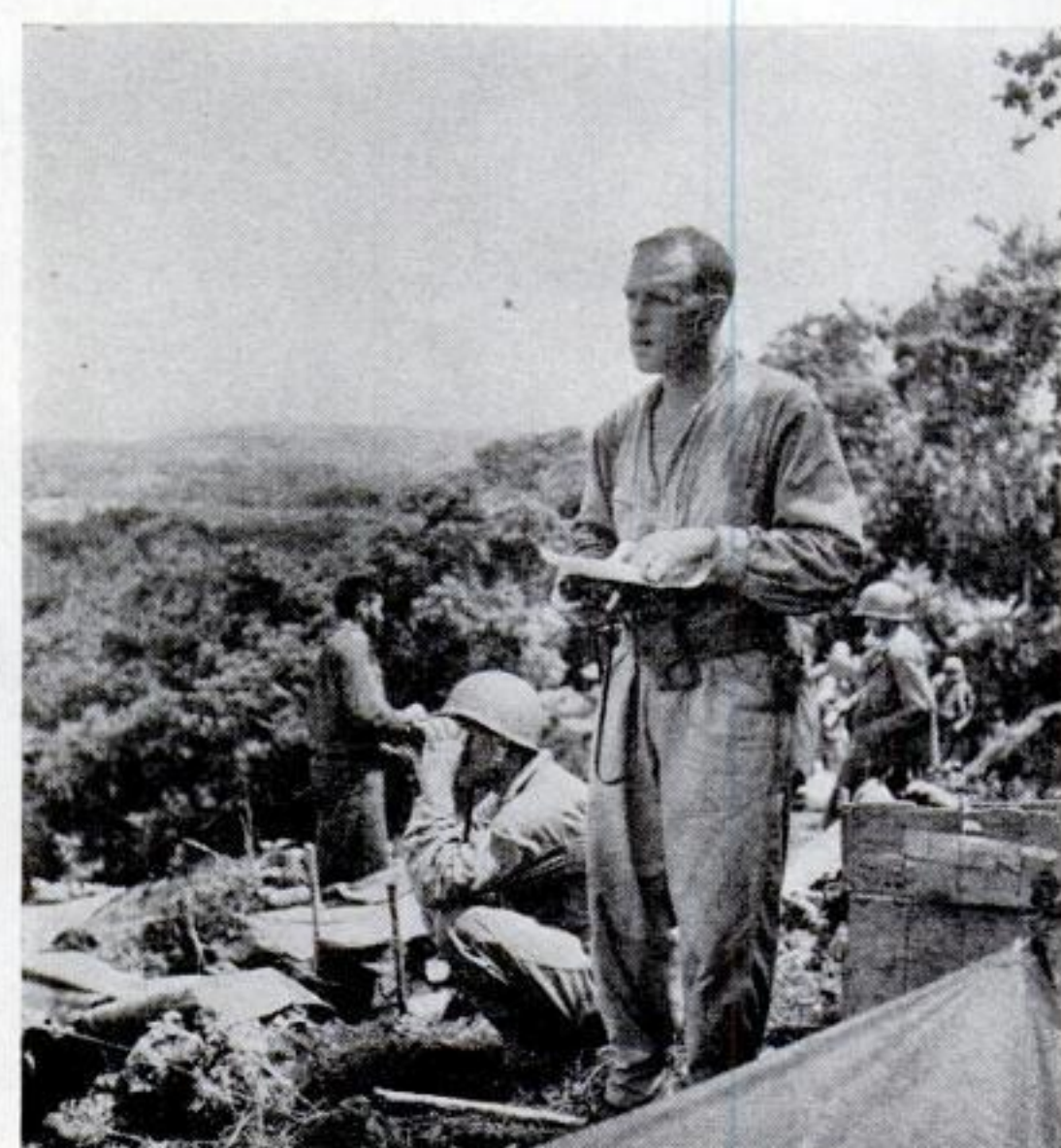
First-aid station is located at edge of jungle, just back of the front lines. Says Chaplain Francis Gorman, who is as busy and under as much fire as any fighting soldier, "Thank God for blood plasma."



An infantryman, with his face blacked for forest fighting, keeps rifle and bayonet ready for instant action even when resting for a minute on one knee.



Brig. General Edmund B. Sebree (left), chief of staff to General Patch, looks over American line. Tall and usually carrying a stick, Gen. Sebree has been compared by reporters to John the Baptist.



A colonel who is G-3 on Gen. Patch's staff makes notes and carefully scans a map from a forward observation post. His job is to plan the strategy and moves of the continuing U. S. advance.



Lookouts on Burnt Knoll, the hill just in front of Grassy Knoll, scan the dense jungles of the intervening valley and the lower slopes of Mt. Aesten.



American foxholes are scattered in the open ridges. The terrain beyond shows Guadalcanal's succession of ridges rising from the sea to an 8,000-ft. mountain range. Between the ridges are ravines.



Another lookout on Burnt Knoll makes himself almost comfortable in an old shell hole. Jap battle strategy is usually to hide in the ravines and fire up at the Americans coming over the grassy hills.



Trucks get stuck in hub-deep mud on their way back from the front over newly constructed road. In the background are huge coconut palm trees, planted in even rows in 1908 by

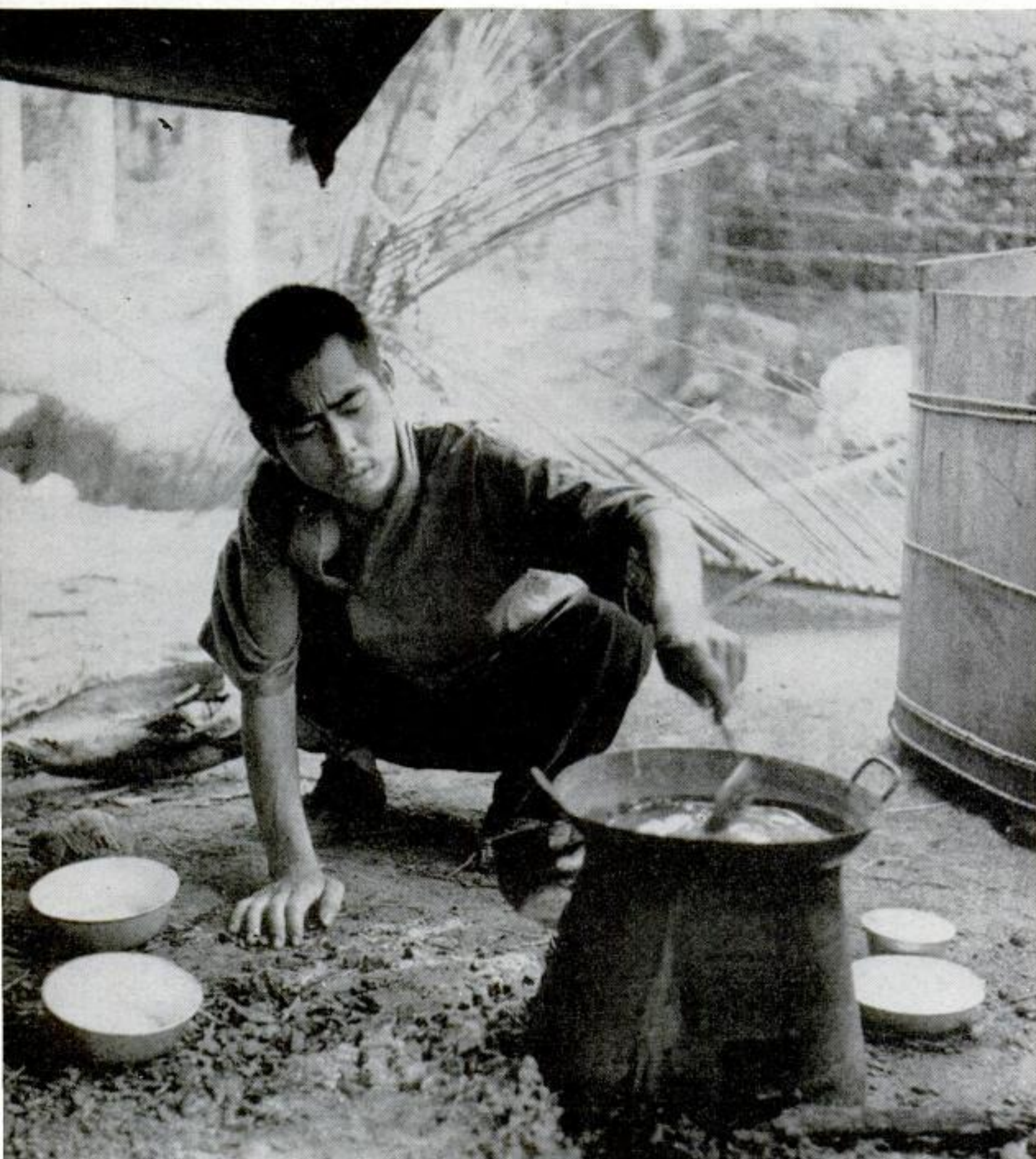
Lever Bros. for their soap business. Such trees thrive on Guadalcanal's mean maximum temperature of 86° and its yearly rainfall of 160 in. With more than 20 in. of rainfall, January

is island's wettest, hottest month. In such hot, damp weather mosquitoes also live luxuriantly. Sometimes they imbed themselves so deeply in the soldiers' flesh, they have to be cut out.

Guadalcanal: Grassy Knoll Battle (continued)



Sweet rolls from bakery are delivered on the windshield of a jeep. When Marines first arrived, there were no privies, no bread, no warm water. Swimming off Guadalcanal is good, if you don't mind watching for sharks, and do not get fungus infections in your ears.



A captured Jap cooks his own food, after complaining that American food is too rich for him. Because there was plenty of captured Jap rice and barley, the MP's let him do what he wanted. Very few Jap soldiers have been captured alive and almost no officers.



First movie is shown to American soldiers. It is Humphrey Bogart and Peter Lorre in *All Through the Night*. When the Japanese retreated they left the Americans hundreds of trucks, a complete electrical plant, iron beds, French telephone receivers, an ice plant, bottles of saki, radio sets and a bathtub.



Jap bones and skulls are found in an evacuated Jap bivouac area. The stench of dead bodies is always heavy in such places. On one Guadalcanal beach U. S. troops knocked out a Jap tank. After it had stopped burning, the Americans advanced to investigate it. What dropped out is shown at the right.

A Japanese soldier's skull is propped up
on a burned-out Jap tank by U.S. troops.
Fire destroyed the rest of the corpse



LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

In North Atlantic U-Boats Are Torpedoing Four Fighting Fronts

The North Atlantic is a beast. It is a big, malign, sinuous, green-eyed cat. Like all cats it has its playful moods—when the cool summer wind flicks the waves and porpoises romp in the bright sun. But in winter the North Atlantic seeks its prey. It lurks under gray clouds and crouches behind thick fog banks, ready to spring on careless mariners. When the wind comes down from the Pole the color of the North Atlantic changes to gray-green. It leaps out of hiding. Its monster waves bat the bows of trembling vessels, break over them with great white claws, cling to them with a grip of ice. After being mauled by this monster for ten wintry days a ship looks like an iceberg with engines in it.

Within the clutches of the cat, tiny human beings are engaged in their own desperate struggle. No one will ever be able to tell the terror and the immensity of the Battle of the North Atlantic. No one will ever be able to set forth the suffering or the heroism. To conjure up the struggle out there is to deal in a series of hellish images, flashes of memory, reconstructions of frantic, half-forgotten words shouted against a howling gale: the throb of engines below decks, the sudden call to battle stations, the sleepless nights in which no skipper dares to rest, the white wakes of the torpedoes, the crash of a hit, the explosion, the mangled bodies, the 40-ft. waves leaning over the pitiful lifeboats: death by water. . . .

The Jugular Vein

But if no one will ever be able to put this story into words, one fact about the North Atlantic stands out for all to see. The shipping route across it is the jugular vein of the United Nations. At any time since September, 1939, the war could have been lost between Iceland and the Azores. At the present writing the cutting of this vein would choke off at least four fighting fronts, maybe more. Britain would starve. It would be impossible to ship supplies to Russia by the quick and vital northern route. And the only way we could get convoys into the Mediterranean would be to circumnavigate Africa—if indeed we could control the Mediterranean at all without control of the Atlantic. Under these circumstances both General Eisenhower's drive, based on Algiers, and General Montgomery's drive, based on Cairo, would collapse for lack of supplies, and our grip on North Africa would be loosened. This in turn would open the way for German submarines to get into the Indian Ocean, choke off India, and reinforce Japan.

It is no exaggeration to say, therefore, that the North Atlantic is the single most

important front of the war. If this route can be held, the confidence in ultimate victory, which the Newsfronts noted last week, is justified. If it cannot be held, disaster will overtake us.

The Super-Subs

And no one has much doubt concerning Hitler's immediate strategy. His one big chance lies in cutting the jugular vein. For that matter, it is a reasonable chance. Apparently the submarine campaign has top priority in Germany over everything else. And apparently the bombing of the German sub bases has done only minor damage. London estimates that the Nazis are building two subs for every one that is sunk—probably about 25 per month. And the number available for a big drive in the spring is estimated at between 500 and 700.

Moreover, the Germans are appearing on the Atlantic in what can only be described as super-submarines. Their technology has made such great strides that much of our own equipment is virtually obsolete. The super-subs are bigger and faster. They are heavily built and can dive quickly and to great depths. It is therefore extremely difficult to destroy them with depth charges. They are said to have a new subsurface communication system. And they have evolved new tactics. They hunt not only in packs but in what someone has called "echelons of packs." Two or three subs will creep up on a convoy, fire torpedoes, and then run for it. The escort vessels chase them. Then, with the escorts drawn off, another pack closes in on the unprotected convoy, creates havoc, and gets away.

The Desperate Game

To meet such tactics, one of the urgent needs is more escort vessels. But that is exactly what the Navy has not got. The number in service is a strict military secret, but the secret is open that there are not nearly enough. Convoys are venturing out across that treacherous, cold ocean with the scantiest protection, and as a result, in some instances, the losses suffered have been staggering. The present score is also a secret. But able Roscoe Drummond, writing in the *Christian Science Monitor*, reported on good authority that sinkings had reached the tremendous total of 1,000,000 dead-weight tons per month. This is a greater loss than was sustained at any time during World War I. Secretary of the Navy Knox has said that this figure should be "qualified," without however giving any figure to replace it. In the desperate game of building versus sinking, we may perhaps be holding our own, or even gaining slightly. Yet the United Nations probably have less merchant tonnage available than the 25,000,000 tons at their disposal when the U. S. entered the war 13 months ago.

Even if we are gaining slightly over the sinkings, this is the most expensive type of warfare. The loss of trained and courageous personnel in the merchant fleet has been heavy. And every ship carries down with it a precious fraction of the war equipment that our industrial plant is straining to produce. These losses act like a huge brake on any offensive plans we may have against Europe. For it takes about ten tons of shipping to transport one soldier and his equipment, and about a ton and a half per month to keep him supplied. At the present rate of sinkings, the cost of any offensive bigger than North Africa (which required the biggest armada in naval history) would be tremendous. Submarine warfare is therefore highly profitable for Hitler. Even if he can't cut the jugular vein, he can draw off enough blood to prevent an expansion of our attack.

Wrapped in Silence

This situation was brought about by a failure on the part of the American public generally, and the Navy in particular, to recognize how important the North Atlantic is. Despite the lesson of the last war, when Germany almost succeeded in cutting the jugular vein, the Navy fixed its attention on the Pacific, taking British seapower for granted in the Atlantic. On top of this fundamental miscalculation, which the Navy now recognizes and is desperately trying to repair, the escort program ran into a lot of super-duper competition in Washington, such as the Army's landing-barge program, and indeed the whole shipbuilding program itself, which drove ahead without any thought of how the ships were to be protected. Now it is the synthetic rubber program, which is struggling for materials and machinery vital to naval escort. Clearly, rubber must give way. As someone has cracked, in pushing rubber at the expense of escort vessels we are preparing for a big war—in the Mississippi Valley.

This is an example of the kind of muddle that "experts" can get themselves into if they are not constantly checked by a well-informed public opinion. Under a pretense of military necessity, Navy censorship has wrapped the blunders, the misfortunes, and even the heroism of the North Atlantic in a self-protective silence. The result is that the public is ignorant of what the Navy now so vividly knows: that the North Atlantic is the lifeline of democracy; that it is in grave danger; and that no effort, whether industrial, military, political or journalistic, can be spared to save it. Public interest has been a great factor in helping Navy and Army airmen to get their plans carried out. But the public has been allowed to take no interest in the submarine. It is time for the Navy to wake up to the fact that its best friend is the American people. Tell 'em the story of the big cat.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

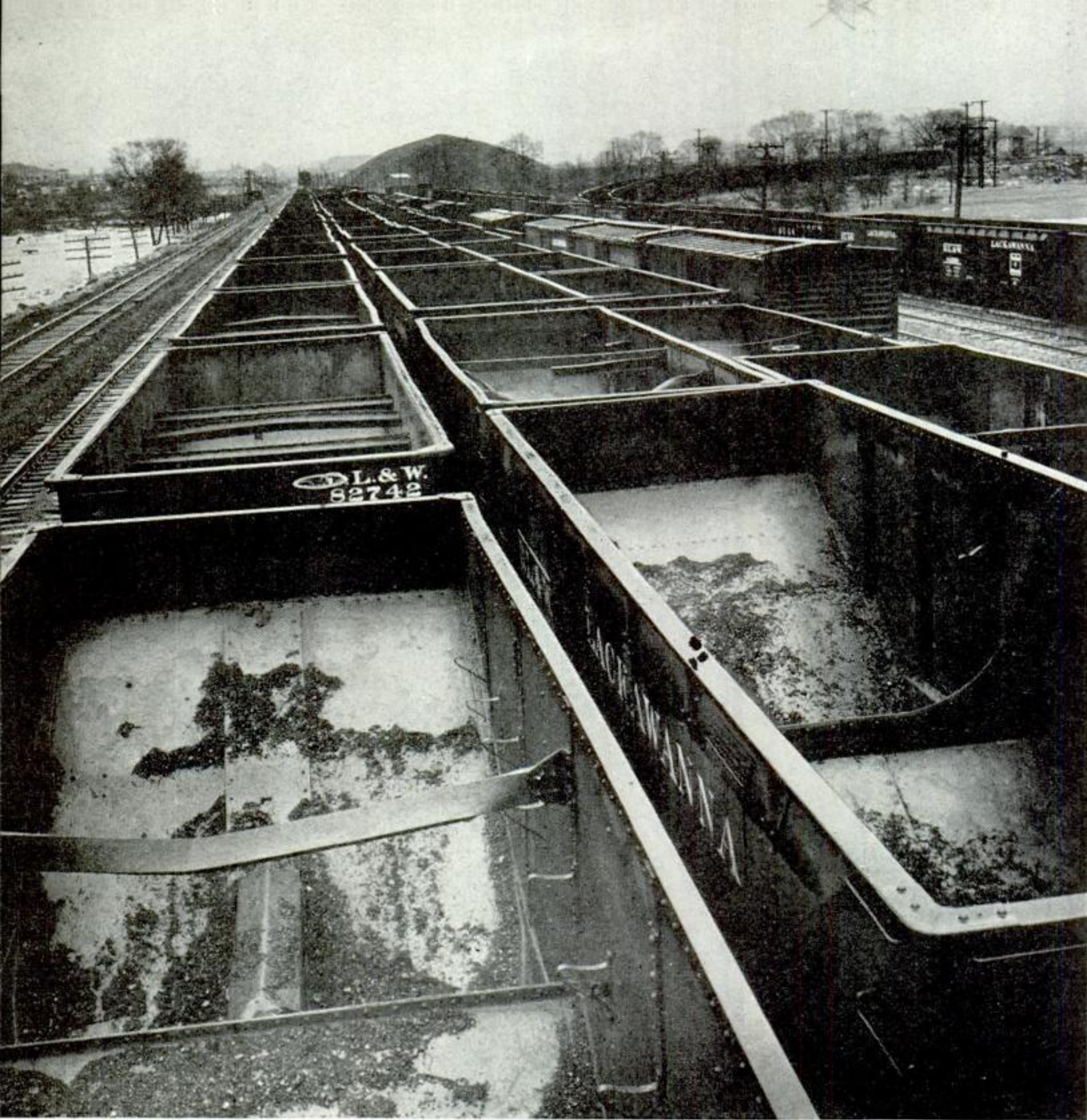
Since Jan. 1, some 33 State governors have been inaugurated. One of the most interesting new faces is the 29th Governor of Iowa, eloquent, friendly,

dapper Bourke Blakemore Hickenlooper. This 46-year-old lawyer nicknamed "Hick," who has been in Republican politics for eight years, was inau-

gurated in Des Moines on Jan. 14. Admirers who deluged his office with flowers hoped that someday Iowa's Hick would go to the White House.

Dressed in white tie and tails, Iowa's new
Republican Governor, Bourke B. Hickenlooper,
sits at his desk amid well-wishers' flowers





The strike of approximately 20,000 of Pennsylvania's 88,000 anthracite miners was without violence. Its outward manifestations were the long lines of empty-bellied cars (above) waiting to carry hard coal to the shivering North. There was no physical picketing. But strikers like those

shown below, who had voted a return to work, changed their minds across the street from their colliery entrance next morning. They refused to cross even a mental picket line, stood around for an hour or so, then went home to gripe about Lewis and hope for settlement of the dispute.



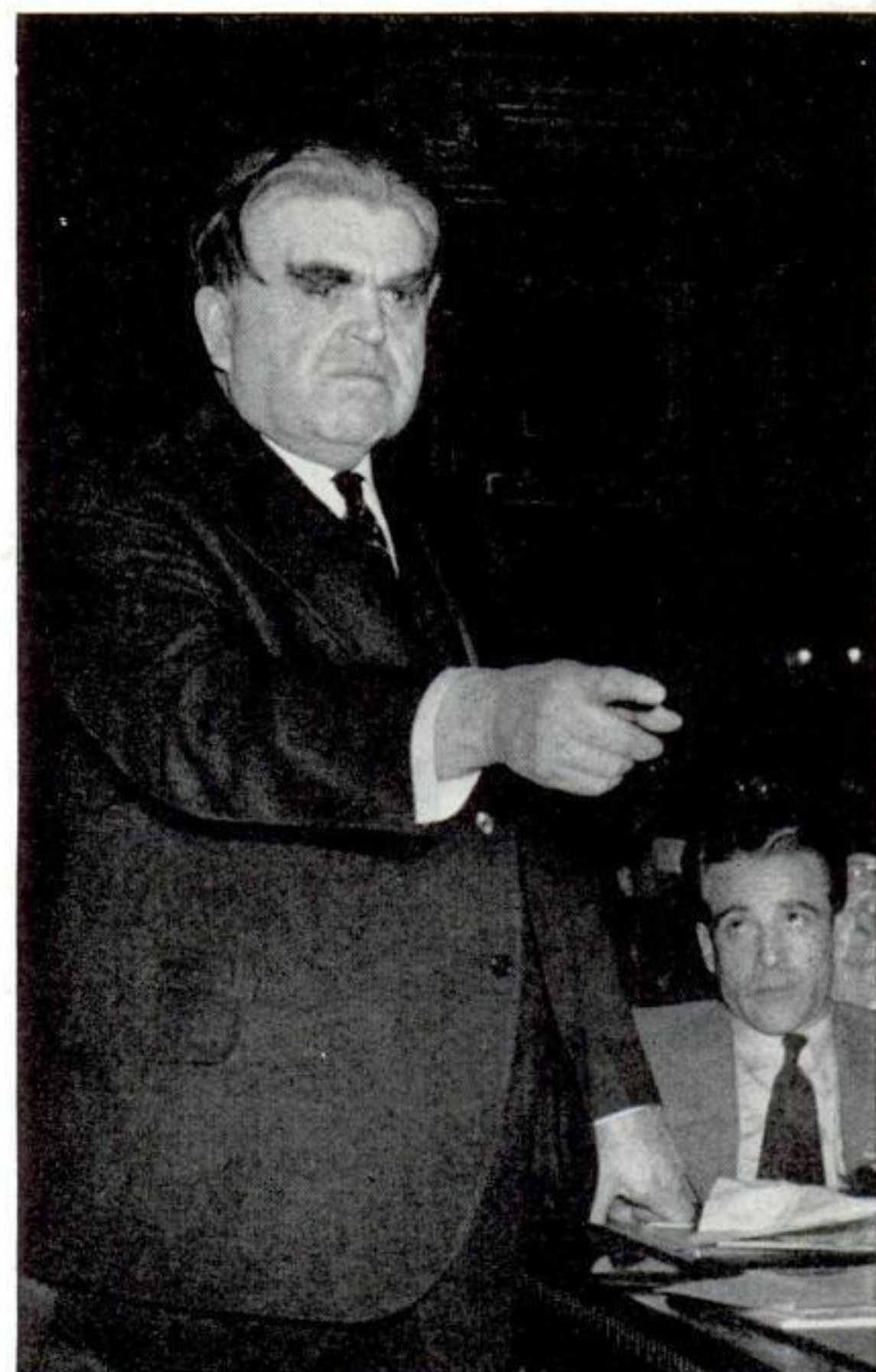
COAL STRIKE

Last week, responding to President Roosevelt's strongly worded back-to-work-or-else dictum, 20,000 striking miners in Pennsylvania's East-Central anthracite basin sulked back to their collieries. They returned to the pit after stubbornly rejecting two War Labor Board orders, the fulminations of thunder-browed John L. Lewis and the panky pleas of their local leaders. Their three week "wildcat" walkout had cost them dearly in the pocketbook, and had cost the U. S. war effort about 600,000 tons of badly needed hard coal. But to the bitter rank-and-file men in Wilkes-Barre, Hazleton, Scranton, Ashley and other towns the protest was worth any price if it served to undermine one shaft in the house that John L. Lewis built.

Theirs was not a strike primarily against their traditional enemies, the coal companies. It was a spontaneous explosion against the oppressive domination of their own national leader, and it constituted the most significant and widespread revolt against the shaggy, brow-beating Lewis since he became president of the United Mine Workers in 1920.

The walkout started Dec. 30 when miners were forced to pay an increase of 50¢ a month in dues to the U. M. W. through a check-off system maintained in all companies by closed shop agreements. Additional dues had been pushed through at the last U. M. W. convention. To rank-and-file miners, who have resented Lewis' tight-fisted financial control, this was the last straw. Out of the \$1.50 monthly dues they must pay 90¢ to Lewis, 30¢ to district officials (Lewisites), and only 30¢ goes to the local. The angry miners knew that John L. had a bursting 4-to-7 million dollar war chest, while many of their locals did not have enough in their treasuries to pay a delegate's fare to and from Washington. Fifty cents more a month for Lewis coffers meant another nick out of their slim pay-checks which they would never see again. And so, although it was outlawed, they took recourse to their most powerful weapon—the strike.

On Jan. 7 James Henniham, president of non-striking lo-



John L. Lewis, U. M. W. president, lays down the law to delegates of the strikers summoned to Washington for a WLB hearing on Jan. 15.

ROOSEVELT'S ULTIMATUM ENDS MINERS' REVOLT AGAINST LEWIS

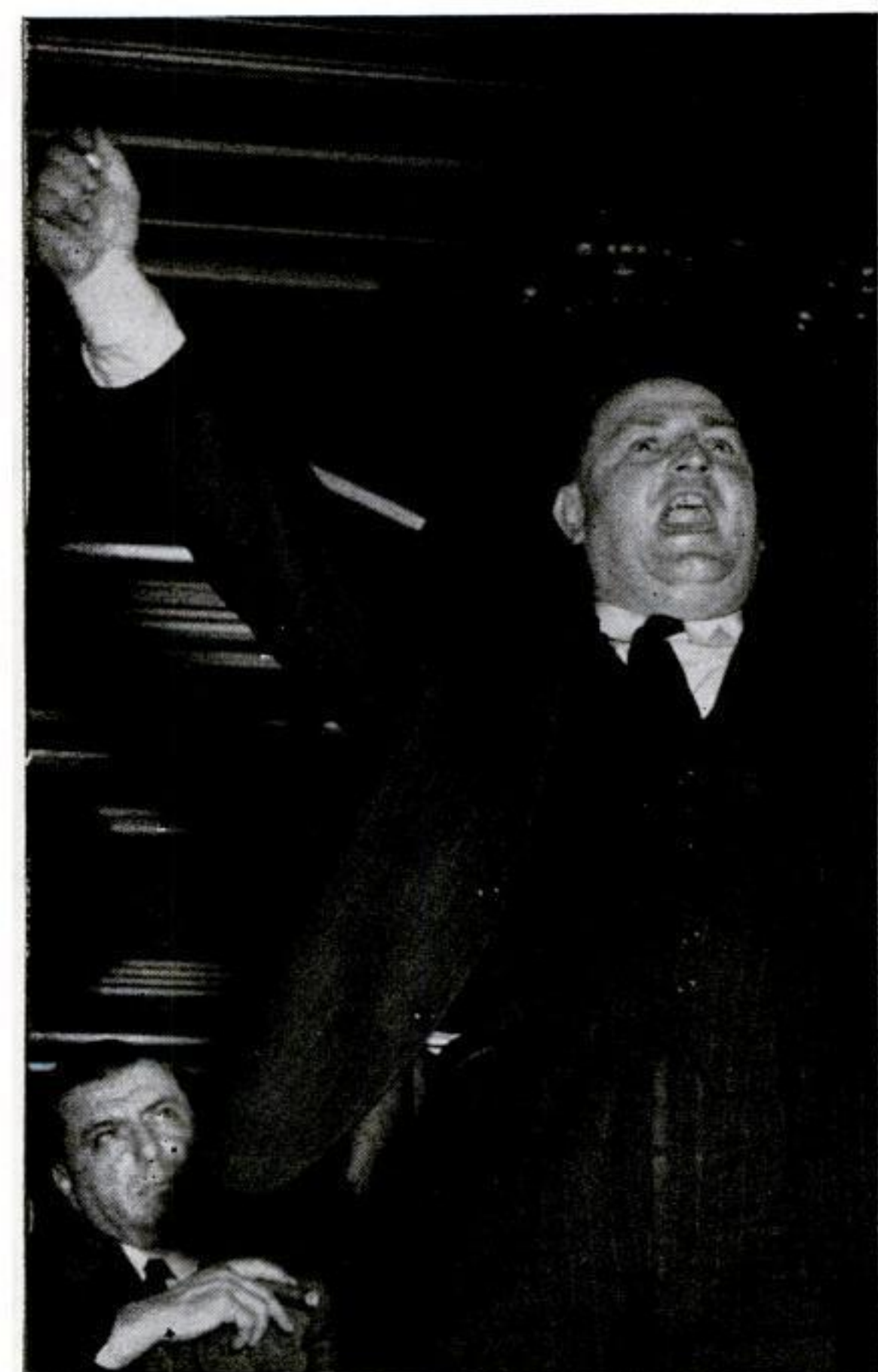
cal 1609 of the Baltimore Colliery of Hudson Coal Co. in Wilkes-Barre telegraphed President Roosevelt asking him to break the deadlock. On Jan. 9, in answer to this appeal, Lieut. Colonel Charles W. Kerwood of the Army Air Force came and urged a Wilkes-Barre mass meeting to go back to work. He couldn't promise a redress of the dues grievance, and the men stayed out—and more joined them. On Jan. 15 the locals sent delegates to a War Labor Board hearing in Washington (right). At that meeting Lewis (below) and Government officials collared and cowed rank-and-file representatives by implying two penalties: expulsion from the U. M. W. which meant no work in the closed-shop coal industry and possible trial for treason in time of war. As a result, a beaten group of delegates returned to try and make the rank and file end the holdout. Striking locals had meetings. A few voted to work, most to stay out. But many of those voting to work never budged any farther than their colliery entrance.

Finally on Jan. 19 the President ordered striking miners to return to work by noon Jan. 21 or "our Government will take necessary steps to protect the security of the nation against a strike which is doing serious injury to the war effort." Miners were glum at this ultimatum, even though many would rather work for the Army than Lewis. But the President's directive, in combination with other factors, ended the strike for the time being. The low-paid miners had no rich national treasury to feed their strike fund. The clamor of a cold, unsympathetic public for more coal became louder. Local leaders called hurried meetings, mustered small quorums, took quick votes. Before the 48-hour deadline was up the miners' resistance was outwardly broken, and they grimly trooped back to work. But inwardly the seething hate for John L. Lewis remains, and there undoubtedly will be trouble once again in the hard-coal fields where the fight for union democracy is as vital to the rank and file as the fight for democracy on the battle fronts.



Peace pow-wows went on endlessly from the first walkout on Dec. 30 until the final back-to-work vote. An attempt to settle the strike on Jan. 15 in Washington (above) failed as U. M. W. Leader John L. Lewis pilloried the WLB for interfering in an intra-union dispute on dues, and threat-

ened the militant rank-and-file U. M. W. delegates with expulsion for insubordination. After the President's order on Jan. 19 some locals like the one at the Huber Colliery (below) of the Glen Alden Coal Co. in Ashley voted against going to work—but finally went back a full day later.



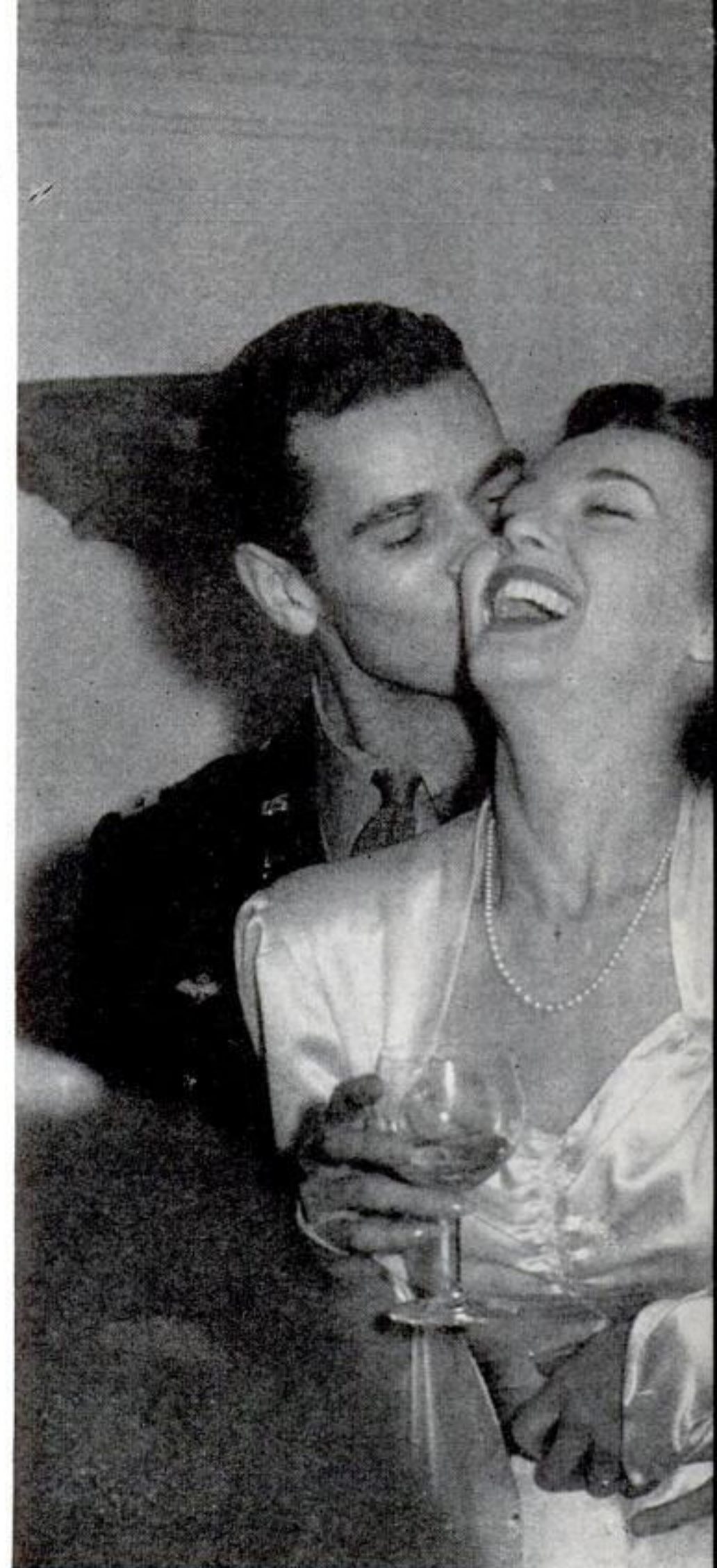
Andrew Yevcak, head of anti-Lewis Tri-District General Mine Committee, came to Washington full of fight, went home cowed by Lewis.





Ceremony in London's Catholic Church of Our Lady of the Assumption and St. Gregory was performed by Fathers Harris

and Waterkeyn. From left are Best Man Major Ellis, groom, 25, bride, 24, Mitzi Mayfair. Rear: Eagle Ace Gus Daymond.



A big hug and kiss is given new Mrs. Wallace by her third husband, Captain Thomas C. Wallace, late of the Eagle

"PING GIRL" WEDS EAGLE

Carole Landis breaks USO tour to marry Air Force Captain Wallace

The unexpected climax of a USO Camp Shows tour of England occurred Jan. 5 in London when Carole Landis, advertised as the "Ping Girl" of Hollywood (*see right*), was married to an ex-Eagle Squadron captain, Thomas C. Wallace, now of the U. S. Eighth Air Force. Movie Actress Landis, born Frances Lillian Mary Ridste, half-Polish and half-Norwegian, is distinguished by the possession of a figure

ASKED BY PHOTOGRAPHERS TO KISS BRIDE, GROOM SAYS, "I'LL DO THAT ANY TIME"



ON CHURCH STEPS THE BRIDE WHISPERS, "REMEMBER TO LOOK THE SAME WAY I LOOK"





Squadron, now of U. S. Eighth Air Force, an old friend of Carole's from Pasadena, Calif., to toast of champagne.

A secret is confided to Kay Francis by the bride, while Father John P. Waterkeyn tries not to hear. The two Hollywood ac-

trices, together with Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair, were on a tour of Britain and North Africa for USO Camp Shows.

that most notably resembles that of a Petty girl drawing. Because her brief earlier marriages had been only civil ceremonies, the Catholic Church permitted her a church wedding this time and she wore a white-satin gown by Hartnell with a swathed yoke and tiny skullcap. Said the bemused groom: "I am probably the luckiest man in the world."

A gayer, happier, more frenzied wedding has rarely been

seen. The bride's talent for making friends easily brought part of the Eagle Squadron, the doctor who had removed her appendix a month before, the five nurses who had taken care of her and her pals of the USO Camp Shows, Mitzi Mayfair who was maid-of honor, Kay Francis and Martha Raye. Ten days later the bride arrived with the other three in Algiers to continue the tour. The groom was back with his squadron.



BRIDE TELLS KAY AND THE PRIEST, "I WAS SHAKING AND TREMBLING ALL THE TIME"

BRIDE CUTS THE AUSTERITY CAKE OF CARDBOARD. INSIDE IS A SMALL GENUINE CAKE.





"I was born," said Edward J. Flynn to a Senate Committee, "in Bronx County. I've lived there all my life. My father

was an educated gentleman. During my entire life I have lived in a cultured and educated atmosphere. . . . I have made

many trips abroad. I probably know Europe as thoroughly as any one. I have traveled extensively in South America. . . ."

THE CASES OF ED FLYNN AND ERROL FLYNN

The U. S. scene was more than usually confused last week by two Flynn cases which were getting headline readers awfully mixed up. One Flynn was Edward J., a politician. The other Flynn was Errol, a performer. The uproar arose because the U. S. President wanted to send one Flynn (Ed) to Australia as ambassador, and the Los Angeles district attorney wanted to send the other Flynn (Errol) to jail as a rapist.

In a U. S. Senate committee room Ed Flynn, who has resigned as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, warmly defended himself against charges of having consorted with Japanese business interests and having misused New York City paving blocks. But what really burned Ed Flynn up were imputations that he was just a big ward-heeling politician, unfitted to be an ambassador. In a brief, laudatory

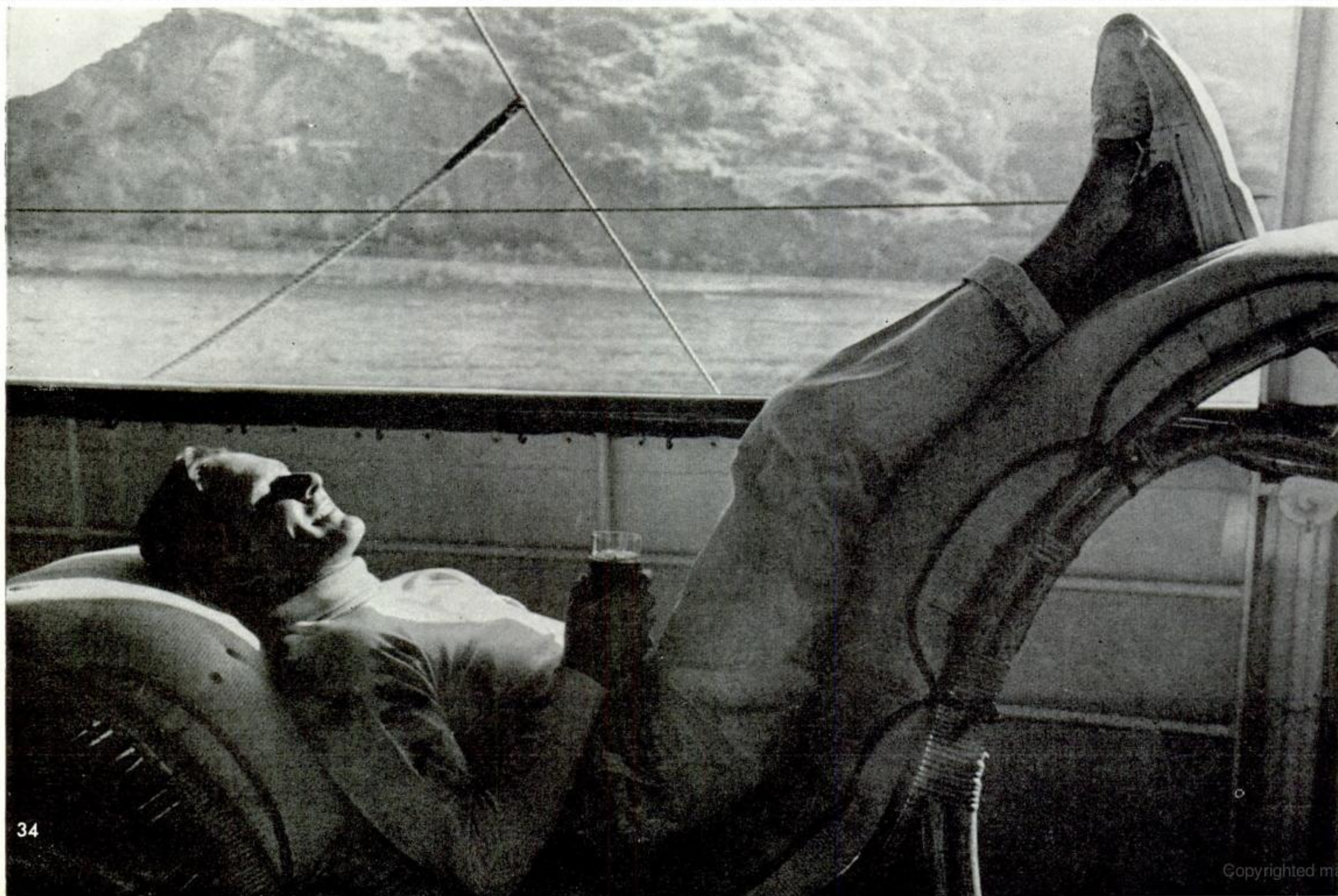
autobiography, Ed Flynn assured the Senate that he was a cultured gentleman (*above*).

Errol Flynn was defending himself against charges of having consorted with girls under legal age of consent. He was not so nonchalant in court as he was on his yacht *Sirocco* in 1941, when he went out with too-young Peggy Satterlee and was photographed (*below*) by Peter Stackpole, a LIFE Photographer.

"I was born," Errol Flynn might say if his press agent's biographies can be believed, "in North Ireland. My father

was a biologist. I went to school in Paris and London, then moved to Australia. I went off to New Guinea and became an

overseer, a prospector, a schooner captain, and had many adventures. Finally, I became a Warner Bros. movie star."



"Oook! Mommy,
this is KEEN!"



HERE'S FRESH-TOMATO FLAVOR!
AND FRESH-TOMATO VITAMINS, TOO!

BOTH are protected by Campbell's special canning process.

Lift a bright glass of Campbell's Tomato Juice. One sip takes you back to a tomato patch in August. For this is the real fresh-tomato flavor—the lively garden-sweet taste of a luscious ripe beauty fresh-picked from the vine. You drink deep, enjoy each swallow, and you're glad you were thirsty.

And you should know this: In Campbell's, along with that fresh-tomato flavor come fresh-tomato vitamins, too—vitamins A and B and the important vitamin C which you must obtain each day.

The special thing about this

tomato juice is the process by which it is canned. This canning process retains and protects the fresh-tomato flavor and, at the same time, safeguards the valuable fresh-tomato vitamins.

So the lively garden-fresh flavor and the valuable health-benefits of the tomatoes are yours, in Campbell's Tomato Juice. Those tomatoes are specially grown for Campbell's, ripened to perfect flavor and color right on the vine, then pressed promptly to secure the juice at its fresh best.

Nature made it a grand drink and Campbell's keep it that way. Why not make it a rule to ask for Campbell's Tomato Juice?

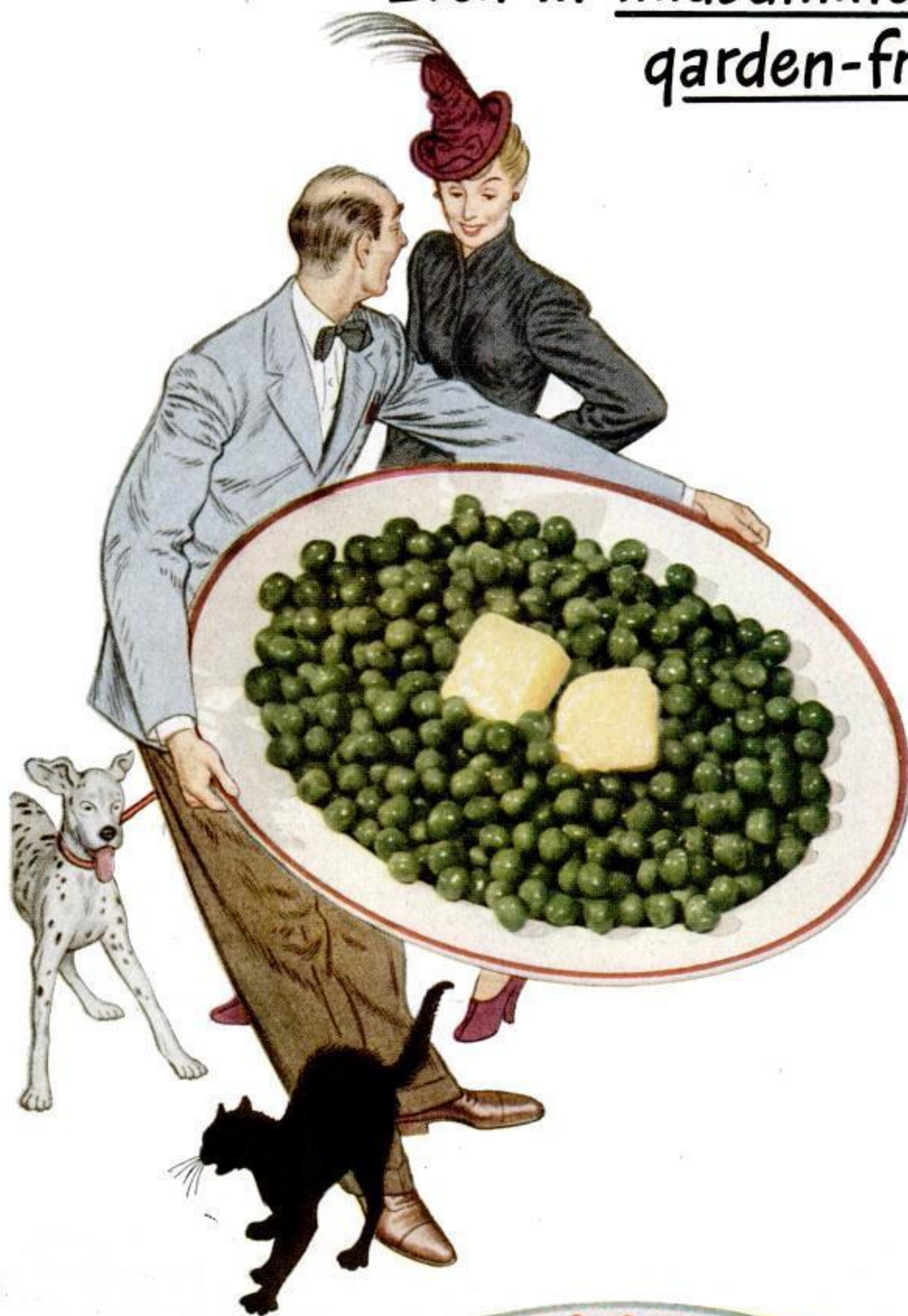
THE LARGEST SELLING TOMATO JUICE IN AMERICA

Campbell's

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Even in midsummer, Ma'am—you couldn't pick garden-fresher Vegetables!



1. Strong talk? Yes indeed—but it goes for *every* Birds Eye Vegetable! (And in these days, with a meat shortage, it's good to find a w-i-d-e variety of *fresh-as-when-picked* Vegetables—ALL in one case!)



2. Rich in nutrition, Birds Eye Vegetables are *tender, tasty, dee-licious!* Try the Peas! Try French-Sliced Green Beans! Try Cut Corn—*golden, sugar-sweet, milky!* Or any of the 17 Birds Eye Vegetables!



3. Birds Eye grows *only* the finest of vegetables... *Quick-Freezes* them within 4 hours! This seals in ALL their *summer-fresh* flavor for you to enjoy NOW—in *midwinter!* And talk about *convenience!*



4. They come cleaned... trimmed of *all-waste!* (You pay *nothing* for pods or other waste.) Think of the *Time and Work* this saves. Too, Birds Eye Vegetables are the biggest values available today! Just compare!



BIRDS EYE VEGETABLES ARE RICH IN NUTRITION!

LIKE ALL Birds Eye products, these Vegetables are *naturally rich* in vitamins and minerals! Notably so in the following: Vitamins A and C, and in Phosphorus, Iron, and Copper. Try Birds Eye Vegetables—today!

Select your GARDEN-FRESH VEGETABLES!

Birds Eye gives you the advantage of a *wide variety* of the most delicious vegetables. Every day... week in... week out. And ALL *garden-fresh!* See your Birds Eye grocer... buy ALL your vegetables from his Birds Eye Department.

Asparagus Spears	Lima Beans	Mixed Vegetables
Asparagus Cuts	Baby Green and	Corn on Cob
Green Beans—	large Ford Hooks	Golden Sweet Corn
*French-sliced	Wax Beans	Peas
& 1-inch cut	Broccoli	Peas & Carrots
*Spinach	Brussels Sprouts	Squash

*BIG FEATURES THIS WEEK (FEB. 1-6) AT YOUR BIRDS EYE STORE





OPENING SHOT IS A SYMBOL OF THE HERO WORSHIP PRACTICED BY NAZI YOUTHS. HUNDREDS OF BOYS, THEIR ARMS UPRAISED, FACE THE LEADERS STANDING ON PLATFORM

HITLER'S CHILDREN

Nazis educate for death

Hitler's *Children* is a powerful and dramatic motion picture. It is not a pretty one. Parts of it will make audiences want to throw things at the movie screen. A modern-day horror story of how German children are scientifically molded into goose-stepping and freedom-hating Nazis, RKO's movie pulls no punches, shows women being sterilized, small boys who are forced to endure great physical torture to prove their worth as future supermen, and unwed mothers who bear their children for the State.

Based on eyewitness fact, *Hitler's Children* has been adapted from Gregor Ziemer's best-seller (1941), *Education For Death*. As headmaster of the American Colony

School in Berlin, Ziemer with the permission of the Nazi Minister of Education studied at firsthand all phases of the Nazi educational machine. From his findings which tell of the cruel fanaticism of the New Order, RKO has made a motion picture which is almost documentary in form. For a plot the love story of a German-born American girl and a young Nazi soldier has been added, but Hollywood has been careful to keep this secondary to the picture's main theme.

On these pages *LIFE* presents scenes from *Hitler's Children*, drawings from Walt Disney's short subject titled *Education For Death* and excerpts from Ziemer's original account of Nazi schools, labor camps, educational methods.

A free-for-all fight between a group of Nazi Jungfolk (10- to 15-year-old boys) and the members of the American Colony School out for an afternoon of baseball occurs on the street across from the Horst Wessel Schule. Asked to stop the fight, German leader says: "It is a popular demonstration."

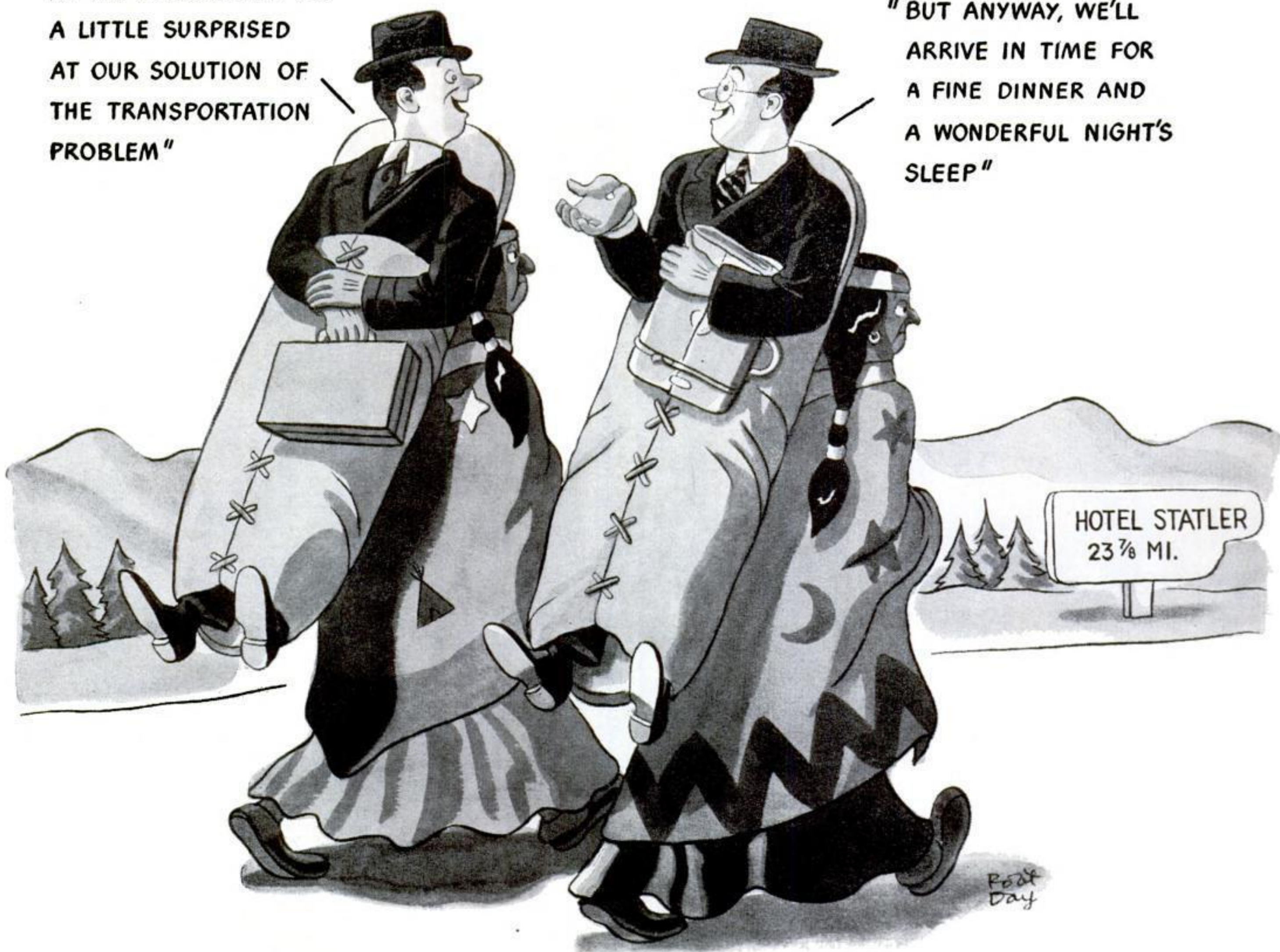


In the Nazi classroom the teacher conducts a history lesson. Pointing to the map he says, "Observe, gentlemen, and remember, Germany was robbed in the Treaty of Versailles—robbed of land which has always been and always will be holy German soil."



"OF COURSE, THE DOORMAN
AT THE STATLER MAY BE
A LITTLE SURPRISED
AT OUR SOLUTION OF
THE TRANSPORTATION
PROBLEM"

"BUT ANYWAY, WE'LL
ARRIVE IN TIME FOR
A FINE DINNER AND
A WONDERFUL NIGHT'S
SLEEP"



This may be carrying things too far, but—

We must accept—and good naturedly!—occasional delays and inconveniences in traveling, in the interest of helping the transportation people give the green light to Uncle Sam's huge volume of official business.

But however you get around the country, when business takes you to one of the Statler cities you'll find the Statler Hotel ready to give you the three war-

time necessities for travelers today. (Those things are listed below . . . read them.)

It's our business, at the Statlers, to keep you feeling fit as a fiddle when you travel. Just one timely suggestion: Wartime conditions are making it increasingly difficult for us to take care of all those who "just drop in." Won't you make your Statler reservations well in advance? . . . and cancel reservations at once when you find you cannot use them?

THREE WARTIME NECESSITIES FOR TRAVELERS



WONDERFUL MEALS

Famous American favorites, prepared according to treasured family recipes, unearthed by the Statler Research Kitchens. Delicious and healthful!



WONDERFUL SLEEP

Custom-built, inner-spring mattresses . . . luxurious feather-and-down pillows . . . oversized sheets . . . light but warm virgin wool blankets. Sleep like a kid!



RESTFUL RELAXATION

Feelin' blue? Here's what to do: Dine and dance to the music of a famous orchestra, at any Statler. You'll enjoy the Cocktail Lounge, too.

Statler Hotels

STATLER OPERATED

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA . . \$3.85
NEW YORK

HOTEL WILLIAM PENN. . . \$3.85
PITTSBURGH

HOTELS STATLER IN

BOSTON \$3.85 BUFFALO \$3.30
CLEVELAND \$3.00

DETROIT \$3.00 ST. LOUIS \$2.75
WASHINGTON, D.C.

NOTHING OLD-FASHIONED BUT THE HOSPITALITY

Rates begin at Prices shown

★ YOUR DOLLARS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR U. S. WAR BONDS ★



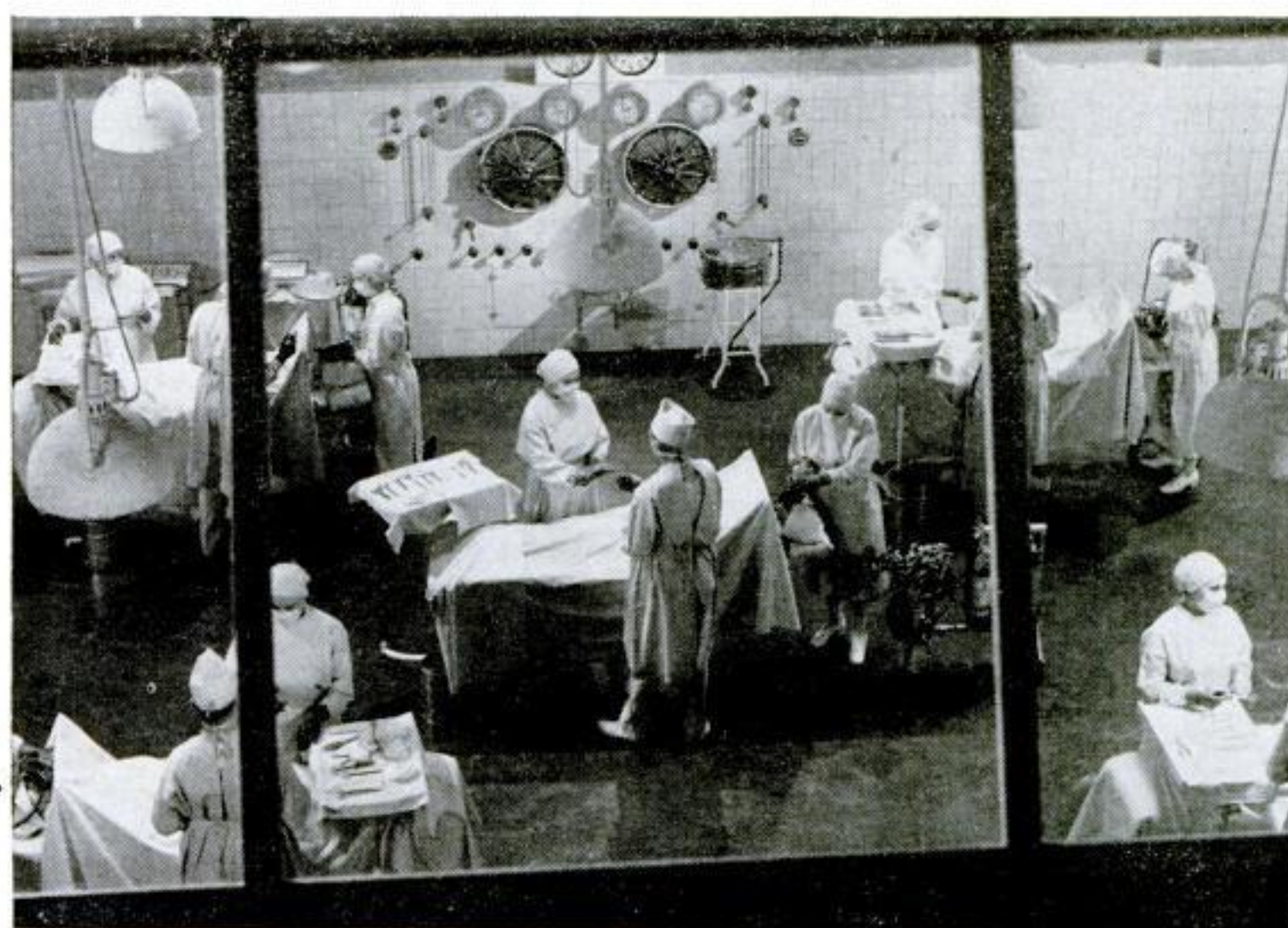
While on a picnic with Karl (Tim Holt) from the Nazi school, Anna (Bonita Granville), an American, finds a 10-year-old Nazi boy tied to four stakes on the ground with his mouth gagged. Karl explains that the boy wants to be punished, that it is a test of endurance.



Placed in a Nazi labor camp because she was born in Germany, Anna first feigns enthusiasm for Nazi doctrines, then recants. Karl, now a lieutenant, knows that she will be punished. At a dance he asks her to have a child by him for the State to prove her loyalty to her superiors.



Inspecting the Nazi educational system Professor Nichols (Kent Smith), from the American School, discovers Anna pretending belief in the New Order. Nichols talks to a pregnant German girl who tells him that it is nobler to have a baby for the Führer than for a husband.



A sterilization clinic (*Frauen Klinik*) at work is part of Professor Nichols' tour. Here with mass-production surgery, women who are "unfit" to have children are sterilized by Nazi doctors for reasons which vary from hereditary color blindness to dangerous political thinking.



Taking sanctuary in a church after running away from Karl and the labor camp, Anna, in a black cape, hides from the Nazi soldiers who invade the church during the morning services. Finding comfort in the bishop's sermon which decries the Nazis, she gives herself up.



Whipped publicly for running away, Anna is tied to the flagpole in sight of all the girls who have formed a square to watch the ceremony. Karl, one of the officers in charge, rushes forward and stops the lashing. Later Karl denounces the Nazis and both he and Anna are shot.

EDUCATION FOR DEATH

Book about Nazi youth is also basis for Disney short

It is a rare occasion when two movies are adapted from the same book at the same time. Gregor Ziemer's "Education For Death" (Oxford University Press, \$2) is the basis for both Walt Disney's short with the same title and RKO's feature-length drama, "Hitler's Children." Below are excerpts from Ziemer's book which first told of Nazi educational practices.

I heard a chorus of screams and yells. A group of girls, twelve years old, came dashing past. They were chasing a plump little girl whose face was pale with terror.

"Grab her, grab the dirty thing," shouted the group. One girl caught one of her braids; she yanked, and the fleeing *Jungmaedel*, in full uniform, lay howling on the ground. Girls pounced on her, rubbed her face in the sand, kicked her exposed rear and spat on her.

I looked around for the leader; she seemed nowhere in sight. The girl on the ground was taking a terrible drubbing. She was writhing as her face was shoved deeper in the sand. "What is this," I asked, "a new game?" The excited girls yelled answers at me from which I gathered that their victim, Anna, was: a rascal, a pig, an evil-smelling thing, a culprit, a criminal, an unpatriotic German unfit to wear the Nazi uniform.

I learned that this girl had "insulted" Marie's sister. She had said that it was wrong for the sister to have a baby. This talk about babies, bandied back and forth by little girls, bewildered me. I asked, "What's wrong with Marie's sister having a baby?"

I was informed that nothing was wrong. That was just it. Marie's sister was doing what the Führer wanted all German girls to do. She wasn't married but that certainly didn't matter. She did not have to be married to have a baby. Just then the *Gruppenleiterin* came up. She advised the girls that they had done their duty well, but that she would punish Anna. As they disappeared over the hill she had little Anna by the hair.

Suddenly I heard a low moan, some distance away. I followed the sound and almost stumbled across a youngster of nine or ten lying on the ground, scientifically staked out. He was gagged. I thought of kidnapping. But there was no such thing as kidnapping in the Third Reich. There had been a case, but the guilty parties had been apprehended one morning, tried and sentenced by noon, beheaded before nightfall.

And then I realized this was part of the practice maneuver. I soon had the stakes out and the boy sat up. He blurted out his story. He had been acting as spy and had been caught. Being staked out was part of his punishment. He knew he deserved it. But he thought they had gone off and left him for good. He had visions of starving to death. Even his Spartan spirit broke under the strain.

While he talked he danced about, scratching himself. He never told me, but I saw that he had been lying almost on top of a hill of big black ants which abound in the woods between Berlin and Potsdam. Whether he had been put there purposely or not I never found out.

We found our address: a woman of 40, haggard and graying, answered the doorbell. The rooms were poorly furnished. The most prominent adornment was a picture of Hitler. The woman led the way to the bedroom.

"Here's my young patient," Schroeder whispered. "Age nine. pneumonia."

On a cot lay the restless form of a boy with an emaciated face. The doctor touched the boy's wrist to take his pulse. The boy tore his hand away, shot it high and shouted in a delirious unnatural voice, "Heil Hitler."

I looked at the mother. "If only they had not made him march," she said hoarsely. "They knew he was not well. But they said he had to march. His father is a storm trooper. He said the boy had to go. He did not want a weakling for a son. And now..."

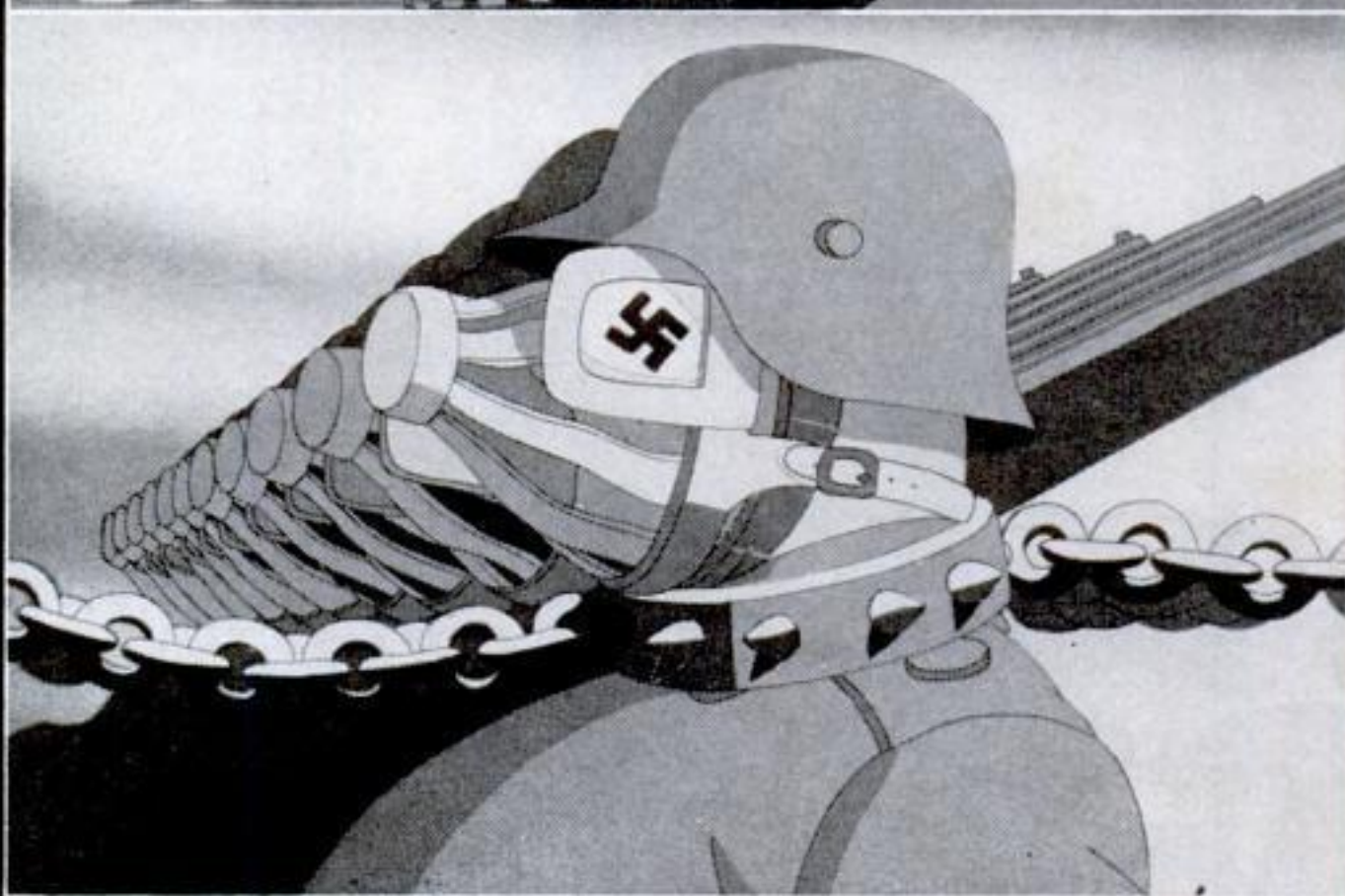
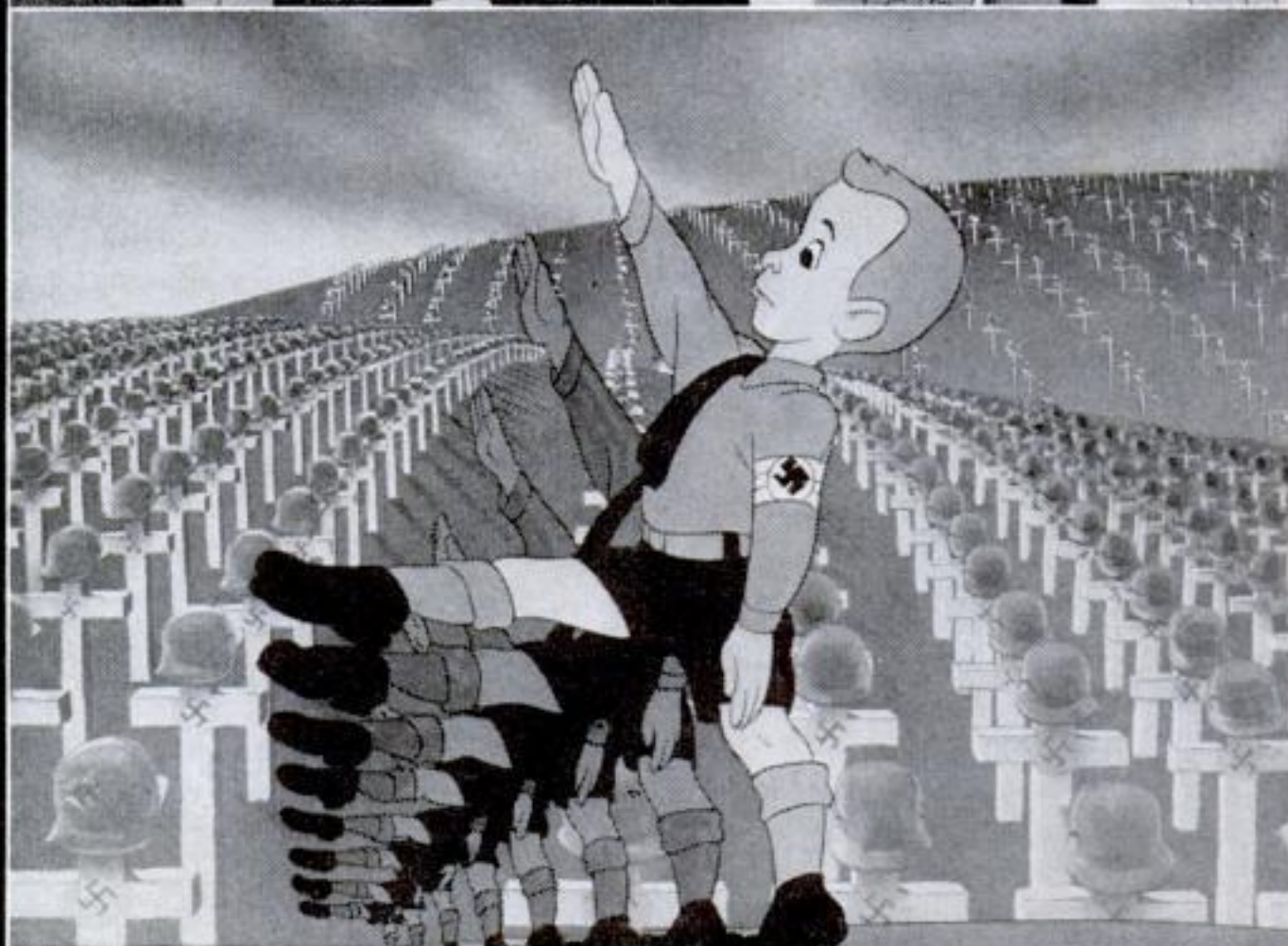
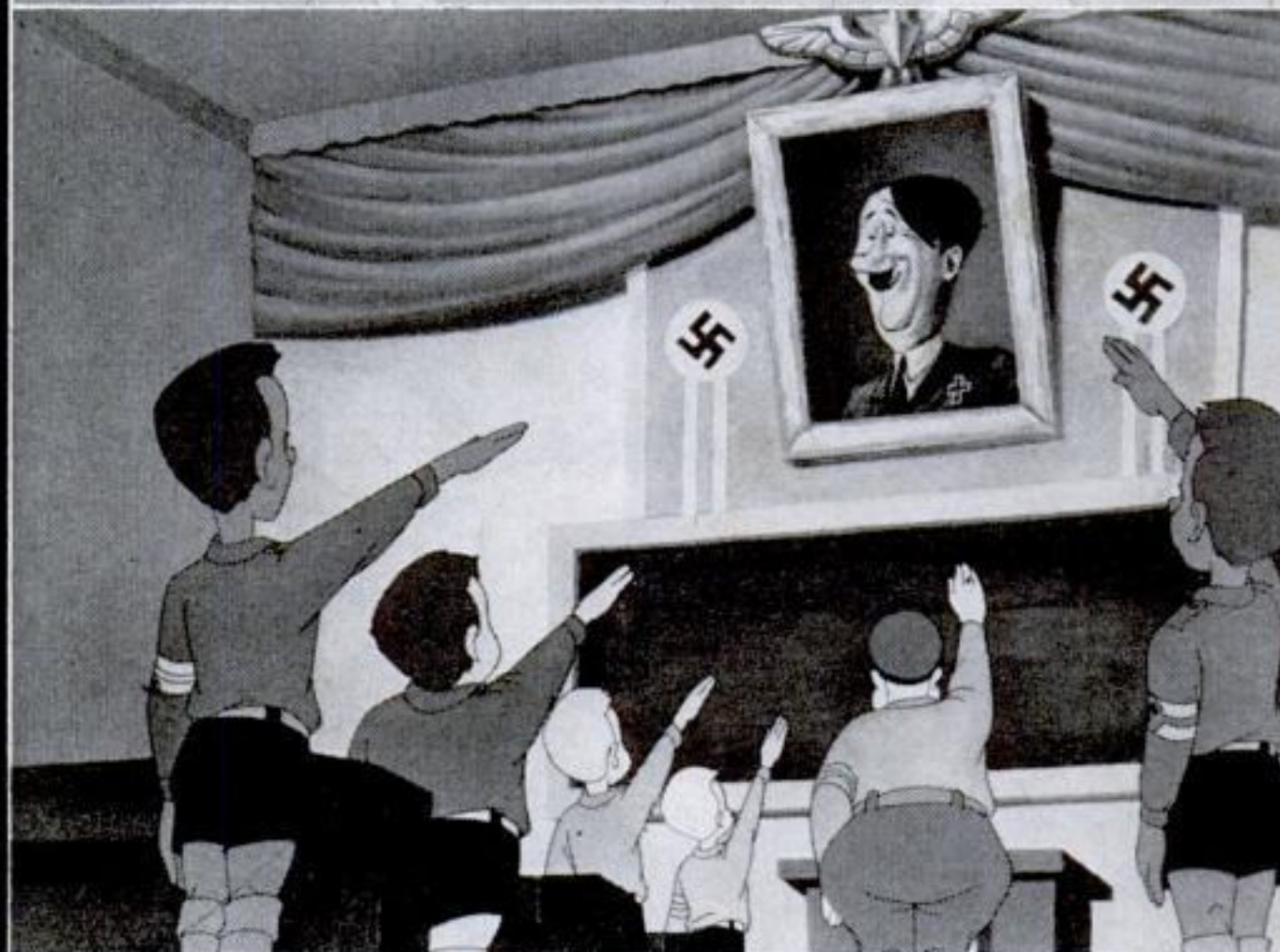
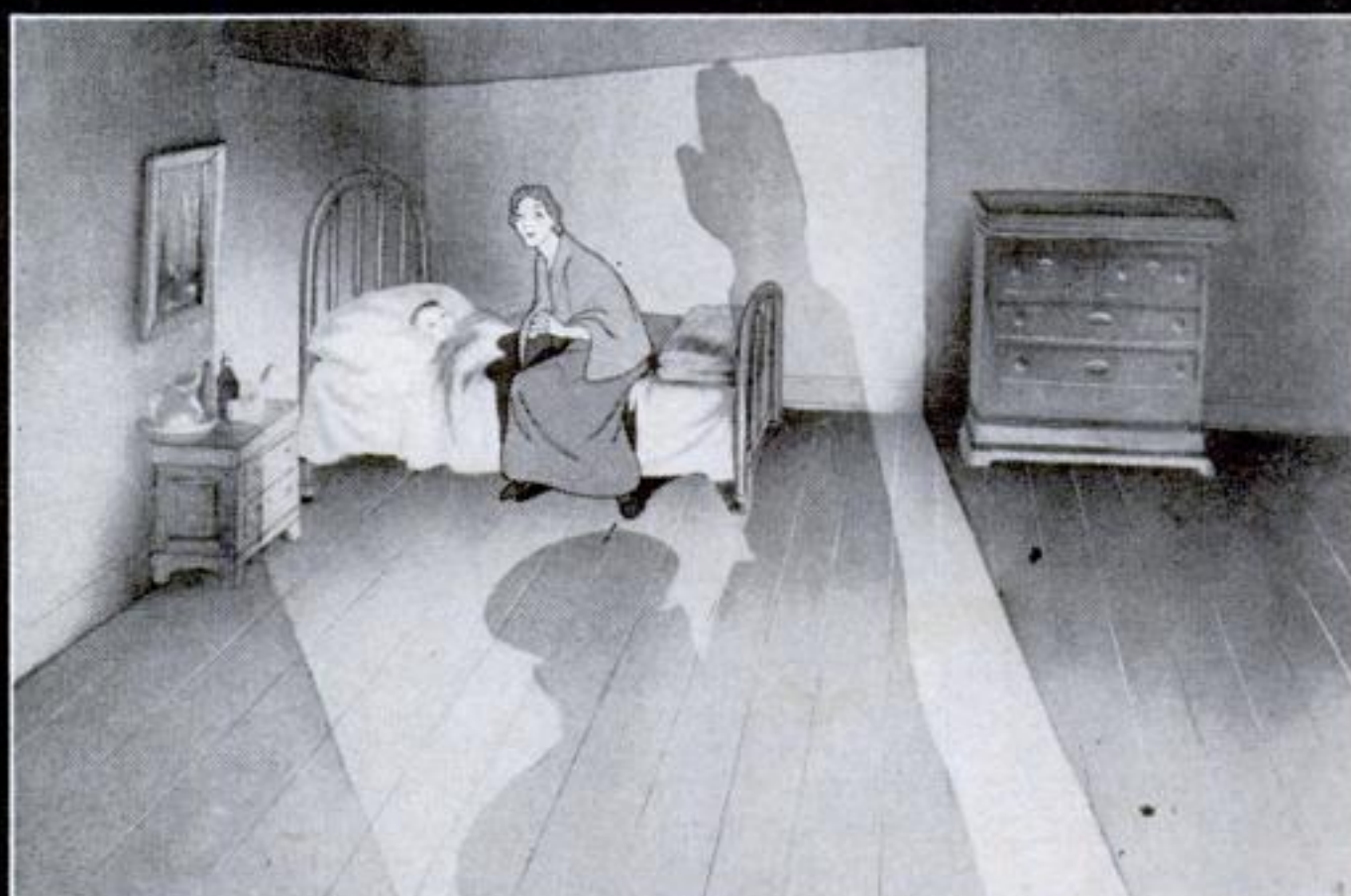
From the cot came words—shrill, penetrating. "Let me die for Hitler. I must die for Hitler." Over and over, pleading, accusing, beseeching, fighting against life, fighting the doctor, fighting to die.

"They told him at the ceremony that he had to die for Hitler," the mother continued. "And he's so young..."

She broke then, sobbing. I looked again at the boy. His right hand was straight up now, stiff and unyielding. His lips kept forming the words his burning soul prompted him to utter: "I must die for Hitler."

"His father says if he dies, then he dies for Hitler," the mother said tonelessly.

"Now do you see what I mean?" asked Doktor Schroeder when we were again in the car. "He wants to die. What is this strange ideology that can even pervert instincts?"



COPYRIGHT WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

Walt Disney short, *Education For Death*, traces the making of a Nazi from a young boy, through his early days of Sieg Heiling the Führer to a goose-stepping Nazi soldier. In last picture he is a part of the Nazi machine complete with muzzle, blinders and chained yoke.

These are the things we are fighting for



...the right to teach the truth ... not propaganda

Some day we will again be making the Community Silverware you love, but now all our skills and facilities are being devoted to the war that must be fought and won. Meanwhile, in messages like this, we try to express the things for which America is fighting.*



ARMY-NAVY "E" AWARDED
TO ONEIDA LTD.

*TRADEMARK



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1. THE TOBACCO. We resolved to develop the finest cigarette that experience, science and art could produce. As the first step, Mr. Theodore Kirk, pictured above, who has purchased more quality leaf tobacco than any other living person, combed the stocks of all sizeable dealers and bought the best—millions of dollars worth of fine vintage Turkish and domestic tobaccos.

The simple facts about a cleaner, finer smoke!



2. THE BLENDING. Given these fine vintage tobaccos, the skill with which they are blended is paramount. So, creation of the Fleetwood blend was entrusted to a master of the art, Mr. W. Curtis Bethea, shown above, who has blended more brands of cigarettes, successful on a large scale, than any other tobacconist.



3. THE FLAVOR. A professional jury of tasters guided in the blending until a blend both milder and better tasting than any of the six largest selling brands was achieved. These (above) were tea tasters Mr. E. Edwards and Mr. C. W. Felton; coffee tasters Mr. F. M. Reuss and Mr. A. J. O'Laughlin; wine tasters Mrs. Jeanne Owen and Mr. H. J. Grossman.



4. THE MOISTURE-RETAINING AGENT. Acting on the advice of physicians and chemists, we rejected for the new Fleetwood the moisture-retaining agent used in most cigarettes, and adopted instead a modern hygroscopic agent which does not produce acrolein, an irritating gas usually present in cigarette smoke.



5. THE SMOKE CLEANSING. The Imperial size of Fleetwood gives extra filtration of the smoke. This reduces throat irritants, nicotine, and tars that stain fingers and teeth. The smoke of Fleetwood is filtered through more tobacco—20% more for the first puff and 50% more for the last—provided you do not smoke Fleetwoods farther than you would old-size cigarettes.

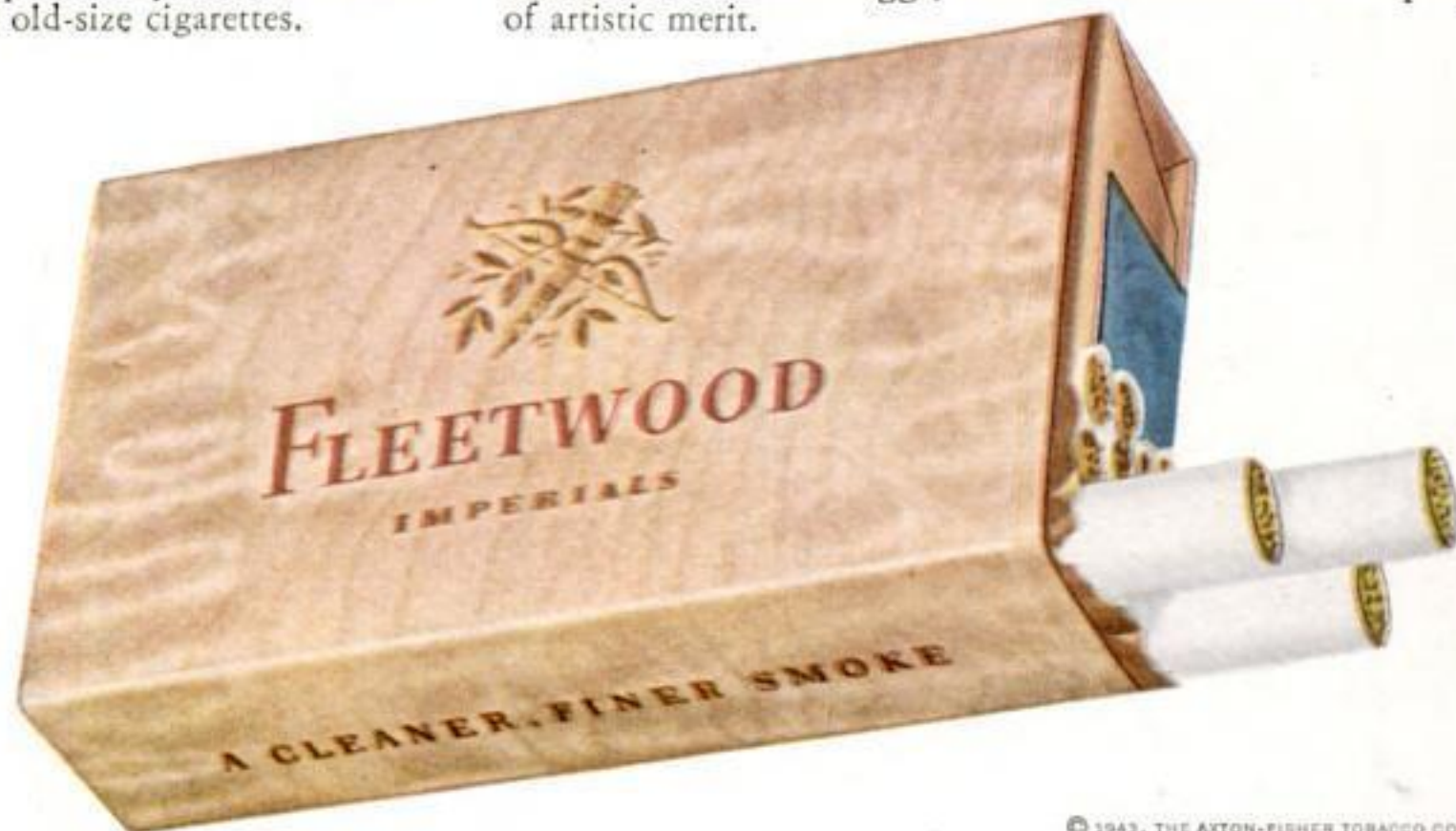


6. THE PACKAGE. Fleetwoods are packed in better quality, stronger material, to protect the cigarette against being crumpled in the purse or pocket. As a pleasing final touch for what we believe to be the first completely modern cigarette, the eminent art director, Mr. Leland Stanford Briggs, was commissioned to develop a package of artistic merit.

FLEETWOOD

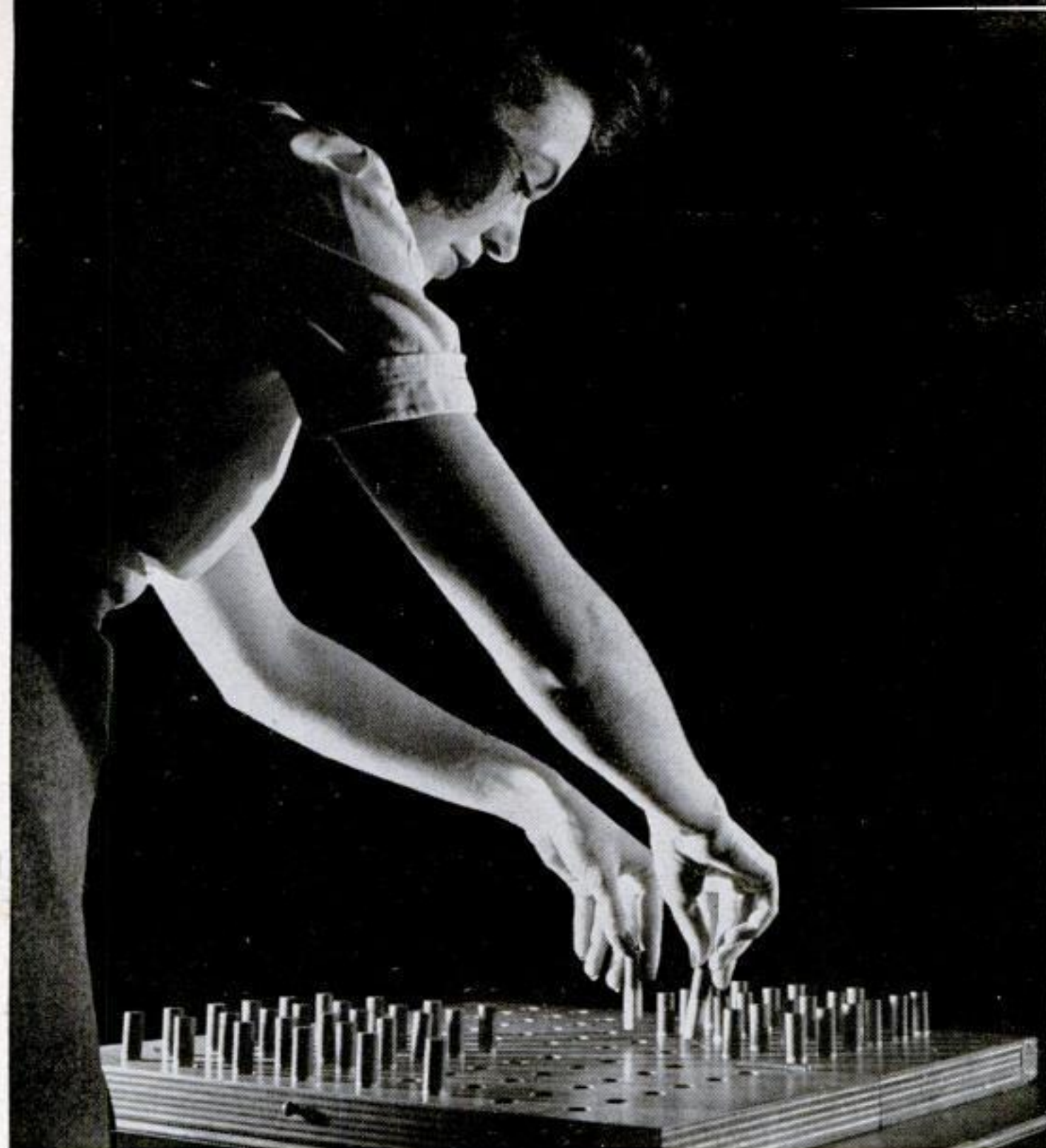
7. RESULTS OF TESTS of the smoke of Fleetwood and four of the large-selling brands which were also included in the famous Reader's Digest test last summer. As tested here all cigarettes were machine-smoked to an average distance of 40 millimeters to simulate natural smoking.

Brand	Milligrams of Tar in the smoke	Milligrams of Nicotine in the smoke
Fleetwood	7.7	1.2
A	8.2	1.8
B	8.3	1.8
C	9.0	2.1
D	10.4	2.4



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A SUPERIOR CIGARETTE AT THE STANDARD PRICE • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC. • "HOUSE OF TRADITION" • LOUISVILLE, KY.



Peg-board test examines manual dexterity by making the girl pick the pegs out of one side of the board and put them down in the same pattern in the opposite corner of the board.



Tweezer dexterity test puts girl to task of picking up pegs out of holes with tweezers and putting them down in other holes. This test helps to rate aptitude for working with small tools.

APTITUDE TEST

Women take examinations to see what kind of war work they can do

During the last war, a million American men got acquainted with a gadget called the intelligence test when, on going into the Army, they were given the famous "alpha" and "beta" (later called "horsefeather") tests. With them the Army tried to find out what each new soldier could do best.

During this war, the intelligence or aptitude test is becoming known to hundreds of thousands of American women who, on applying for war jobs, have no

record of experience in similar or related jobs. To find out how to use this untried group of workers, the U.S. Employment Service is using a series of board and paper tests. Used in combinations called "batteries," the tests uncover special aptitudes. A woman applying for a job in an aircraft machine shop would be given the tweezer dexterity test (*above right*), and paper tests like those on pages 48-50. Result would show whether she stood good chance of doing good job.

Block test consists of picking up small disks of wood which are laid out in the pattern of the board and putting them into the board in the corresponding holes. This is a fairly simple test

and the result is judged on speed alone since there is not much chance of anybody making a mistake. In other tests, accuracy as well as speed is counted in making up the final score.



To Help America Solve

Wartime Living Problems



Up at Bridgeport, Conn., the General Electric Consumers Institute—devoted to bringing better living to America's homes in peacetime—is now finding the answers to many problems of wartime living.

Today's busy homemakers face constantly increasing problems due to rationing and shortages. The need for conservation and thrift grows greater with every day of the war. Facts learned in G-E experimental kitchens, laundries and research laboratories are made available to you in booklets and bulle-

tins. For instance "A Captain in the Kitchen" is a helpful booklet on the care and use of your electric appliances. We suggest you ask your G-E Appliance Dealer for a copy, or write to General Electric Consumers Institute, Dept. L2-3, Bridgeport, Conn.

When the war is won and you begin thinking about your Victory Home of tomorrow the G-E Consumers Institute will be especially helpful. It will give you expert information on marvelous new electrical comforts and conveniences that are sure to come.

WAR BONDS WILL BUILD NEW VICTORY HOMES TOMORROW

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**
CONSUMERS INSTITUTE

The General Electric Consumers Institute is dedicated to the service of America's homes and carries on constant research on such home problems as:

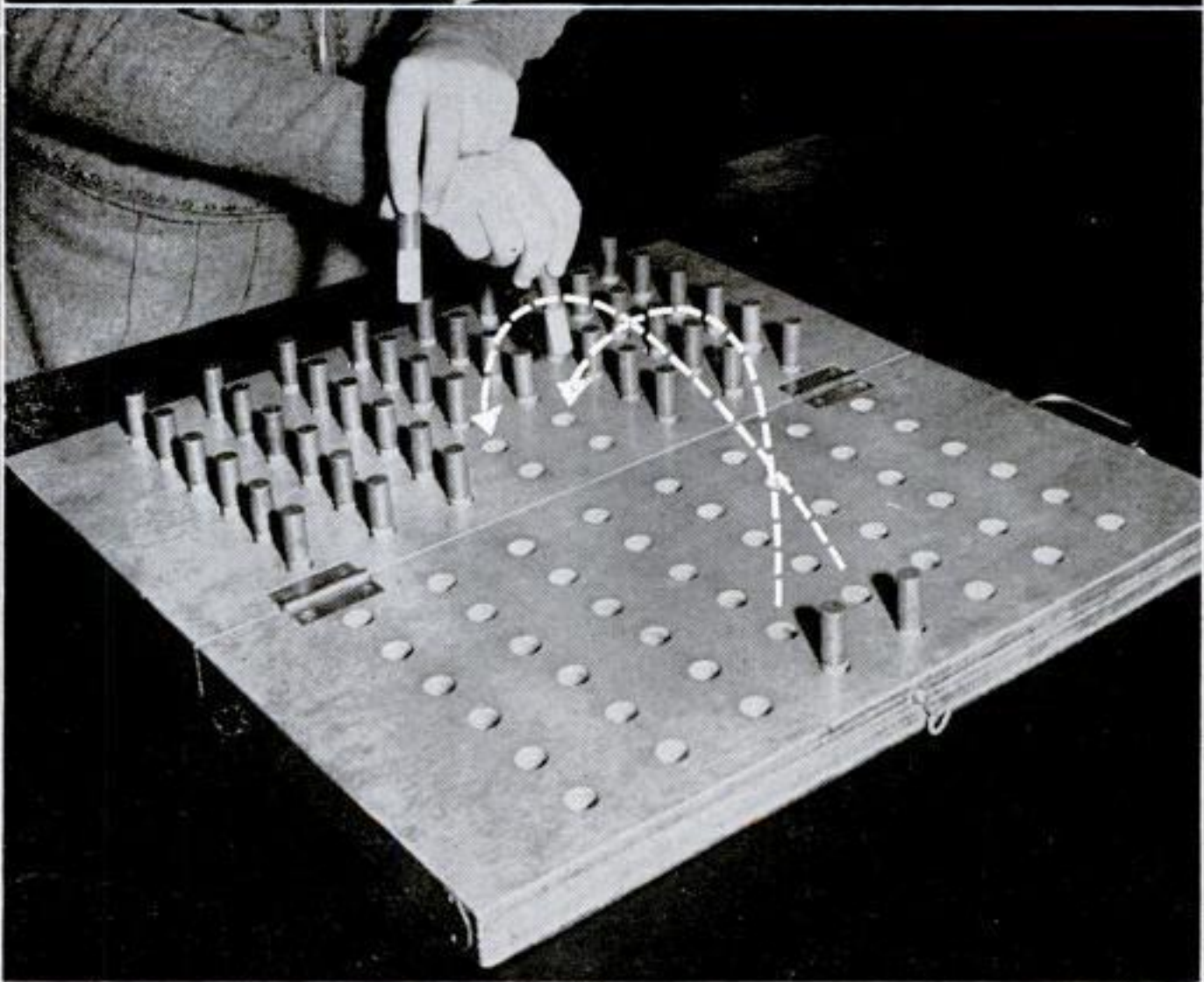
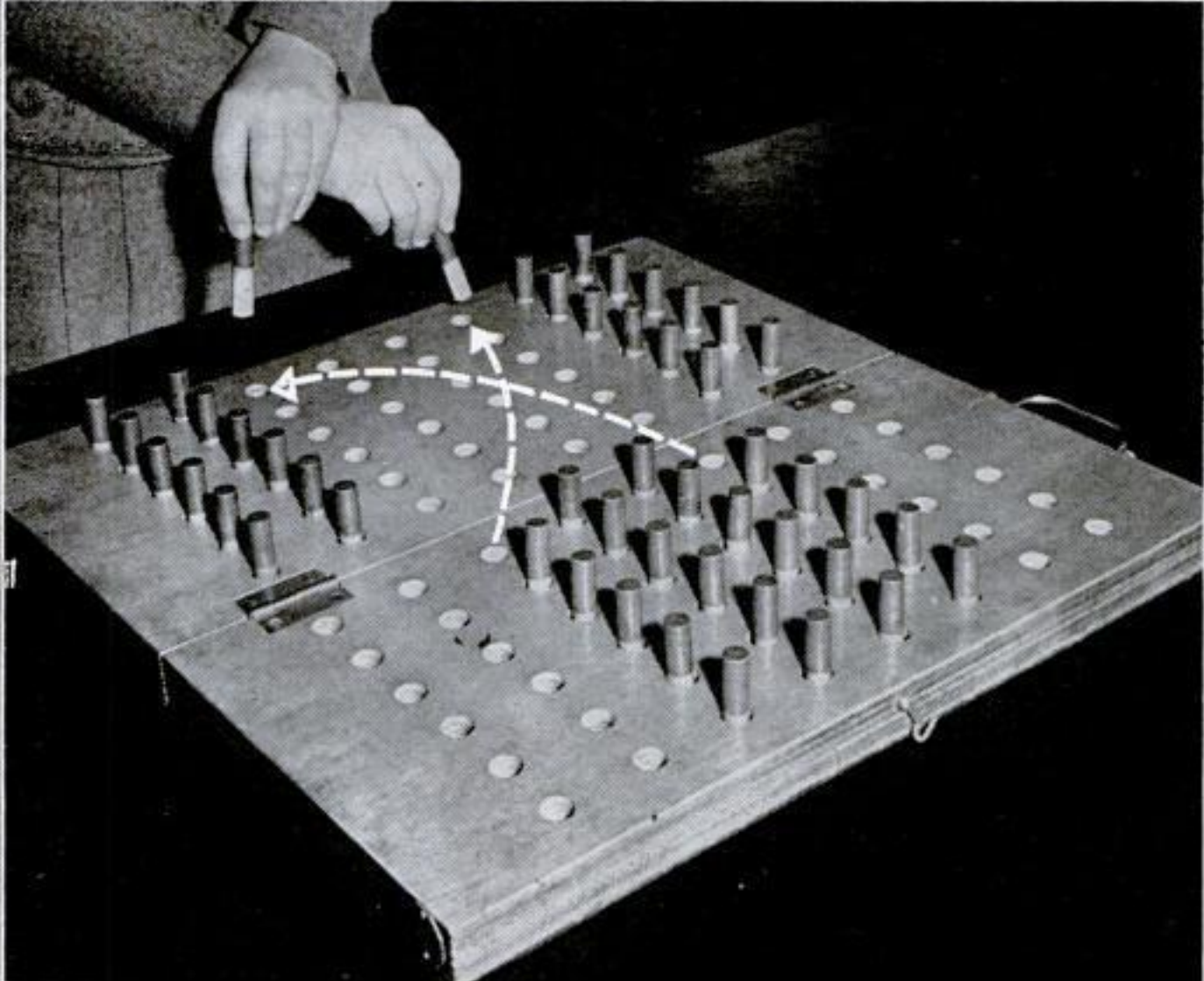
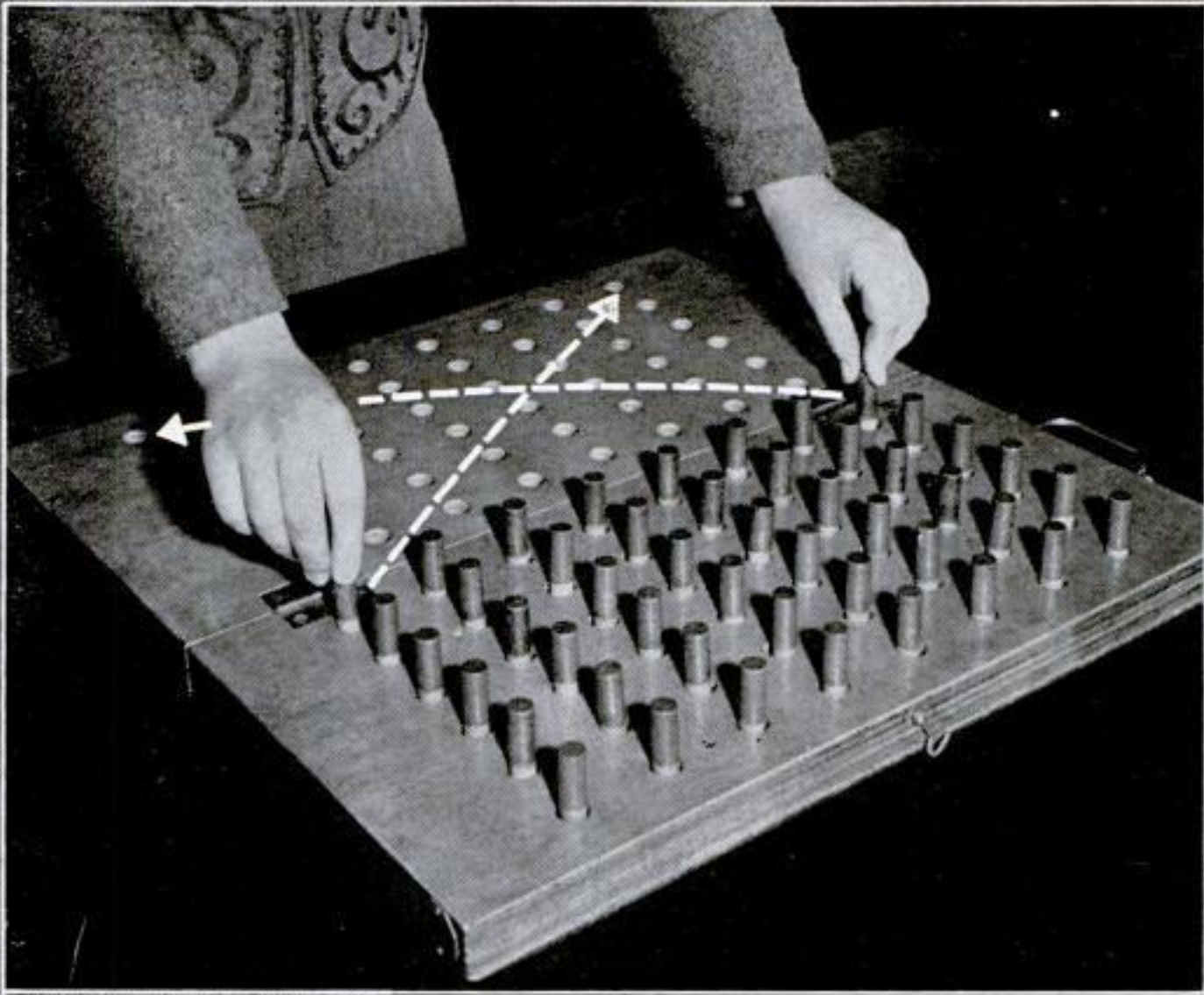
Nutrition • Food Preparation
Food Preservation • Appliance
Care • Electric Appliance Repair
Laundering • Food Conservation
Home Heating and
Air Conditioning

PEGS, BOARDS AND DISKS CAN UNCOVER ABILITIES

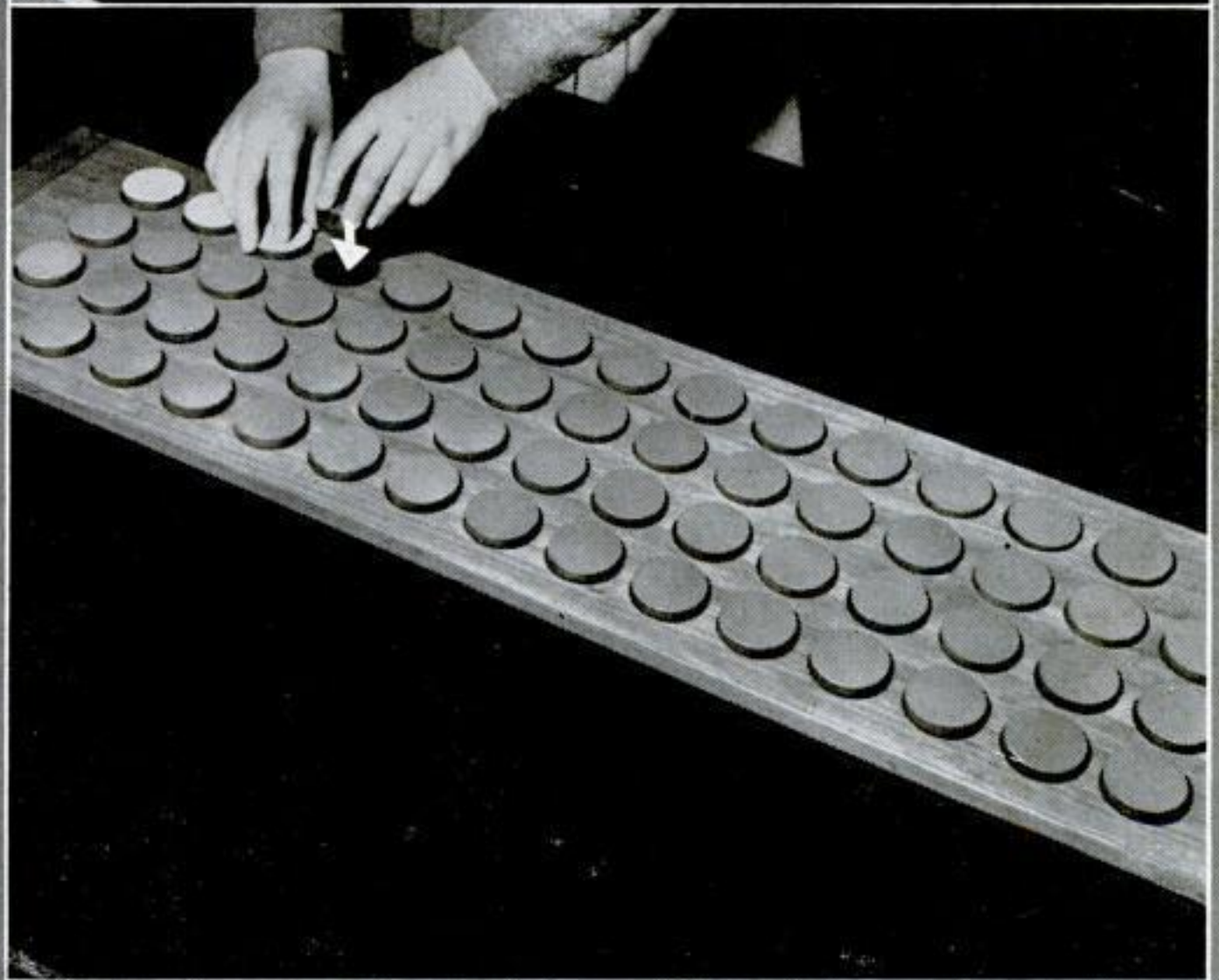
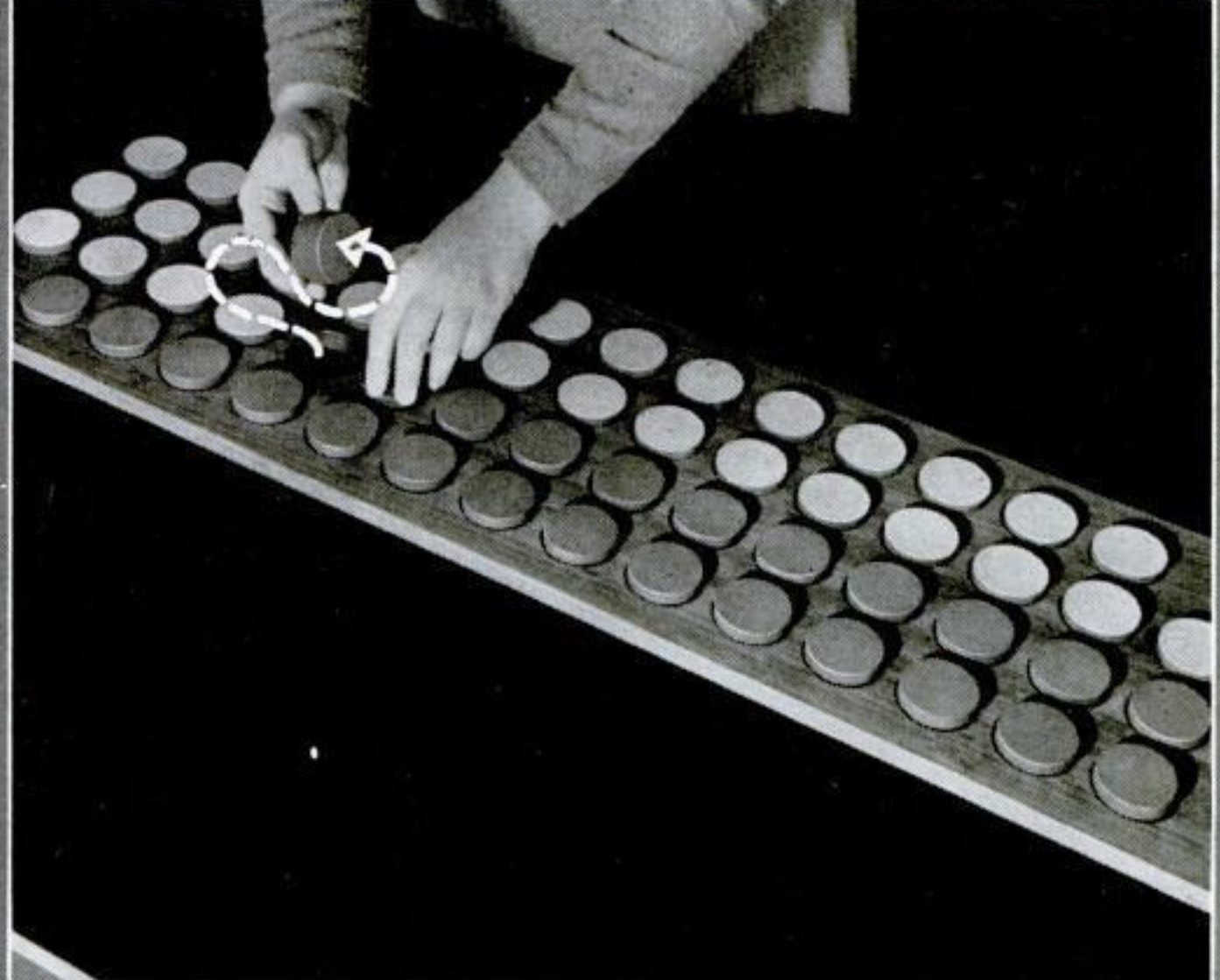
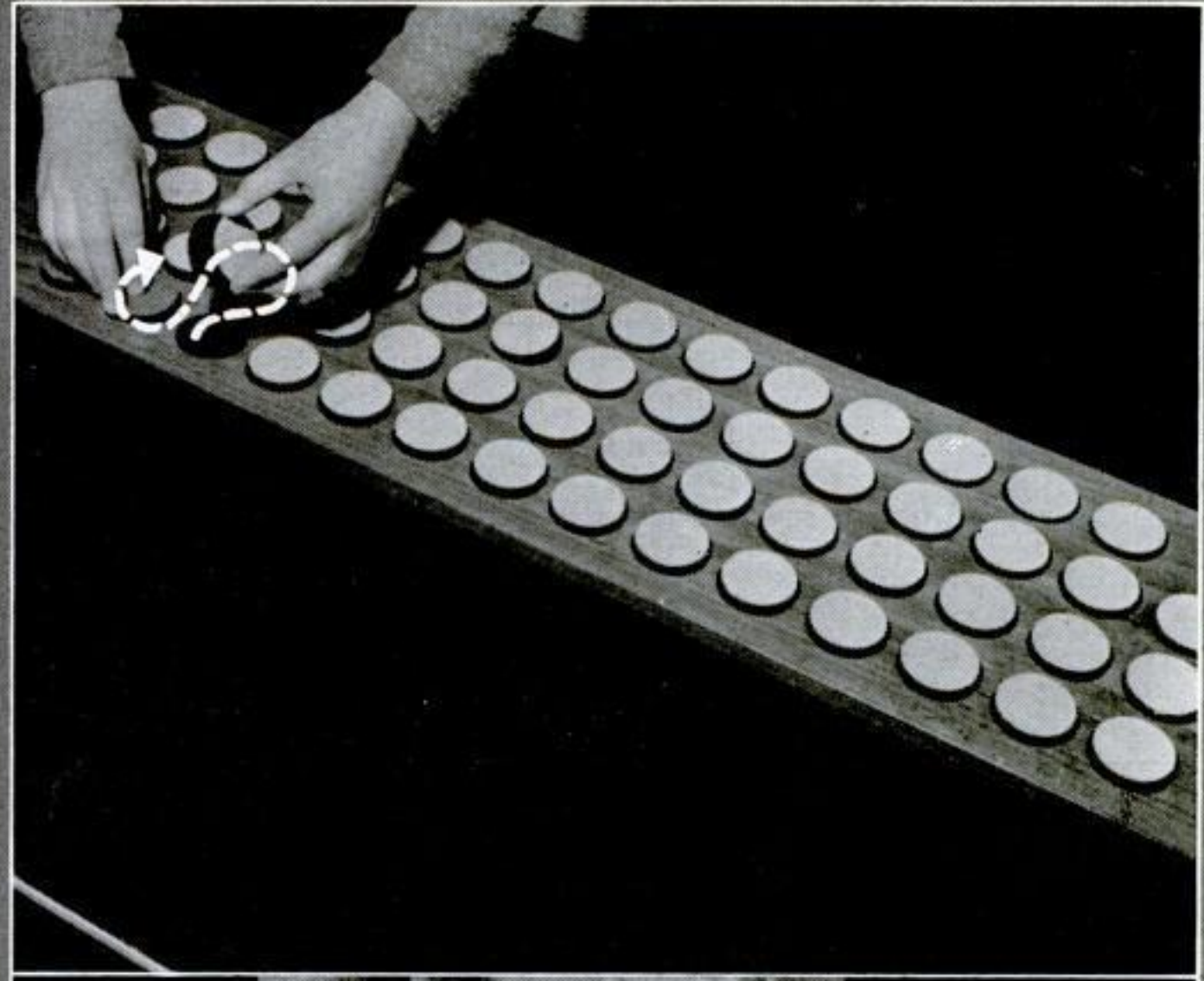
Only mechanical apparatus used in the tests are some boards in which pegs and disks are picked up, put back, arranged and rearranged. No one test determines the abilities of any person. They must be used in battery combinations.

The U.S. Employment Service sets up test batter-

ies for a specific job by first analyzing the job. It goes out to a factory, gives aptitude tests to a group of efficient workers. Practically always, the good workers all get the good scores in certain tests. These tests are then used on applicants for the jobs and good scores in them taken to indicate promising material.



Crisscross test on a peg board requires use of two hands. As in most of the peg-board tests, the problem starts with half the board filled and the other half empty. Idea is to transfer pegs in some definite sequence from filled half to unfilled half. Here the test-taker has to do it catty-cornered, picking up the pegs with both hands at once (*top picture*), crossing hands over (*middle*), putting them down in corresponding holes. Average good time: 25 seconds.



Turning disks over is a simple operation. To start disks are all turned light side up. Applicant moves both hands down the rows, turning each disk over and putting it back into its original place with dark side up. Each hand must turn its disk over without help from the other hand. Arrows show motion of disk turning over in air. Average good time: 30 seconds. A good performance in this and supplementary tests would show ability to pack materials.

GIRLS

TO STEAL YOUR HEART AWAY!

MUSIC

TO TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY!

ROMANCE

AND SONGS TO THRILL YOU!

Charles R. Rogers
presents

The

POWERS GIRL

GEORGE
MURPHY

ANNE
SHIRLEY

CAROLE
LANDIS

Introducing the singing star of
Jack Benny's Radio Program
with **ALAN MOWBRAY**

Dennis Day

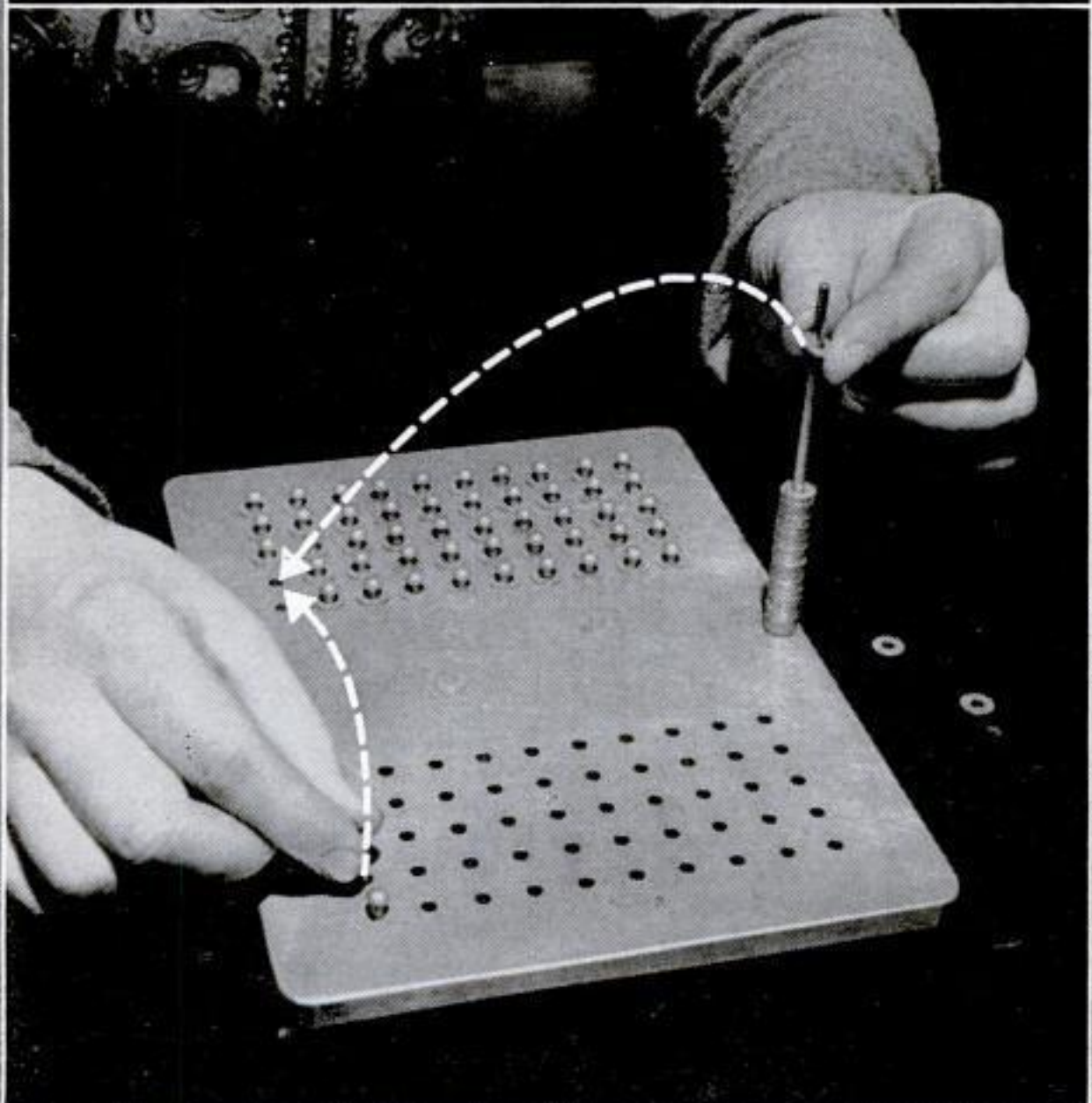
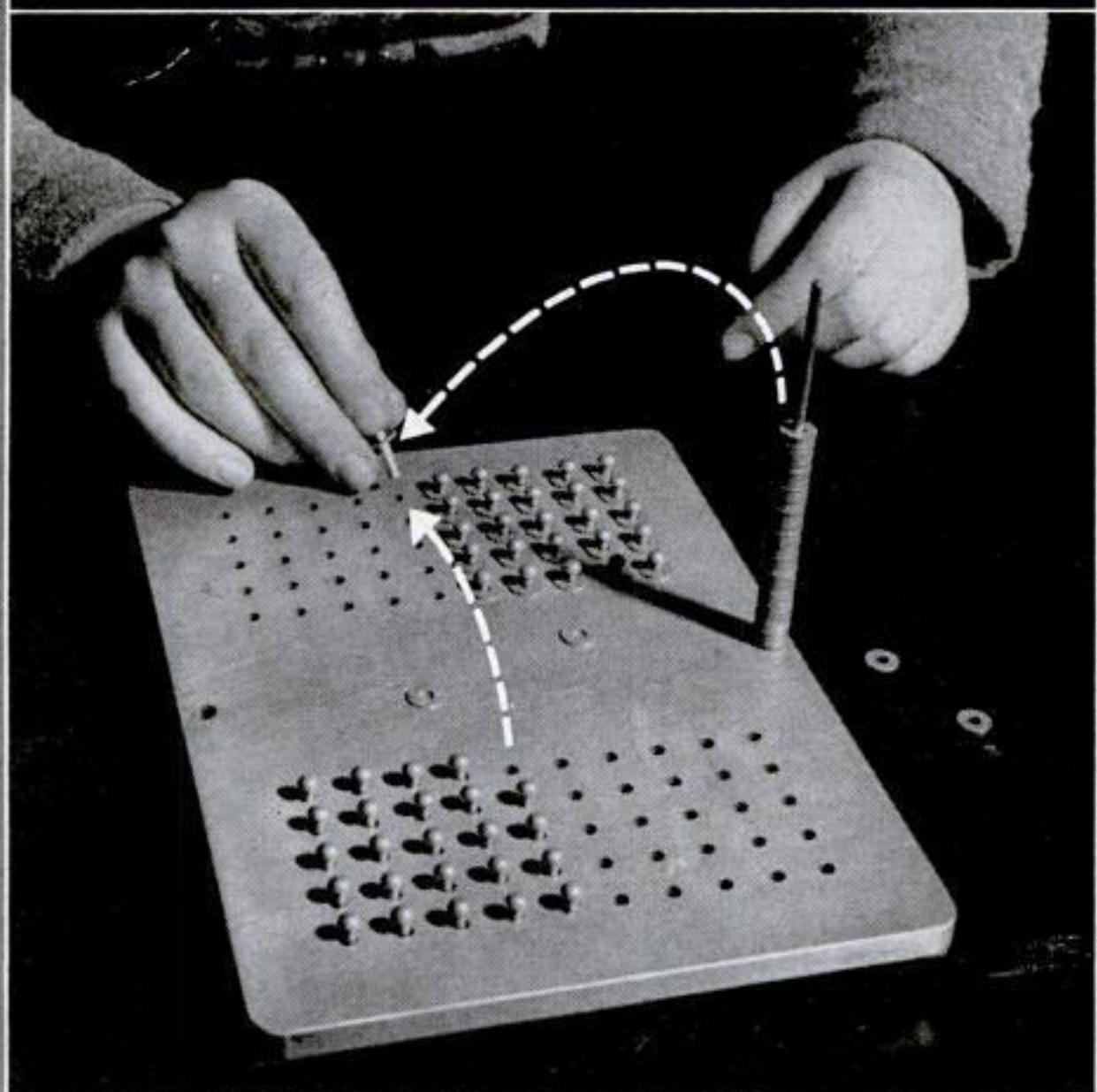
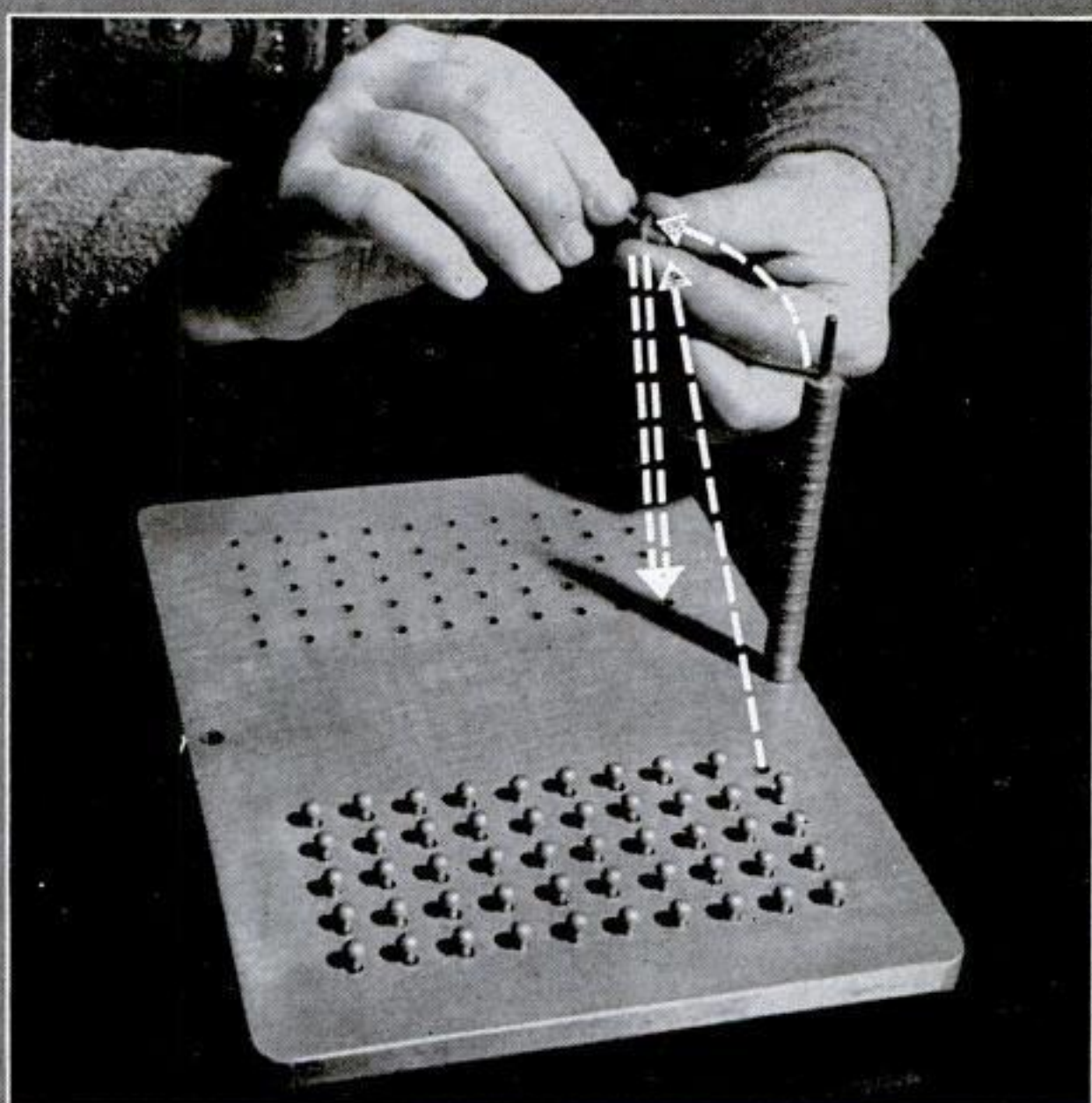
and
The Powers long-stemmed
American Beauties

"THREE DREAMS"
"OUT OF THIS WORLD"
"THE LADY WHO DIDN'T
BELIEVE IN LOVE"

BENNY GOODMAN
and his Orchestra

Produced by Charles R. Rogers • Directed by Norman Z. McLeod • RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS Screen play by E. Edwin Moran and Harry Segall Based on a story by Wm. A. Pierce and Malvin Wald

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN "THE POWERS GIRL" IS COMING!



Assembling tests are slightly more complex. This one uses rivets and washers. Object is to pick rivets out of holes in one half of board, put on washers, put into corresponding holes in unfilled part. Test-taker takes rivet with one hand and washer with the other, puts them together (top picture), then puts rivet into place. By time test is done, loose washers lie around (bottom), do not count unfavorably in final score.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Opera star finds "PERFECT DOUBLE"



Mobley Lushanya, American Indian girl, is a famous prima donna of the Chicago and San Carlo Opera Companies.



To end tedious costume fittings, Miss Lushanya has a Singer Form molded to her figure in thermoplastic.



Miss Lushanya loves to design and make many of her concert dresses. Dressmaking is twice as easy on her Singer Form.

Molded Singer Form* ends try-ons!

IT'S THE FIRST practical dress form molded to the human figure. With it, you can pin, fit, and finish a dress in half the time—with perfect results assured!

Molding takes only 30 minutes. A Singer expert smooths the soft plastic over your figure, protected by a cotton shirt. Then, as the mold quickly sets, it is snipped off—ready to be finished and delivered at your home.

No more try-ons! You can make your own dresses, alter ready-mades, adjust hems, all by yourself—with ease. Or, you can leave your Singer Form at your dressmaker's, and order dresses without a single fitting. Thousands of women are ordering these new Singer Forms, and saving time and money!

See your *Singer Sewing Center* for free consultation and complete details. Convenient budget terms.



SINGER
SEWING  CENTERS
EVERYWHERE
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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THE WAY TO A WOMAN'S HEART

WHEN YOU'RE fencing for a lady's affection, you can hardly hope to break her resistance with bristly whiskers and rough, coarse jowls. Try a rust-resisting Barbasol Blade for a weapon—not on the girl, but on your own Barbasol-softened beard. Nothing like a smooth-as-silk Barbasol Face to win your point in close-ups—it's one sure way to a woman's heart!

YOU'VE WON it, mister—first prize for the sweetest shave you ever had. That's modern Barbasol—beneficial oils to soften your whiskers, soothe the skin, protect from chapping and give your face that fresh, velvety feeling—in a single operation.



BACON AND EGGS never get cold, waiting for the man who shaves with Barbasol. It's far too quick for that. No brush, no lather, no rub-in—no burn, no bite, no sting—no other shave will do, once you try America's favorite brushless shaving cream. Large size 25¢, giant size 50¢, family size 75¢.



Barbasol
For modern shaving—No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

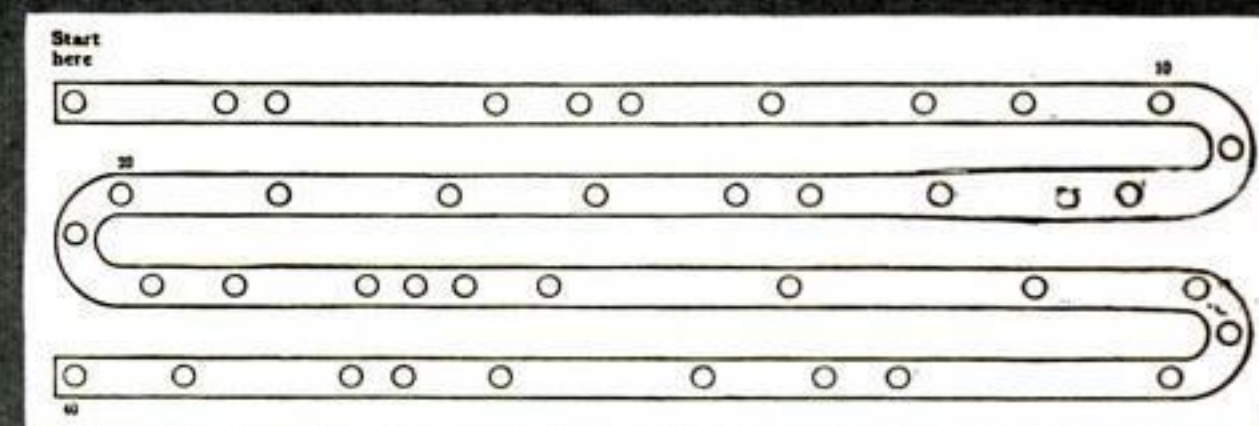
Barbasol
BARBASOL BLADES
5 FOR 10¢-15 FOR 25¢

Aptitude Tests (continued)

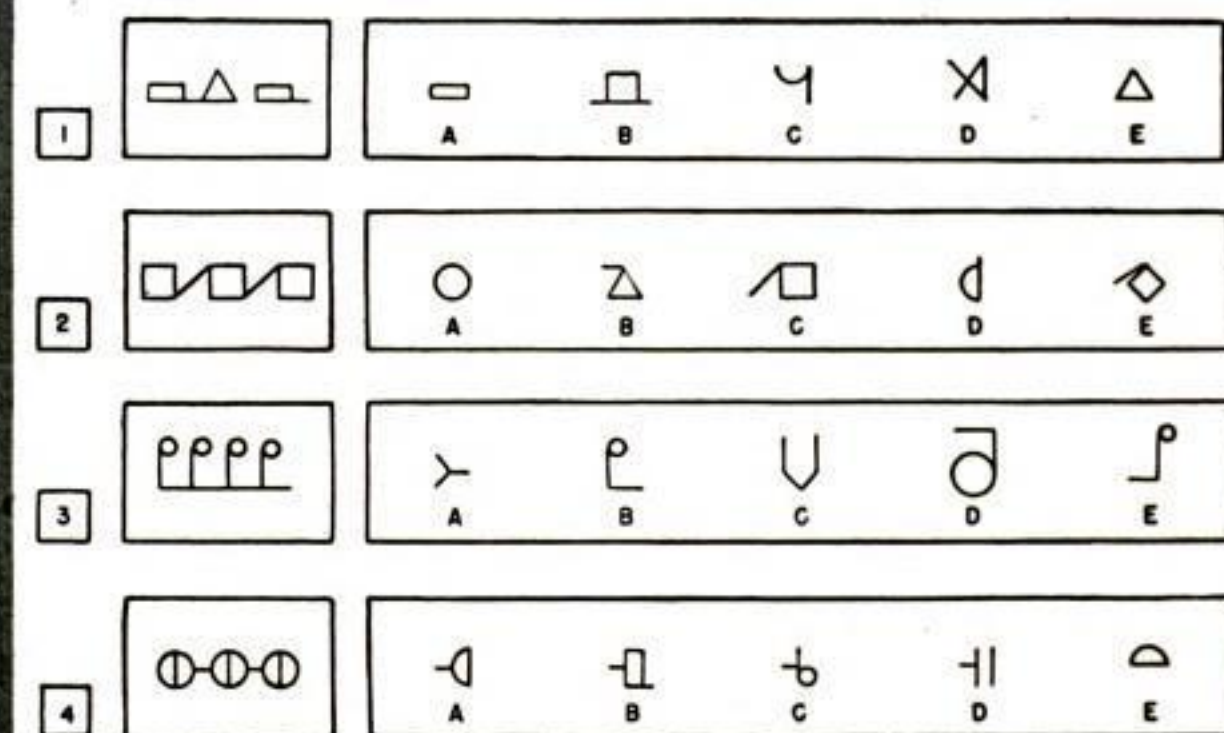
APPLICANTS SOLVE PAPER PROBLEMS

Although there are only a few board tests, there are a great many paper and pencil tests. The U. S. Employment Service has more than 100 of them now and is adding more daily with each new job analysis. There is a wide range of difficulty in the paper tests. For simple assembly work an applicant would have to be proficient in placing some dots in some circles. For more exacting jobs, like that of ship fitter, the applicant would be given a very tough battery crammed with scrambled geometrical designs, like some of those shown in the sample tests below. Applicants are given strict time limits in which to finish their answers to the questions.

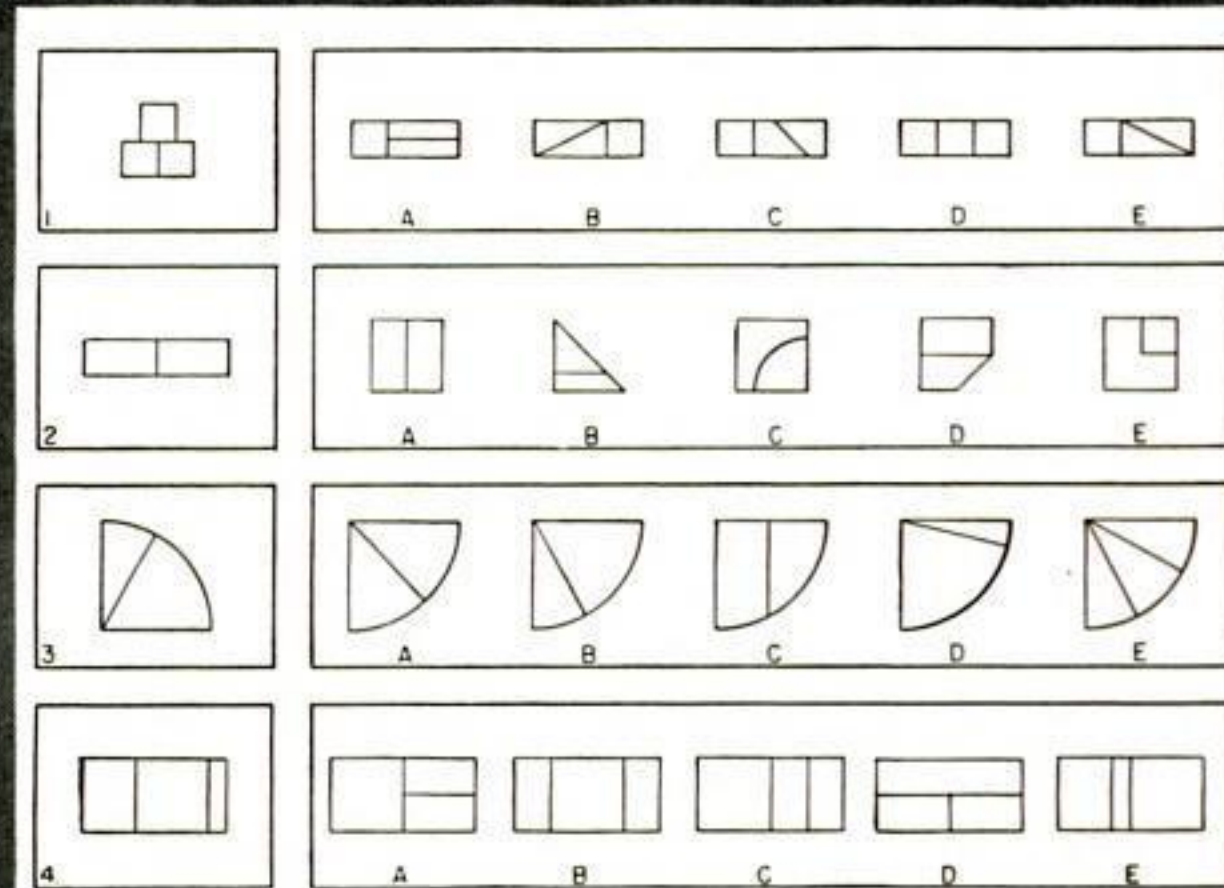
In finally judging applicants, the U. S. Employment Service grades them in upper, middle, or lower groups for particular jobs. Only those in the upper and middle groups are considered good job material. But those who place in the lower group for one kind of job may very well display aptitudes which put them in a higher group for other jobs.



Dotting test requires the applicant to move his pencil along the path in which the circles lie and put a dot in the middle of each circle. The circles are spaced irregularly to make it harder. A good scorer would finish these accurately within 10 seconds.

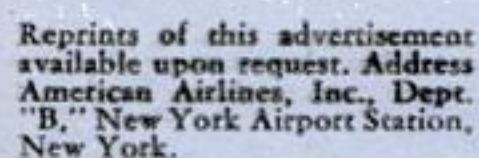


Geometrical-design problems call for shape recognition. Design shown in small box is composed of one element repeated plus element labeled A, B, C, D or E in box at right. Object is to tell which element is used to continue design. In No. 1, answer is "E."



Scrambled designs are shown here. The object is to find which of the elements (A, B, C, D, E in big boxes) are used to make designs shown in the small boxes at left. Answer for number 1 is "D." Good scorer would answer all these within 10 seconds.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

PERTH

BUY WAR BONDS

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* * *


A. N. KEMP
President, American Airlines, Inc.

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

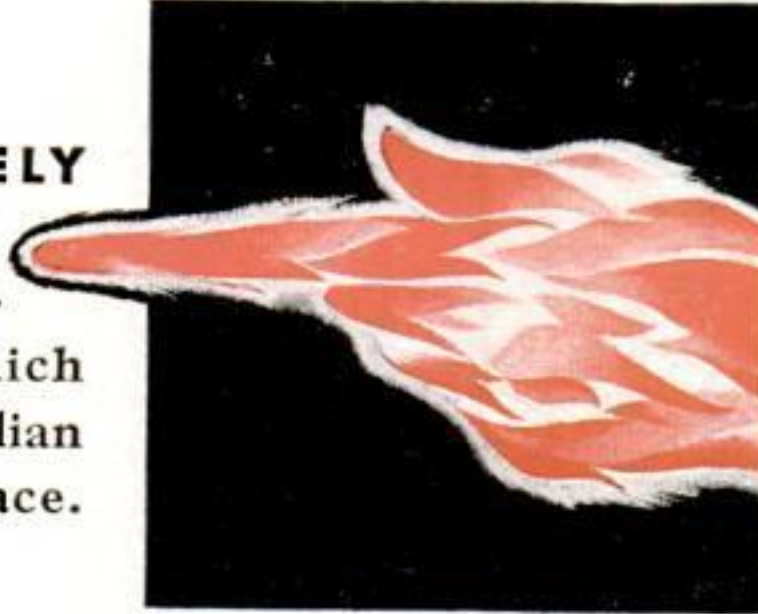
FACTS

ABOUT FIRST AID FOR BURNS



IF YOU ARE NOT A DOCTOR, that's the first fact to remember about first aid for burns. When a burn is severe and extensive, treatment should be left to the recommendation and supervision of a physician. Call the doctor without delay.

YOU ARE FAR MORE LIKELY to be called upon to give first aid for burns of less serious extent—for minor burns and scalds, which comprise the great majority of civilian burns in wartime as well as peace.



ESSENTIALS OF FIRST AID FOR BURNS:

1. The first aid worker should endeavor to relieve pain and make the sufferer as comfortable as possible.
2. Even more important, the first aid treatment should guard against infection in the burn.
3. The first aid treatment should not interfere with or delay natural healing.



The experience of many years in the treatment of many millions of burns shows that the prompt use of Unguentine gives merciful relief from pain... reduces the risk of infection... and promotes natural healing of the injury.

UNGUENTINE RELIEVES PAIN
—it has local anesthetic effect

UNGUENTINE FIGHTS INFECTION
—it is antiseptic

UNGUENTINE PROMOTES HEALING
—usually without a scar

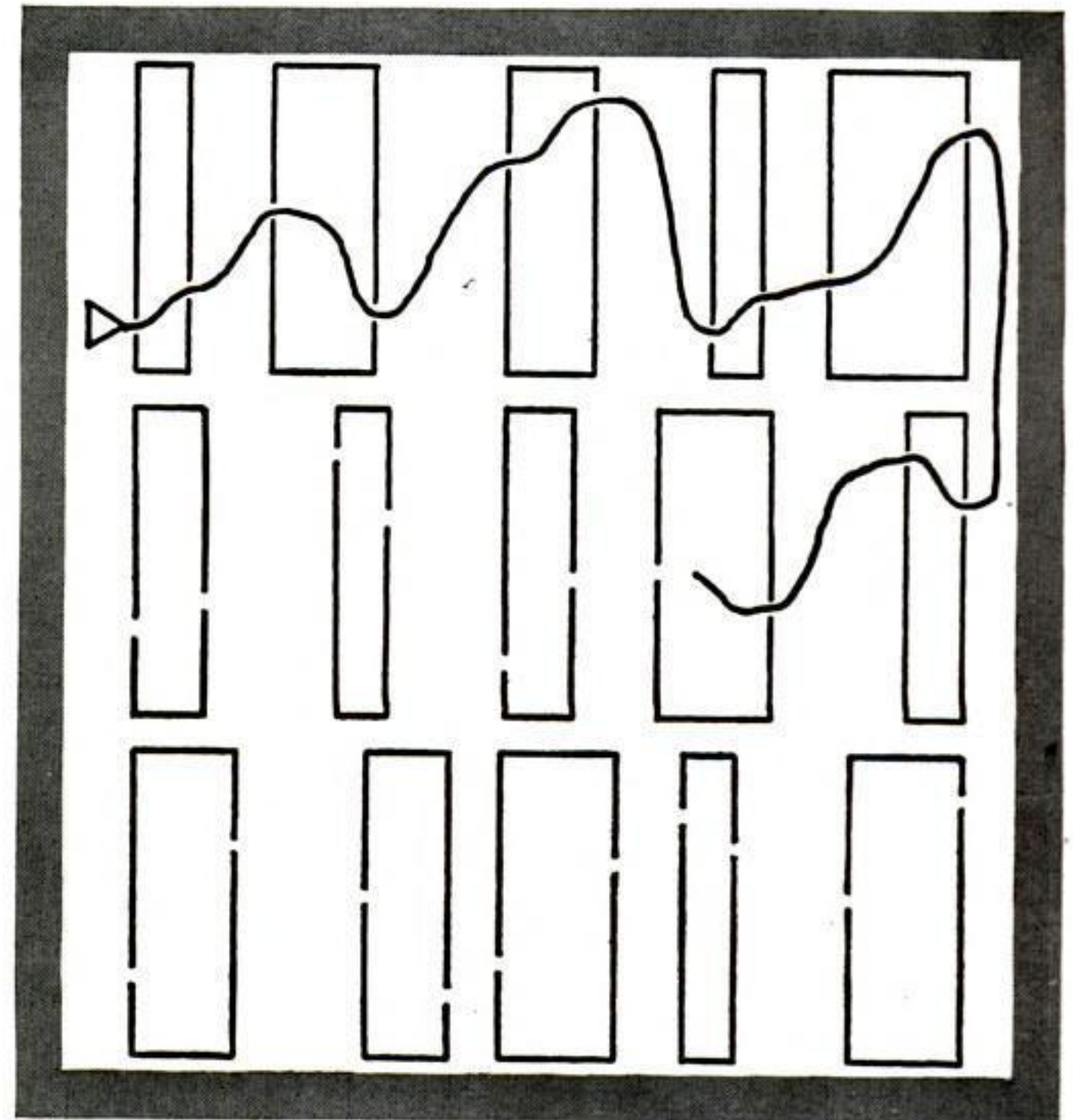


UNGUENTINE*

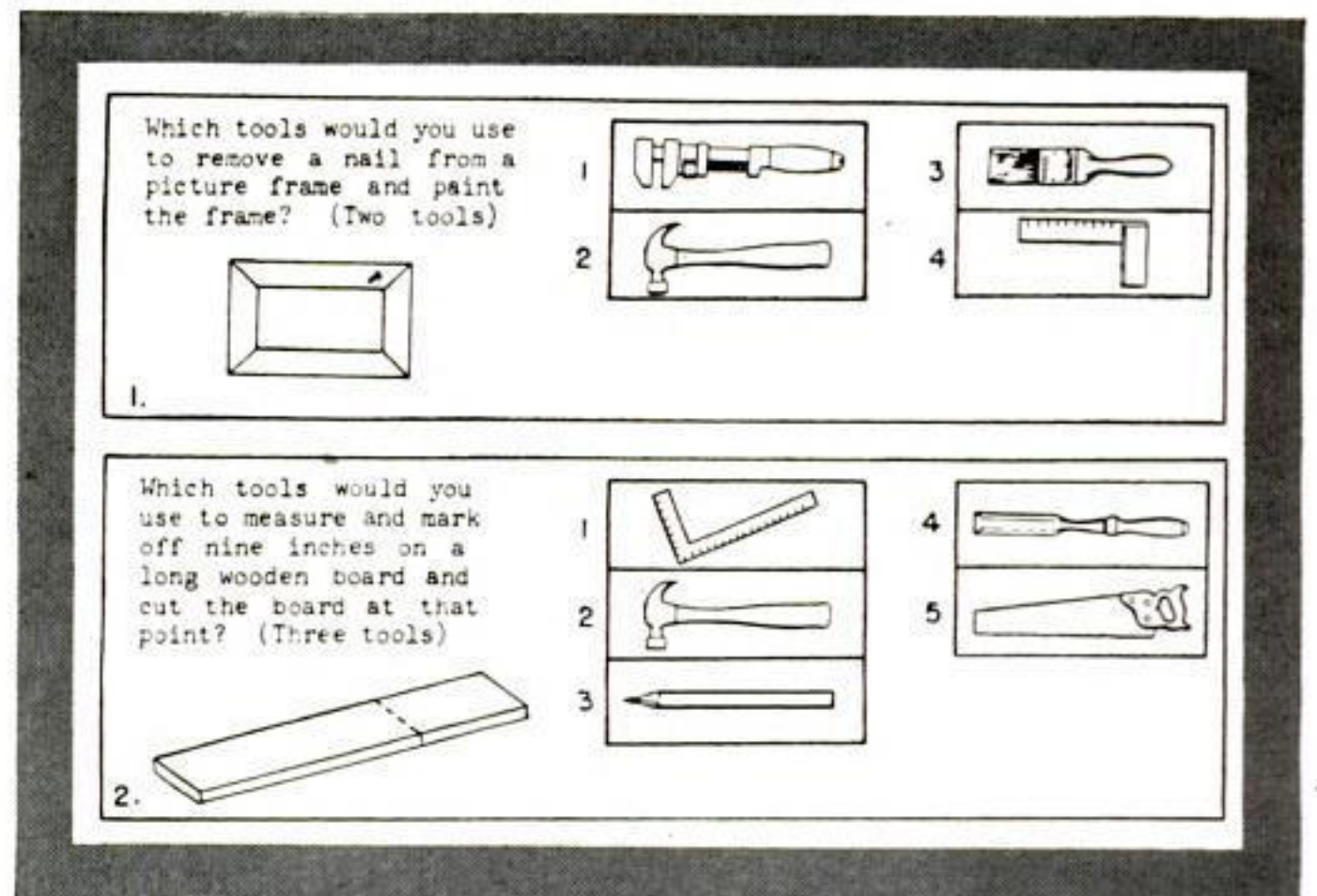
"THE FIRST THOUGHT" IN BURNS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

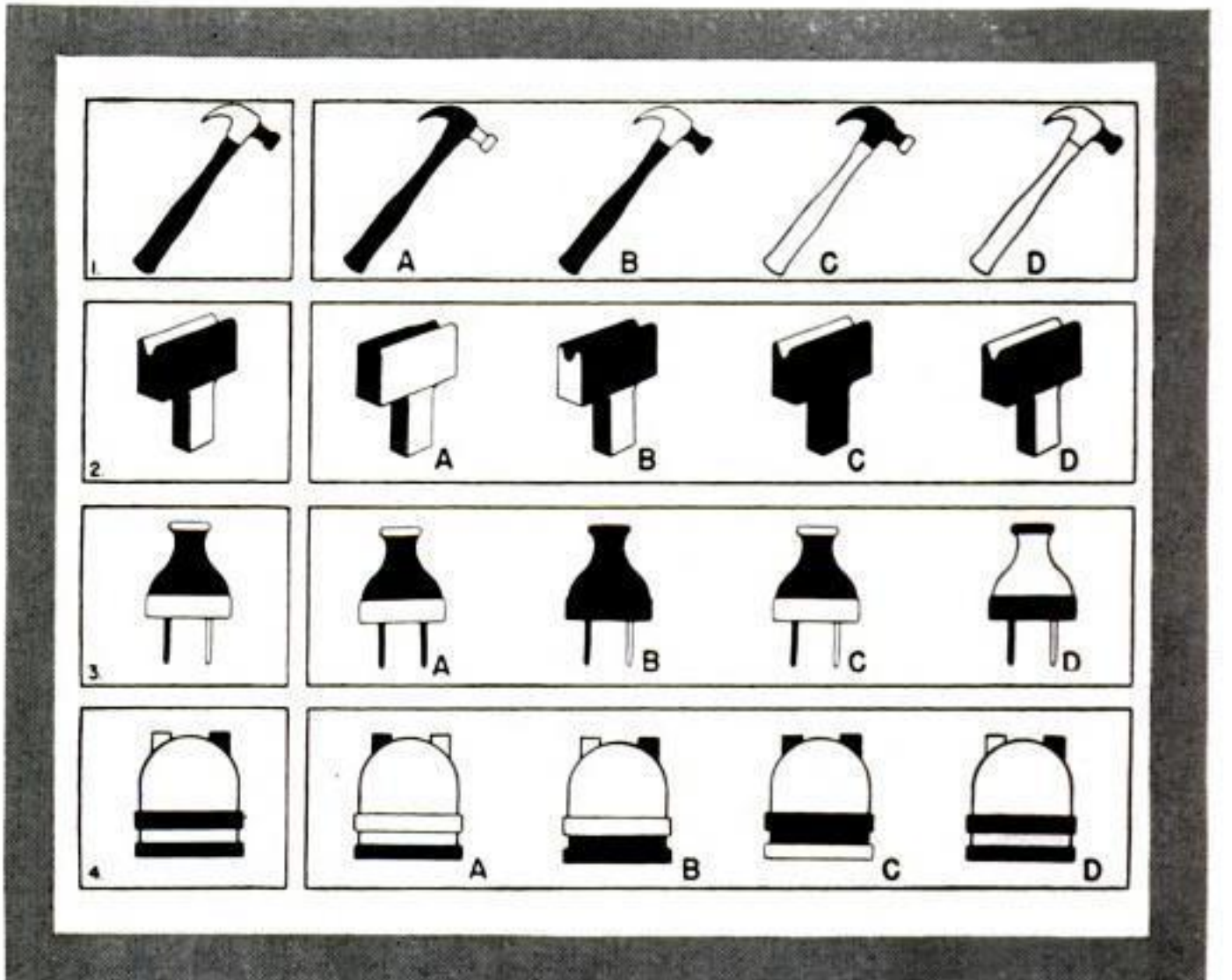
Aptitude Tests (continued)



Maze problem is not hard to understand but requires a steady hand. Applicant starts at triangle in upper left-hand block and draws line through openings in blocks, being careful not to touch the printed lines. Good time for complete problem: 20 seconds.



Tool-recognition test is given to find out what the applicant might know about the uses of tools. Poor performance would show that the applicant had little or no knowledge of carpentry. Good time in which to answer these two problems: 20 seconds.



Another recognition question asks the applicant to look at the picture in the box on the left-hand side, then quickly pick out the matching picture from among those in the group shown at the right. Good time for answering these questions: 15 seconds.

DON'T LOOK NOW—BUT HERE COMES 444 LADIES STOCKINGS

Yes Ma'am!—BOMBYX MORI, that Jap silkworm, has another knot in his tail. Parachutes are being made of cellulose acetate rayon. Strong parachutes. Safe parachutes!

Sure, the rayon for one parachute would make 444 stockings. But you still have stockings. Right, Ma'am?

The "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, is very much in the "silk stocking and parachute picture" through research which resulted in Shell becoming one of the principal suppliers of acetone to industry.

It is acetone—produced by Shell from a waste petroleum gas — which changes a cotton derivative, cellulose acetate, to a syrupy liquid: the "spinning solution." This is forced through holes of microscopic fineness. Presto! It becomes silky fibers. These are twisted into thread. From then on, you can name what you want—from sheer, glamorous stockings to a parachute!

We're really richer than we were before these wartime "shortages" came along. Scientific ability is applied to our native resources and lo! we have artificial silk ... or rubber ... or exotic flavorings and perfumes—to mention only a few that have been found buried deep in the chemical structure of petroleum.

And the exploration of these new chemical frontiers has only begun.



SHELL RESEARCH—

**Sword of Today
Plowshare of Tomorrow**

YESTERDAY...TODAY



BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK • COPYRIGHT 1943

TOMORROW...

Always the Same



ONE of the hardest things we ever have to do is to change our habits. Especially the little habits of everyday life! We get into the habit of picking up our evening paper from the same newsboy, buying our cigarettes in the same store, saying "Howdy" to the same bus-driver, and if they change, we miss them. It upsets us a bit because we like the old, familiar faces we have come to know and depend on.

The same holds true of the things we buy, eat, smoke, drink, wear. Names, brands, trademarks and packages get to be habits in our daily life, because we know just what they stand for in price, quality and satisfaction.

And so when our country's war-time needs force changes and you have to take new packages to save tin and plastics, and when labels and sizes and prices all have to change, even though you're glad to play ball for victory's sake, you can't escape a sense of uncertainty as the old landmarks fade.

So to the discriminating men whose habit it has been to drink the finest whiskies, it is our distinct pleasure to point out that the quality of these five great whiskies will *not* change! For generations past they have been great landmarks in America's distilling art! And as they were *yesterday*, so they are *today* and will be *tomorrow*!

For even in war-time, the strict U. S. Government regulations specifying how bottled-in-bond whiskies shall be produced, are not changed!

OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD TAYLOR

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD CROW

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

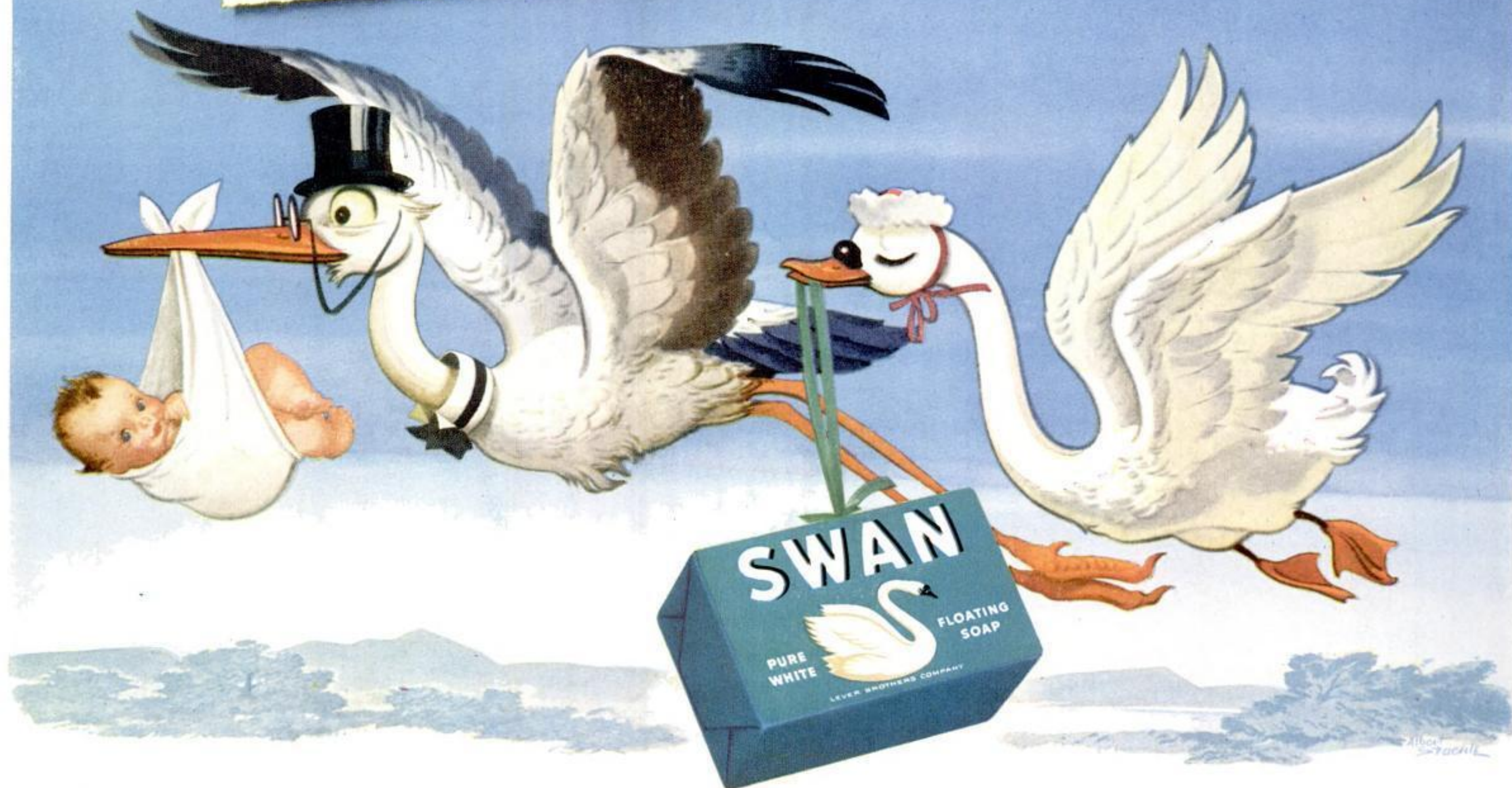
MOUNT VERNON

BRAND
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT

STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

Just what the doctor ordered..



The new floating soap that's purer than finest Castiles!



Castile purity for babies

For years and years, doctors and mothers all over the country have made castiles their baby soap—because castiles were the very standard of purity.

Now you can get that same marvelous purity—in pure, white floating Swan—at far less than the cost of castile!

And mild? Weeks of bathing tests with babies, made under the supervision of leading baby doctors, show that: "No soap tested—whether castile or floating soap—is milder than Swan."



Castile purity for you.

Give *your* complexion this new kind of baby-gentle mildness! Try Swan today—see how beautifully it agrees with your skin—how lovely and

soft it leaves your face and hands. See what gobs of creamy-soft lather it gives—*faster* than you ever dreamed a floating soap could! See how fresh and clean Swan smells!

Castile purity for everything

When Swan's so thrifty, why not enjoy its castile-purity and mildness for bath, dishes, fine things—all your washing? Swan's so firm—it lasts and lasts. Gives you more real soap per penny than any toilet soap tested! Swan up and save!

MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"WHEN SO MANY PEOPLE SAY 'SWAN'S BETTER'—IT'S JUST COMMON SENSE TO TRY A CAKE AND SEE!"



It's purer than finest Castiles **SWAN** FLOATING SOAP



TUNE IN: Burns and Allen • CBS • Tuesday nights ★ Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou • NBC • Friday nights

Two convenient sizes—Large and Regular

THE AUSTRALIAN WAY OF LIFE

"IN AUSTRALIA THERE IS BETTER HOUSING, MORE FOOD, CHEAPER CLOTHING AND MORE FREEDOM THAN IN ANY OTHER COUNTRY"

by **THE RIGHT HONORABLE HERBERT VERE EVATT**

Commonwealth Minister for External Affairs

Australia is a democracy. It is a political democracy in which every man and woman has a real share in the ultimate control of the country. It is largely, if not entirely, an economic democracy for mere wealth counts less in Australia than anywhere else in the world.

Australia's machinery of government stands midway between that of Britain and that of the United States.

We are linked to Britain not only by allegiance to the King and the ties of kinship, but by our adoption of the British system of "responsible government." Under that system, the executive body, i.e., the Cabinet, holds office only so long as it is able to retain the confidence of the popular legislature.

Side by side with this essentially British system, Australia established a federal system of government largely on the United States model. Powers of legislation are divided between one central and six provincial legislatures much upon the lines adopted in the United States.

In Australia the central legislature, called the Commonwealth Parliament, is given power to deal with some topics which have not been expressly included within the jurisdiction of the United States Congress. The Commonwealth Constitution, for example, enables the system of compulsory arbitration in labor disputes to be adopted by the Commonwealth Parliament. The result has been the development of an elaborate system of Federal industrial arbitration pivoted upon the doctrine of the standard of "basic" wage.

Australia does not possess the long and imposing list of constitutional guarantees which were written expressly in the United States Constitution. Nonetheless, there are important constitutional safeguards in the Australian Constitution, such as the guarantees of freedom of trade among the States and the prohibition of any Commonwealth law which might offend against the free exercise of any religion.

State and Commonwealth controls

The States still have general control over such important matters as the regulation of land, education, the administration of justice, health, housing, the regulation of employment and the provision of measures for the relief of unemployment.

On the other hand, the Commonwealth Parliament exercises supreme control over war and defense. The Commonwealth also controls foreign affairs, customs, excise, overseas and interstate trade, the administration of all Commonwealth territories and, generally speaking, most matters of national and international concern.

To prevent any possible argument for the "right of secession" the Federal union of Australia is declared to be indissoluble. The Federal capital and seat of government are situated at Canberra which, in comparison with the capitals of the six States, still remains a tiny city.

It should be added that neither the Commonwealth Parliament nor any State Parliament is subject to any interference or control by the British Parliament. In 1926 this was expressly laid down in the

famous Balfour Declaration so far as all the self-governing Dominions were concerned.

But forms of government are not necessarily decisive of the real content of a democracy. The people of the United States, especially those whose sons and brothers are taking such a prominent part in the conduct of the Pacific war from the Australian base, are very interested in the practical question—how does this Australian democracy make out? How do the people live?

These are difficult questions to answer shortly. On the one hand, an Australian may not be regarded as an impartial observer. On the other hand, the stranger is often apt to form a superficial judgment. You cannot roll up a nation into a newspaper article.

To a large extent the way of life in Australia is determined by environment. Australia is a "remote" country in the sense that it is remote from the great centers of white people with their very long devotion to art, learning and letters. Its population is but 7,000,000 and, if we exclude New Zealand, the neighbors of Australia aggregate over 1,100,000,000 colored persons—more than half the population of the world. The area of Australia proper is about 3,000,000 square miles, rather less than that of the United States, and of this area over a million square miles are in the tropics. Today nearly 66% of its area has subnormal or insufficient rainfall and the Australian tropical regions are mostly of the arid variety.

The resources of Australia relative to its population are large. The country is quite "young" with its first white settlement not much more than a century and a half old. Much of its resources are still untouched. They are capable of development to the point of use with relatively little effort. For the industrious and the efficient, they offer the necessities of life at a lower cost in effort than nearly any other country in the world. It can be said that in Australia there is better housing, more food, cheaper clothing and more freedom than in any other country. The climate of most of the populated areas makes for life in the open air, and this, as much as the splendidly organized infant welfare centers, tends to develop higher standards in health and physical development. There is no snow to restrict outdoor life in the winter, and in the summer there are no limits to the enjoyment of sports or recreation.

The Australians are in many respects more British than Britain—the racial quota approaches 98% British. But the general habits of life approximate more closely those of America than Britain. This is due to the great spaces, the necessity of developing the new country rapidly so as to catch up on the old, the surplus of easily realizable natural resources, the spirit of self-reliance and adventure, which is always associated with pioneering nations.

I would say that, of all the United Nations, Australia is perhaps the country where the four freedoms of which we speak so much in the abstract have been realized in practice to the greatest extent.

Political freedom in Australia is basic. The right of comment on all public affairs is exercised to the full. The people regard the franchise as not merely a right but a duty, and for this reason voting has been made

AUSTRALIA AND AMERICA

During the last year of war the Commonwealth of Australia has come into new but not altogether sharp focus for most Americans. With U. S. troops to Australia went a large contingent of U. S. war correspondents who, when censorship stopped them from writing freely about American forces, proceeded to spread themselves on Australia and the Australians. They reported that Australia was a lot like the U. S.—but there were sensational differences which did not always make pleasant reading to the Australians. The Australian character was dissected, with undue emphasis on gambling and drinking and general "cussedness." Much was made of the Australian's love of horse racing and his politicians were generally low-rated. During this period also the Australian Government was going through the throes (somewhat belatedly) of tripling its war effort and bringing troublesome labor into line. (The Labor government is now prosecuting the leaders of 37,000 Sydney workers who, against orders, took New Year's Day off.) Relative to its size and population it is now generally agreed that Australia has done an excellent war job in the past year.

Therefore, to show how Australia looks to an Australian who was humbly born in the country, learned its life at school and university, played its hurly-burly politics and rose to become one of its most distinguished judges and now a ranking member of the Commonwealth Government, LIFE publishes the accompanying article by Dr. Evatt.—ED.



DR. EVATT IS ALSO ATTORNEY GENERAL IN THE CABINET



GENERAL MAC ARTHUR (IN UNIFORM) WAS GUEST OF AUSTRALIAN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN CANBERRA LAST YEAR. AT LEFT OF TABLE IS PRIME MINISTER CURTIN, CHIN IN HAND

AUSTRALIAN WAY OF LIFE (continued)

compulsory. While there is full criticism of all candidates for elected offices, this has no application whatever to any branch of the judicial system which is founded strictly on the British model. The public service is also entirely nonpolitical; entrance to it is by open public examination; employment in it is permanent and quite unaffected by political changes. In a word, the public servant is not a fair subject for public criticism, but his political chief is.

The second freedom — religious freedom — is expressly protected against any infringement by Commonwealth law or regulations. In fact, this freedom is as much the prerogative of all sects and all persons as the very air we breathe.

Then there is "freedom from fear." This is no doubt a relative and not an absolute freedom. So far as Australia is concerned, both the nation in relation to the British Empire and to the world at large, and the people in relation to each other do not know what it is to experience the fear which has gripped many of the nations of Europe and Asia for so long.

Finally, there is "freedom from want." The Australian people have always insisted that "freedom from want" is meaningless unless every human being who is willing to perform useful work in the life of a community is paid sufficiently well to enjoy a reasonable standard of comfort. The "White Australia" policy, which has been rigorously enforced for nearly half a

century, is based not so much upon racial discrimination as upon hard, practical facts. It was found by bitter experience in many countries that, unless and until international trade and international relations are better conducted, a white country which opens its doors to Asiatic migration practically invites a lower standard of living within its borders.

Closely associated with this point of view is the political labor movement which developed rapidly since its formation in Australia 50 years ago. Broadly speaking, the trade unions in Australia have been modeled upon British lines. As in Britain, they resorted to political organization only when they discovered that none of the old-line parties were directly concerned in social security or the need for improving the general standard of living. It was prophesied that the Australian Labor Party would not last, but every student of Australian affairs is aware of its important contribution to the Australian way of life. At one time or another the Labor Party has controlled the Commonwealth and each of the State Parliaments.

The personal life of the Australian almost eludes description. He is friendly, articulate, free from pretensions, trustful, optimistic, fierce, forgiving. In the country districts, he is a lover of the horse and of the "bush." In the great cities he is a "commuter" and his life centers around his home in a suburb often distant from his place of work.

In Australia the absence of any underlying population is most noticeable. No class of work, if it is per-

formed honestly and faithfully, is regarded by the white Australian as being beneath his dignity or lowering to his self-respect.

While an important section of the people are interested in athletic sports, there is nothing approximating the seven-day-a-week professional baseball of the U. S. In the main, our greatest cricketers and footballers are Saturday-afternoon performers except on the special occasions of interstate or international competition. Since the war competitive sports have taken a back seat.

The Australian: practical idealist

What is the political and social philosophy of the average Australian? If he is an idealist, he is certainly a practical one. For the most part he feels little interest in abstract social or political philosophy. For instance, the instrument of the State itself or of the organized municipality has often been used to take over private concerns or establish public utilities. But this has been done without any conscious intention to adopt any socialist or other political or economic dogma. What is the result? If the experiment succeeds, the Australian rejoices and continues the experiment. Illustrations are the Commonwealth post and telegraph services, the State-owned railroads and the municipally-owned lighting and power systems. If the experiment fails, the Australian cheerfully gives it up.

In this way Australia and New Zealand have be-

John Curtin, 58, Prime Minister, heads Australia's War Cabinet whose members are shown here. None fought in last war.



Francis Forde, 52, is Army Minister and Deputy Prime Minister. By profession Forde is a teacher and electrical engineer.



Norman Makin, 53, the Minister for Navy and Munitions, first worked as a steel plant pattern-maker and lay preacher.





CANBERRA'S PARLIAMENT HOUSE STANDS AMONG NEW TREES BEFORE GENTLE SLOPE OF CAPITOL HILL. FLANKING PARK ARE ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDINGS, IN DISTANCE SUBURBS

come something of a social laboratory for the rest of the world. So far as Australia is concerned, some of the State experiments have resulted in great national assets, which have removed or checked the power of private monopoly.

Curiously enough, private capitalism too has often succeeded best where its operations have been conducted efficiently and with a due regard to the public welfare.

During the present war we owe much to the foresight of some of the men who, with or without State backing, established basic secondary industries in Australia. The war effort of the nation has been greatly assisted by the voluntary labors of some of the leading technicians and managers of privately controlled secondary industries. Yet the Commonwealth itself has played the leading part in the rapid development of the munitions industries.

Then there is the so-called Australian "sense of humor." By caricature and cartoon, it has been made sufficiently evident to the world in papers such as the *Sydney Bulletin* and *Smith's Weekly*. After all, the Australian sense of humor is a healthy thing and contains not a trace of decadence. It is based on overstatement and understatement. It argues a sense of proportion which enables the Australian to hold the balance fairly well between conflicting political parties.

The personal habits of the Australian are not to be judged by those of a few exhibitionists who may sometime be found in railway trains engaging themselves in

swilling beer, smoking strong cigars and betting on cards. The average Australian "celebrates" to the same extent as the average Britisher or the average American. Statistics prove that he is a temperate person. In Australia, as everywhere else, a man is known by the company he keeps, and there are special types which do not conform to the average because they never rise to it.

Pacific front vs. world front

The long-established free and compulsory educational system has tended to make the Australian an omnivorous reader. Public libraries are thronged. I believe that, speaking proportionately, the newspapers of Australia have a greater number of readers than those of any other countries. The press of Australia is free.

In the present war, the Australian has, naturally enough, become intensely Pacific-minded. He has always suspected Japanese ambitions and Japanese power. At the same time he regards the Pacific problem in fair relation to the world picture of a world war. The Australian thinks that the Pacific front against Japan can not only be maintained but extended, without in any way prejudicing the necessity for intensifying offensive action against Hitler. He fears that there will be a tendency to ease up against Japan after the recent naval successes. In these, as in many other respects, the Australian resembles the

Californian whose way of life approximates closely that of the Southern democracy of the Pacific.

During this World War, as during the first World War, the Australian has made a great reputation as a fighter. His life of freedom has helped him to be ready to fight tyranny in whatever garb or country it appears. At the same time, the Australian has never favored a large standing army. It is the citizen soldier who has usually come to the fore in times of emergency.

The Australian feels that it is not enough that he should himself enjoy freedom. He believes that, in the world of tomorrow, no one can be free unless freedom is enjoyed everywhere. He feels that we had the chance to establish that kind of freedom after the last war, but our leaders fumbled and missed golden opportunities. As a result, we neglected our duty toward the youth of our countries and allowed unemployment and poverty to haunt both the last generation and the present. In short, the Australian feels that we failed to perform our duty toward our neighbor adequately, even within our own countries. Still less did we perform our duty toward the weak and the helpless and the poor throughout the world.

Loyal as he is to the King and the British connection, the Australian is intensely devoted to his homeland. He does not talk much about his patriotism—it is revealed in a thousand ways among the Australian soldiers, sailors and airmen who because of their devotion to the common cause are, at the present moment, fighting Hitler in Europe and in the Middle East.

Joseph Chifley, 56, Treasurer, the best-liked man in Parliament, is well-to-do and runs his own newspaper in Bathurst.



John Beasley, 47, is rebellious Minister for Supply. He started his career as a barber, became a Sydney electricity inspector.



Arthur Drakeford, 51, Air Minister, is still president of the powerful locomotive engineers' union, has four daughters.



"THE GREATEST PICTURE EVER PUT ON CELLULOID!"

Quentin Reynolds
QUENTIN REYNOLDS

"ONE OF THE FIVE GREAT MOVIES IN MY TIME!"

Alexander Woollcott
ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

"THE VERY GREATEST PICTURE ABOUT THIS WAR!"

Elsa Maxwell
ELSA MAXWELL

"GREATER APPEAL PICTURE OF THIS WAR!"

H. V. Kaltenborn
H. V. KALTENBORN

"SURELY THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL. AN EPIC!"

Lowell Thomas
LOWELL THOMAS

"IF EVER A PICTURE WAS TRULY GREAT, THIS IS!"

Mrs. Eddie Rickenbacker
MRS. EDDIE RICKENBACKER

"IMPRESSIVE AND MOVING TO THE LAST DEGREE!"

Mary Roberts Rinehart
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

"THE GREATEST MOVIE TO NOW!"

Ronald Coleman
RONALD COLEMAN

"GRAND AND THRILLING!"

Pham
MAUGHAM

"THE TEN BEST MOVIES OF THE YEAR!"

"WONDERFULLY ENTERTAINING!"

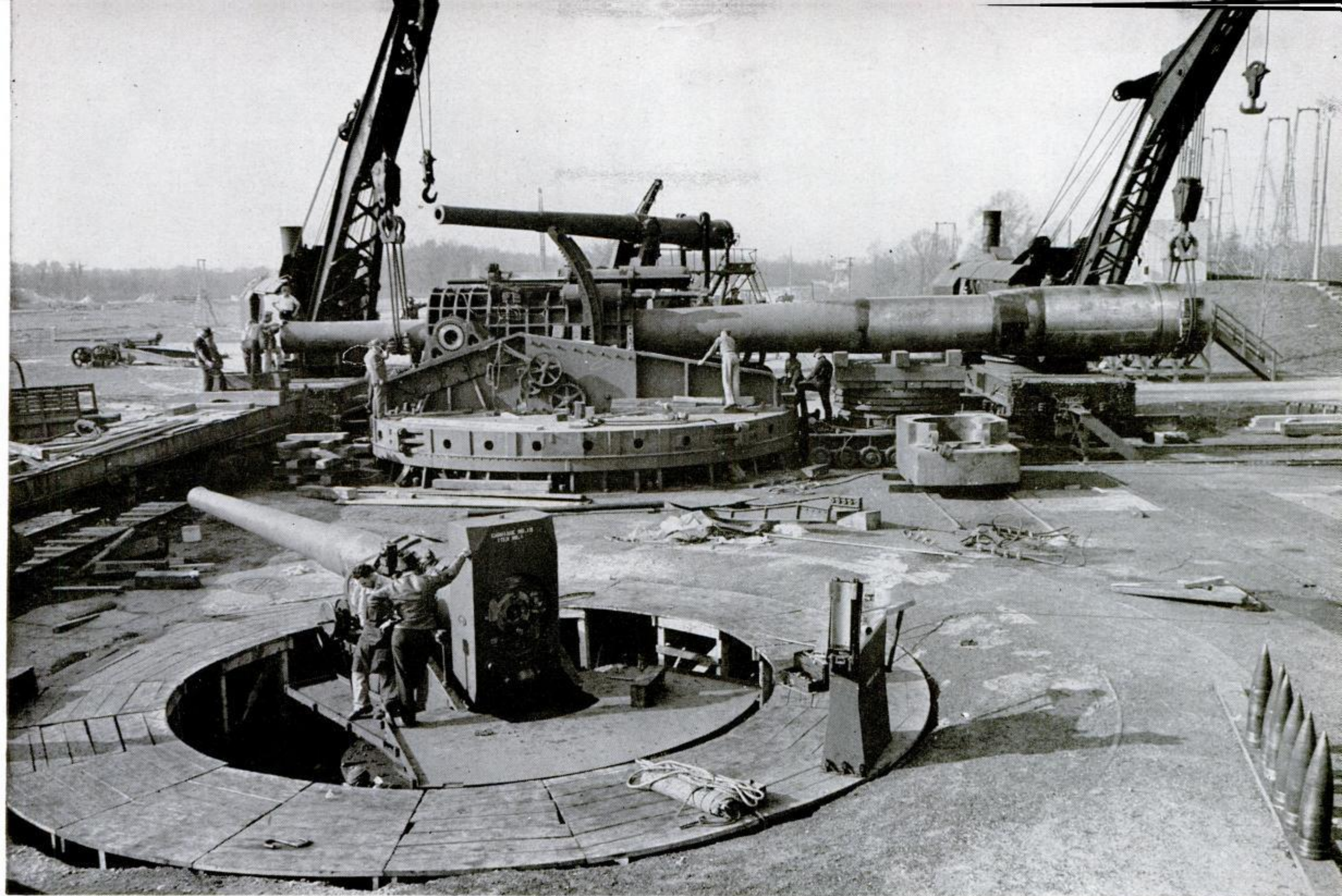
"A MAGNIFICENT PICTURE!"

Deems Taylor
DEEMS TAYLOR

Noel Coward
in
"IN WHICH WE SERVE"

with Bernard Miles • John Mills • Celia Johnson • Kay Walsh • Joyce Carey
Written and produced by Noel Coward • Directed by Noel Coward and
David Lean • A Two Cities Production released thru United Artists

REMEMBER TO SEE THIS PICTURE YOU'LL NEVER FORGET, WHEN IT COMES TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!



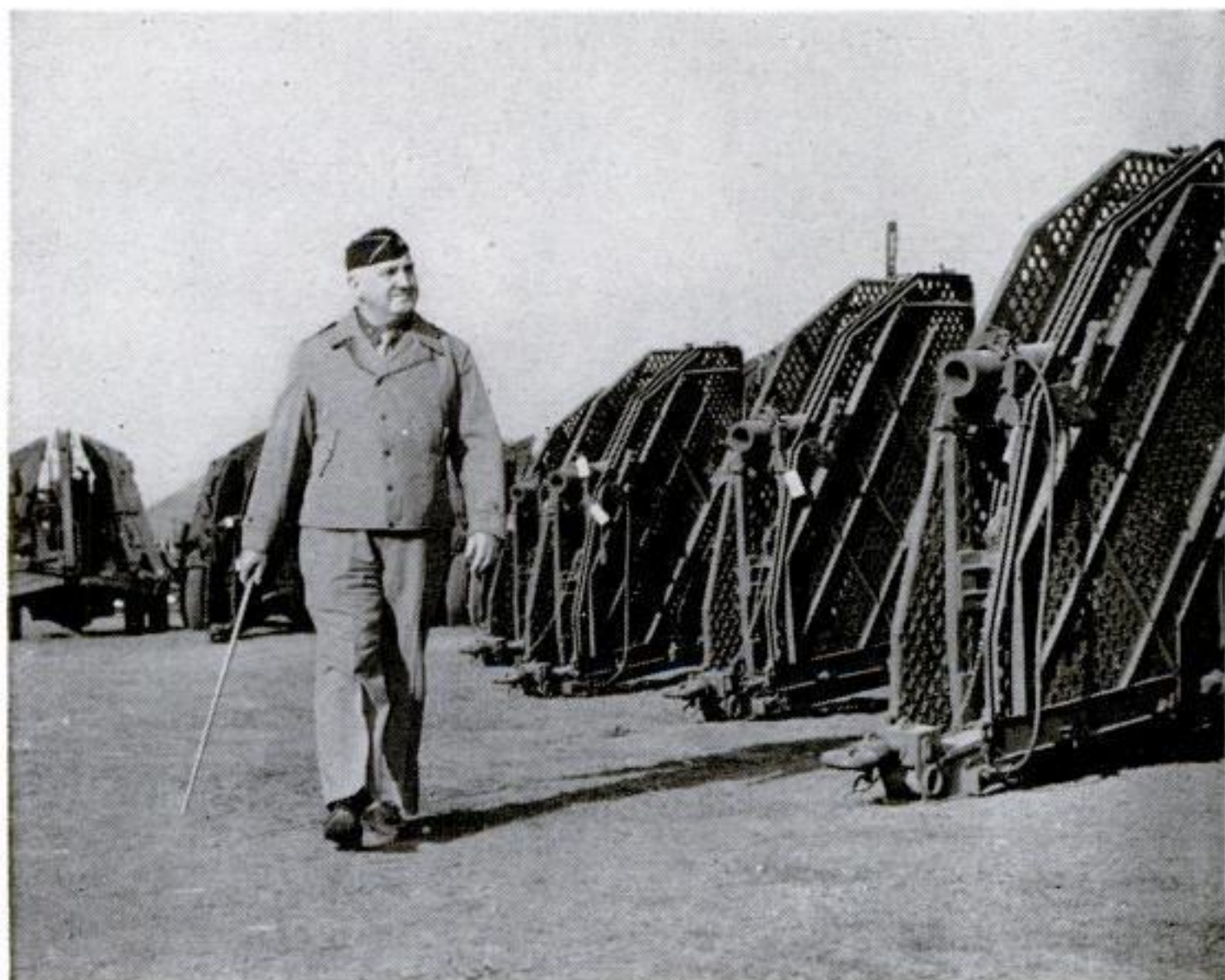
ALONG ABERDEEN'S BIG SEACOAST RANGE, A 16-IN. GUN IS LOWERED INTO A CRADLE WHILE TWO 8-IN. GUNS (FOREGROUND AND BACKGROUND) ARE MADE READY FOR FIRING

ABERDEEN

**ARMY'S OLDEST, LARGEST PROVING GROUNDS
TESTS NEW U. S. GUNS, TANKS AND BOMBS**

The boom of the big guns never stops at Aberdeen, Md. There on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay, the Army has its largest Ordnance Proving Grounds, and there it does much of its experimental and development work on new guns, new tanks, new bombs and new vehicles. In a technological war such as World War II, the Army's success or failure in perfecting the world's best weapons will inevitably mean success or failure for American troops on the fighting fronts.

Aberdeen's competition, especially with the Nazis, has been tough. A technological people, the Germans have spent unlimited time and money in the last ten years developing war weapons. U. S. Army Ordnance, until a little more than a year ago, neither took the time nor had the money. But in the last year it has made great progress. Its new 90-mm. anti-aircraft gun, its General Sherman tanks, its self-propelled 105-mm. howitzers, which the British call "Priests," are marvelous weapons. For the future, prospects for improved weapons are even better.



Aberdeen's commanding officer, Major General Charles T. Harris Jr., inspects a long row of 90-mm. anti-aircraft guns ready for shipment. Each 90-mm. weighs 9 tons, costs \$60,000.



Effect on shell projectile fired through a sheet of armor plate is checked by two Aberdeen workmen. Most of the experimental testing is done by civilians, with Army officers in charge.

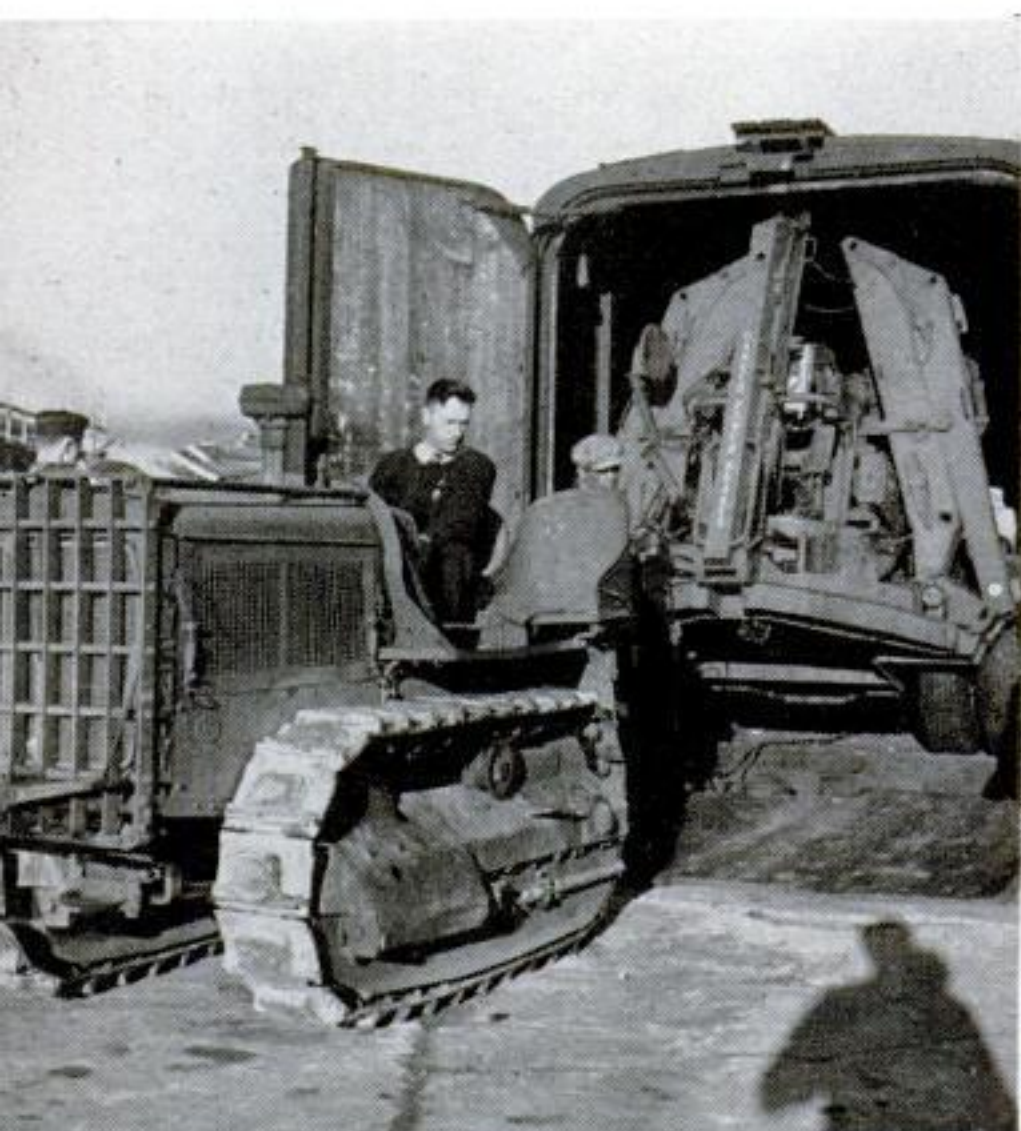
Aberdeen (continued)

90-MM. GUN GETS ROUTINE CHECK

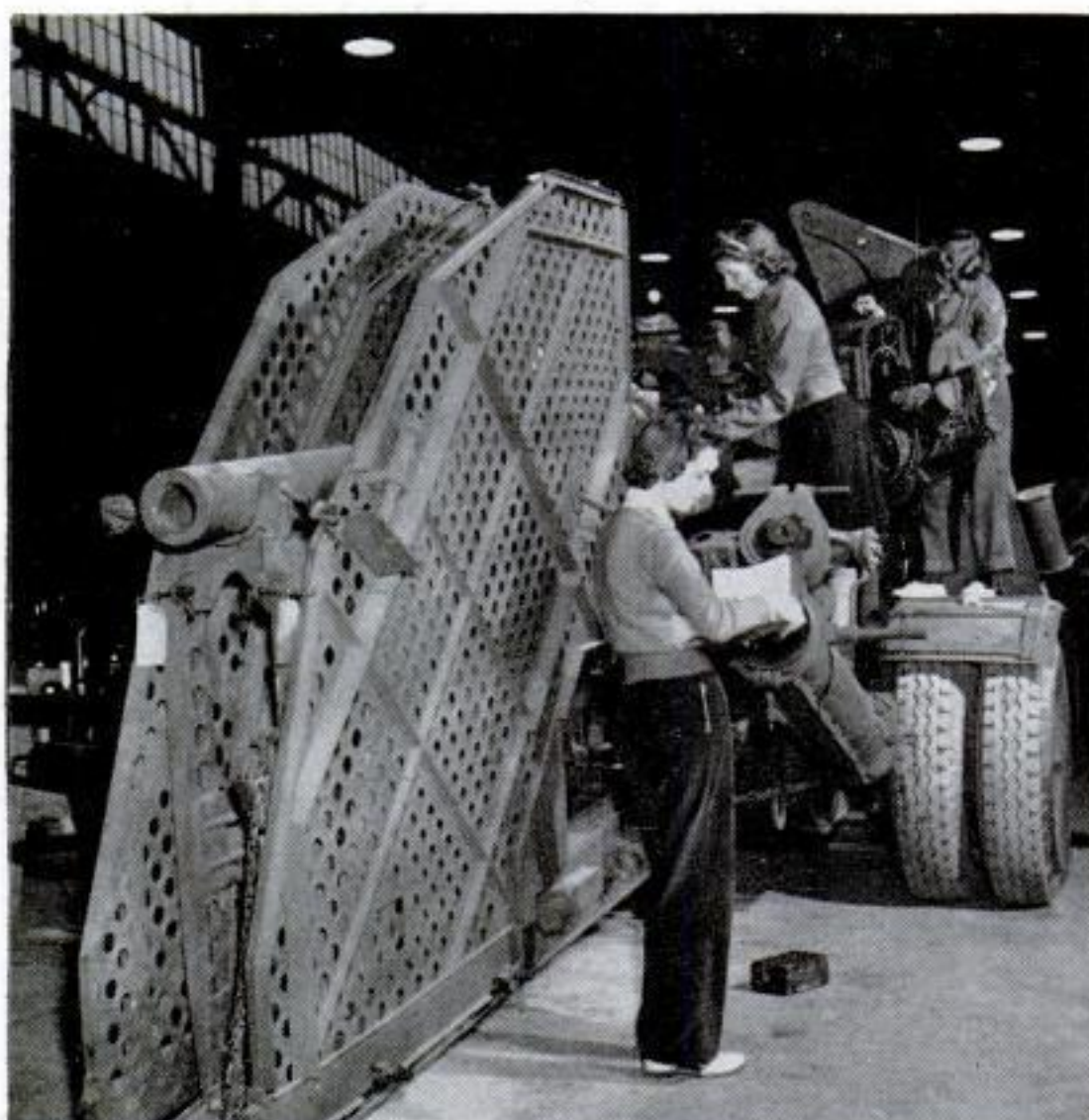
At Aberdeen every type of weapon from a pistol to a 16-in. gun is tested and fired. All night long the tanks roll around the testing courses, and big guns, AA guns and machine guns bark along the hundreds of ranges or "fronts." Between 200 and 350 test projects are usually going on at once, and from five to a dozen directives for new projects are received every week.

Two types of testing work are done at Aberdeen: ex-

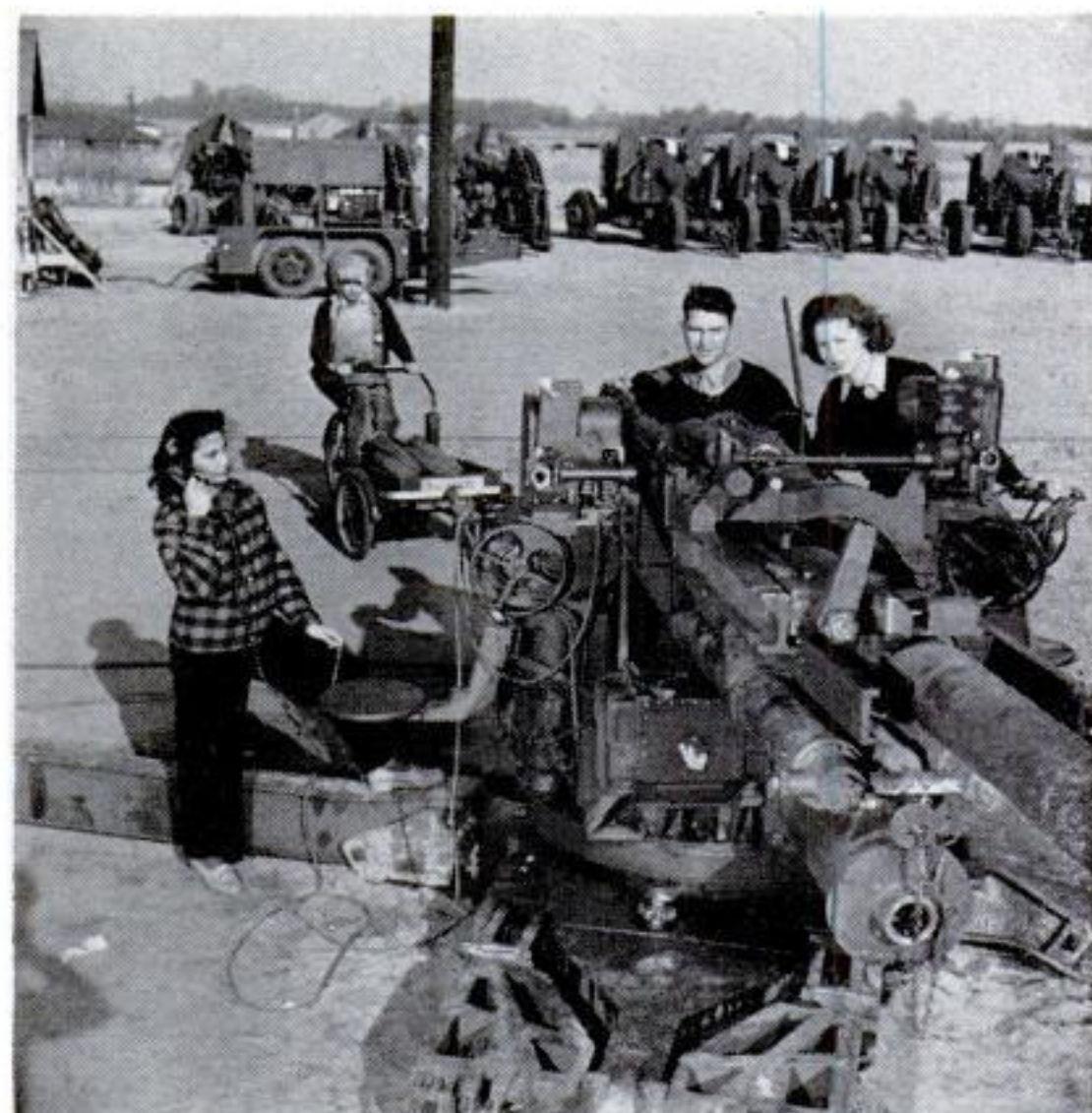
perimental testing for new-type weapons and acceptance testing for standard weapons. Every tank and every gun larger than a machine gun made by a U. S. arsenal must be individually tested by the Ordnance Department before it is used by troops. Aberdeen, along with three other big proving grounds, does a lot of this work. These pictures show the various testing steps to which a standard 90-mm. anti-aircraft gun is subjected.



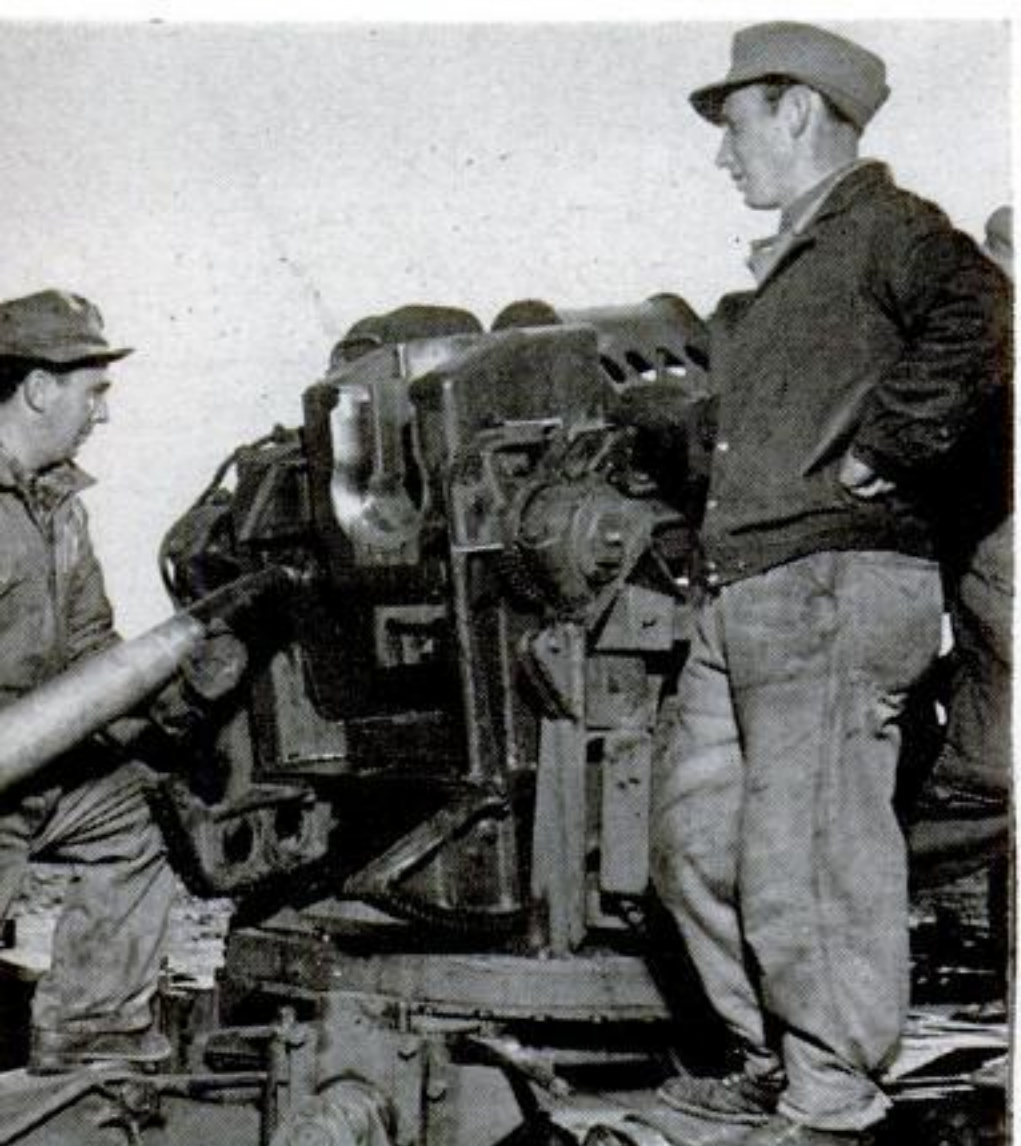
GUN ARRIVES IN BOXCAR. TRACTOR UNLOADS IT



ASSEMBLY SHOP CLEANS, STAR-GAUGES AND GREASES GUN



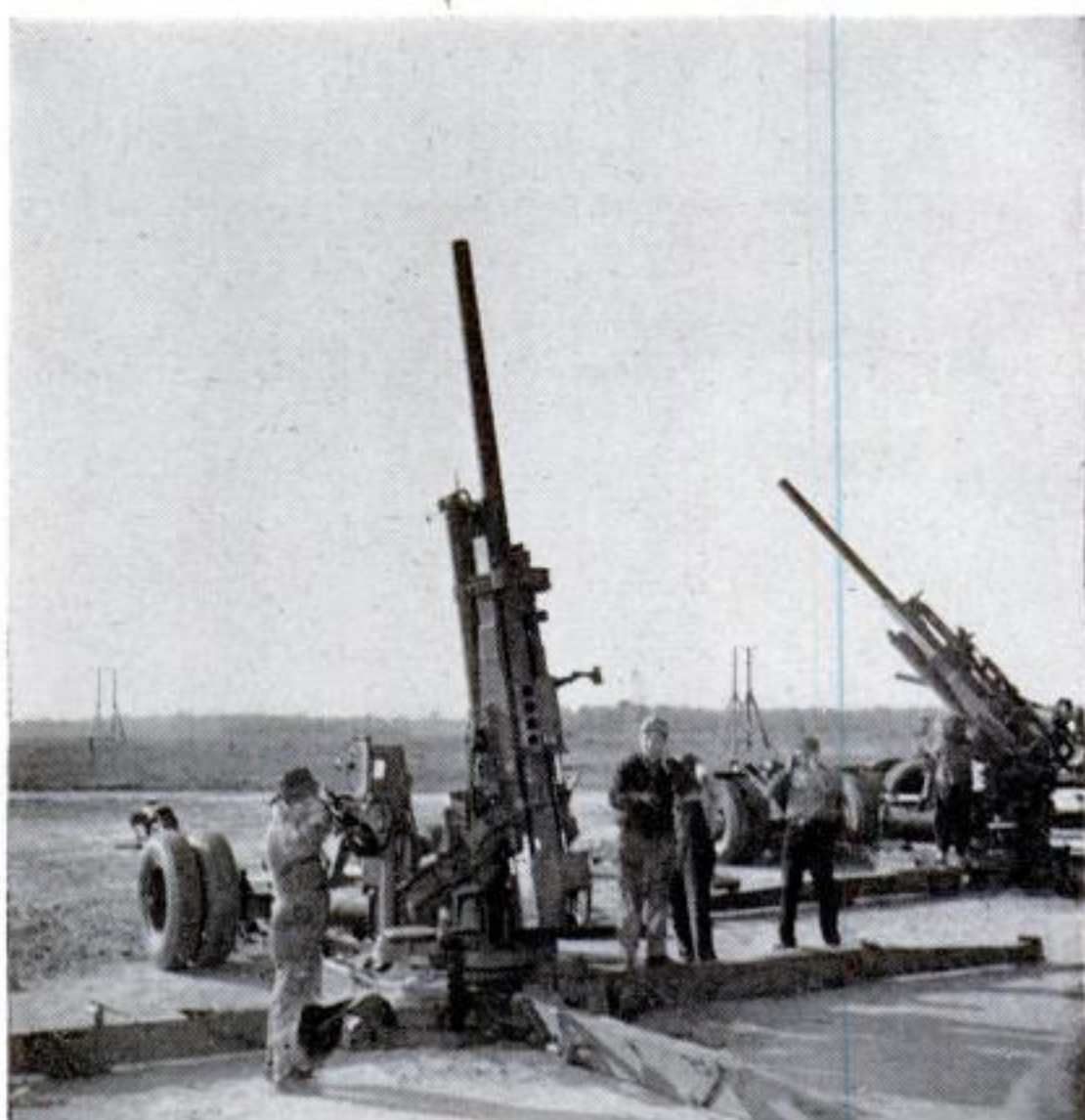
GUN'S REMOTE-CONTROL SYSTEM IS TESTED BY FEMALE CREW



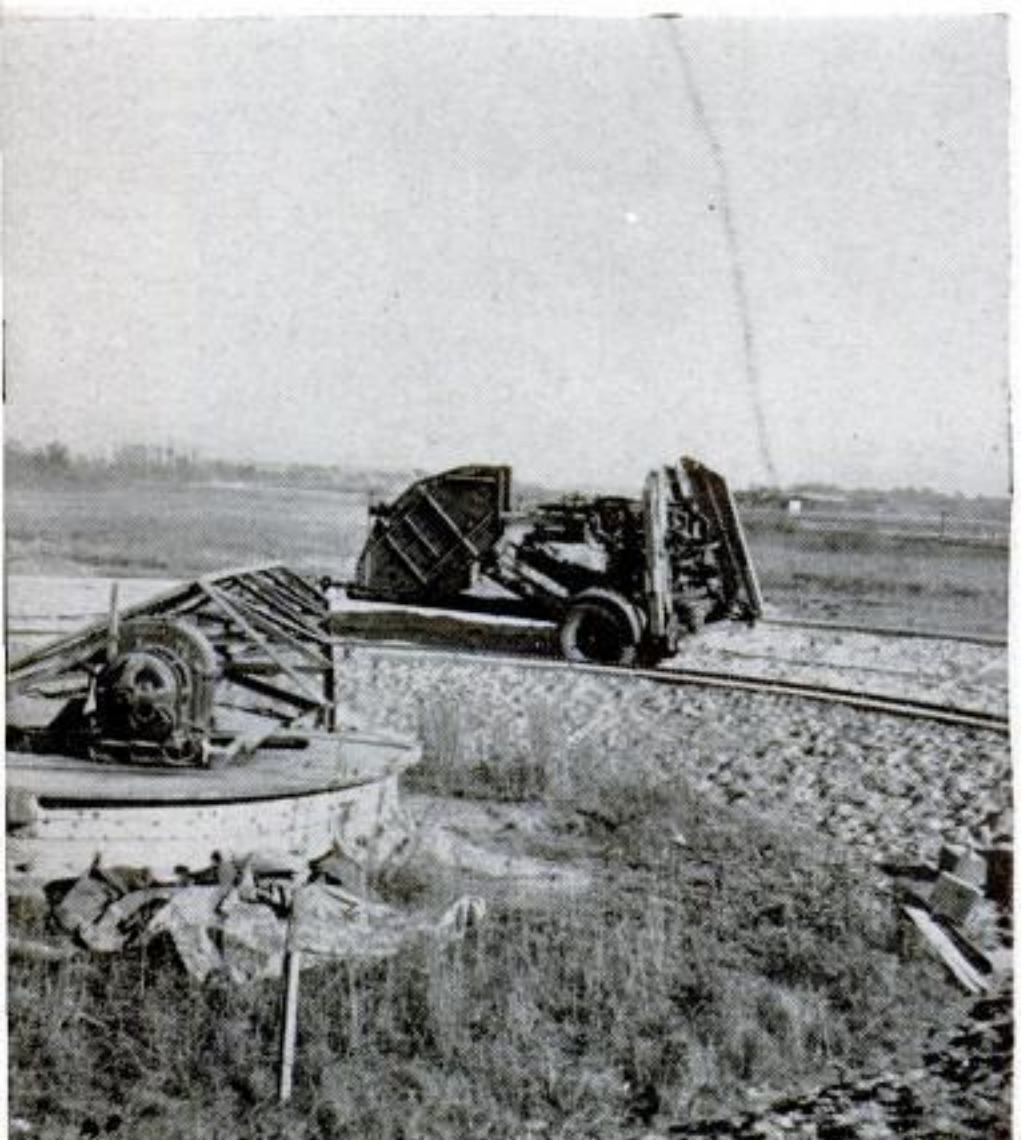
OPERATED NOW BY HAND, MALE CREW LOADS GUN



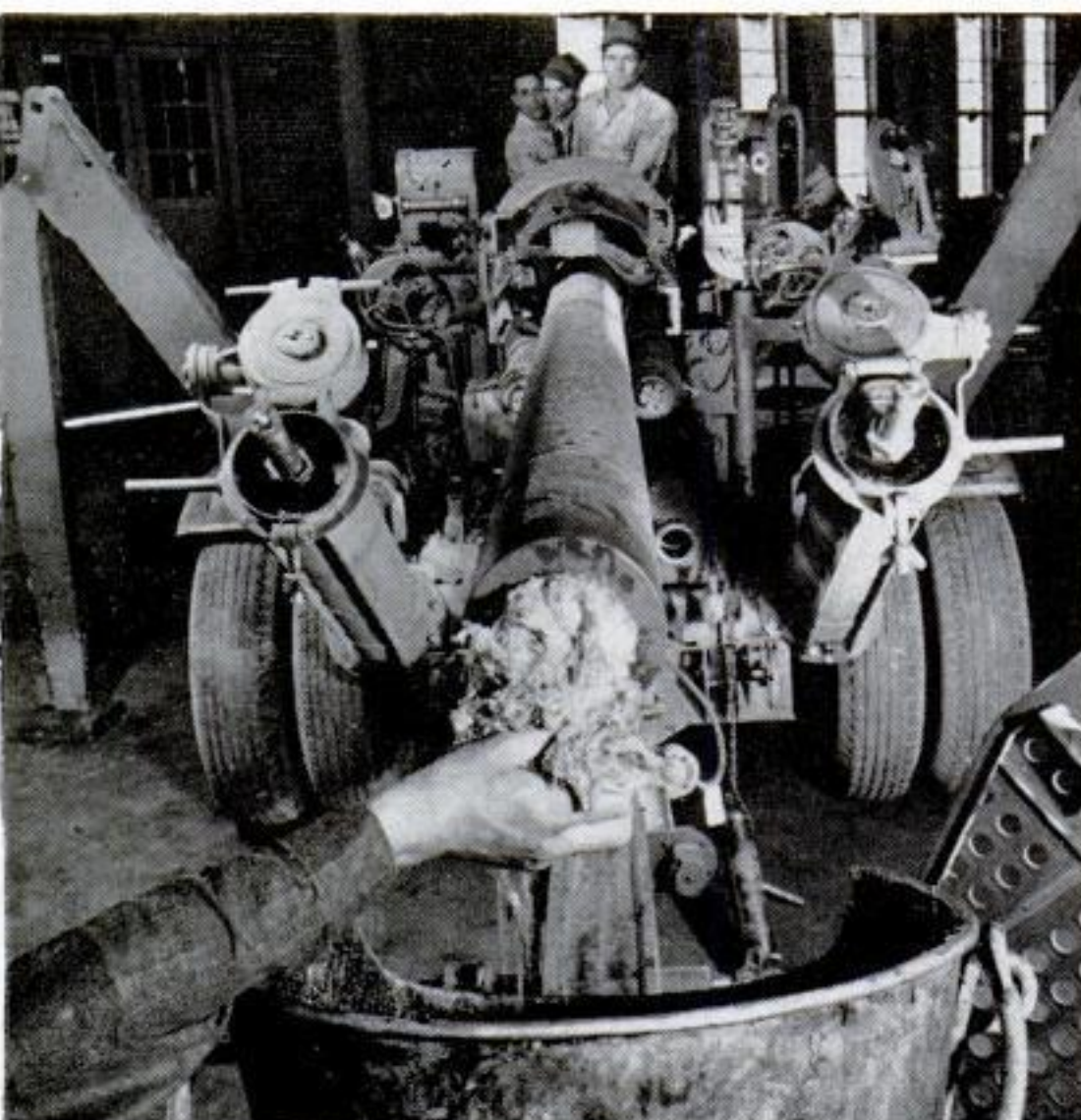
GUN IS TEST-FIRED WITH LIVE AMMUNITION BY MALE CREW



AT MAXIMUM ELEVATION OF 88°, GUN IS AGAIN TEST-FIRED



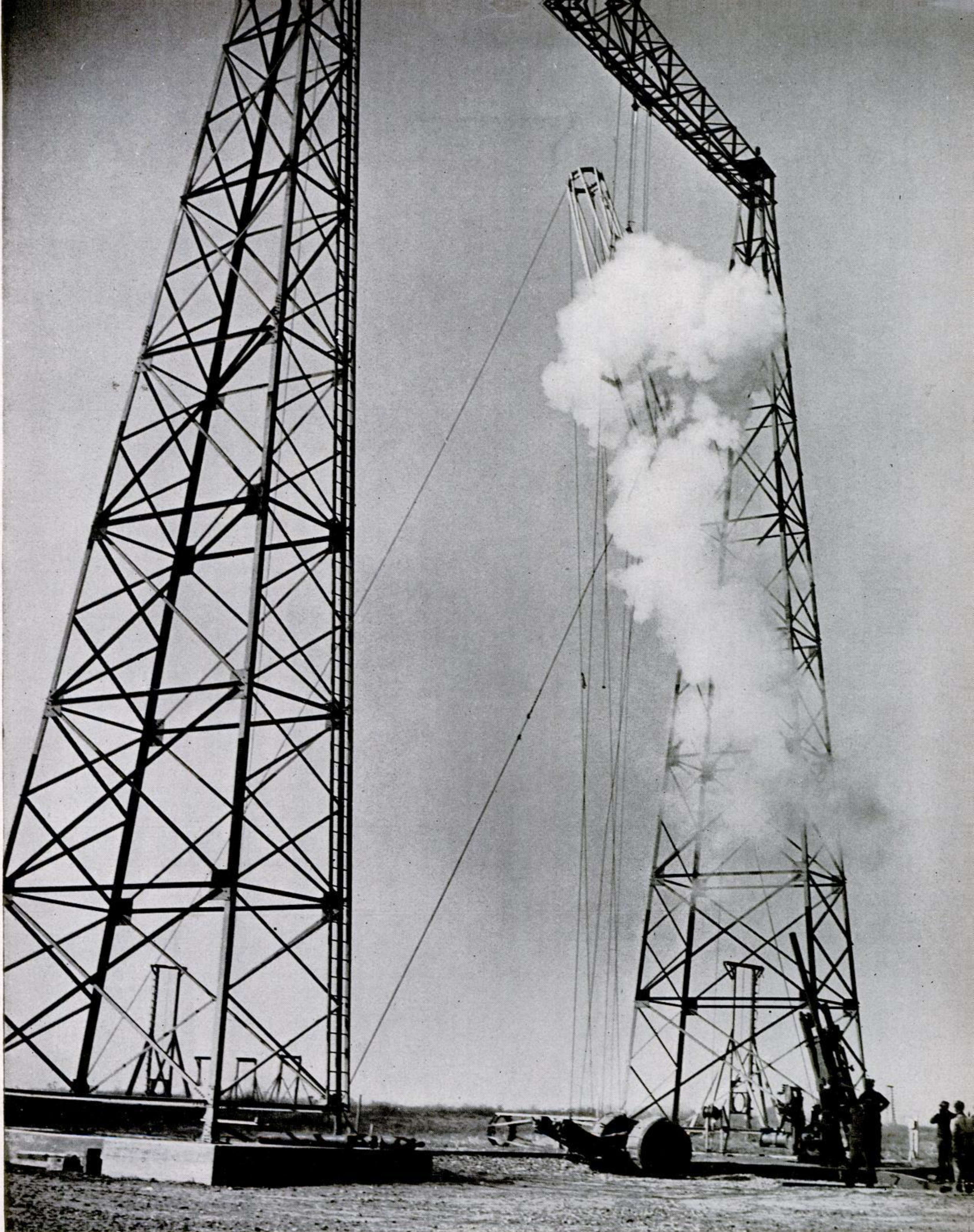
ROTATING ARM PULLS GUN AROUND ROUGH ROAD



BORE IS WASHED BEFORE THE RUST PREVENTIVE IS APPLIED



AFTER STAR GAUGING AND PAINTING, GUN IS READY TO SHIP



Velocity test is given the 90-mm. gun by two 110-ft. towers between which is hung a velocity cage. The projectile is fired up through a 30-ft. tubelike wooden frame which has circular

openings at both ends. The projectile is magnetized and as it enters the velocity cage it electrically registers the time on a sensitive chronograph which is located in a ground-control

room. A fraction of a second later, when it leaves the cage, it also registers the time on the chronograph. The elapsed time between the two registrations gives the shell's velocity.



Through the mud course at Aberdeen goes a medium tank. It looks stuck but it can easily get itself out. The drivers of all

such tanks are civilians. All of them can drive all types of vehicles and are also expert repairmen. After passing the tests

shown on these pages, the tanks are taken to the repair shops where they are stripped down and put together again.

THE TANKS GET TOUGH WORKOUT

Aberdeen's objectives in its tests of tanks and vehicles are simple: Drive them until they crack up. See exactly how much they will stand. Give them rougher treatment than they will get on any fighting front, whether on a blazing desert, tropical jungle, or frozen arctic icefield. Only the best-designed weapons will survive. Recently a manufacturer submitted a new-type tire for bogie wheels. They were put on a medium

tank which made two complete turns around a rough four-mile testing track. The tires disintegrated.

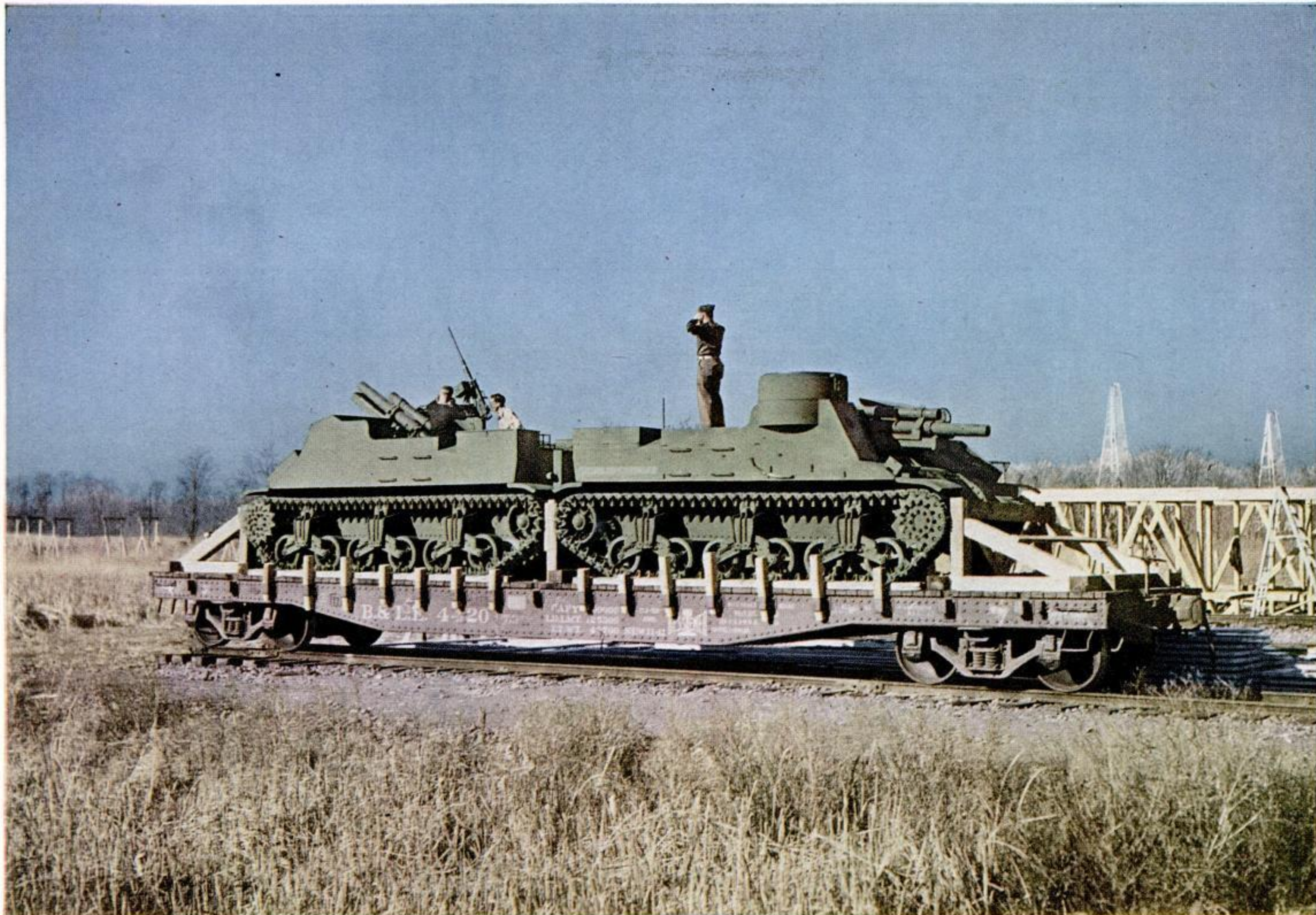
Tanks are given particularly tough workouts. They are dunked in water baths, 4 ft. deep, run over hurdles, sent up 60° slopes, plunged across man-made shell holes, driven through sticky mud baths and loose sand. Then, after all that, they may be sent out on a road endurance test and driven until something cracks.



Over a 2-ft. hurdle at 40 m. p. h. goes a light tank. The jar is considerable but does not shake anything loose. Such a tank weighs 13½ tons, is powered by a radial aircraft-type engine.



Through loose sand in the sand pit goes a medium tank. This is a tough test because sand gets between the treads and idler wheel, forcing them apart. Such a tank weighs 30 tons.

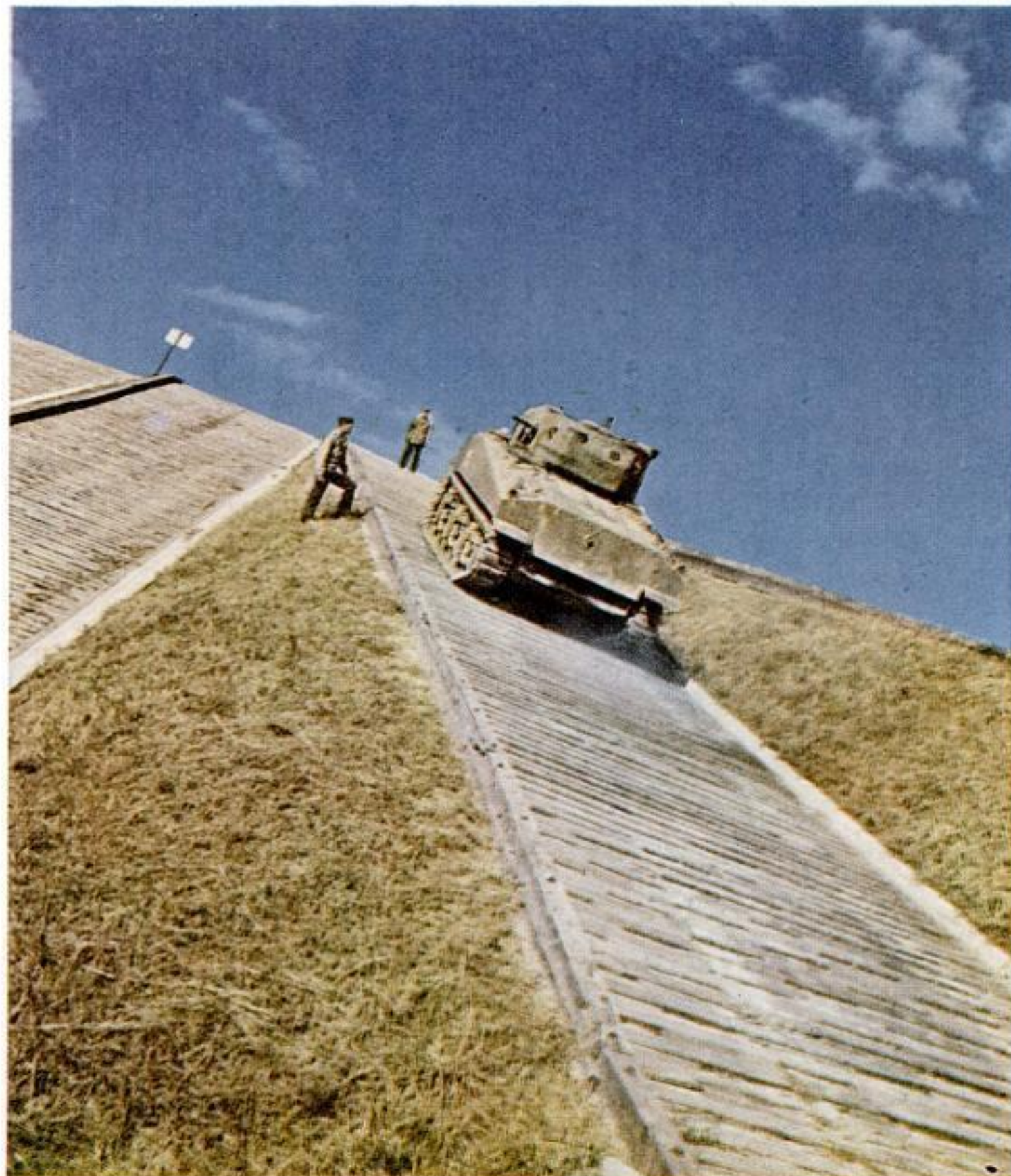


Two tank destroyers mounted on flatcar are test-fired. These tank-destroying units, mounting a 105-mm. howitzer and a .50-cal. machine gun, are built on medium tank chassis. They

are fired from flatcars that they arrived on to facilitate rapid handling of testing. The British call this model the "Priest" because of the pulpit-like arrangement for the machine gun,

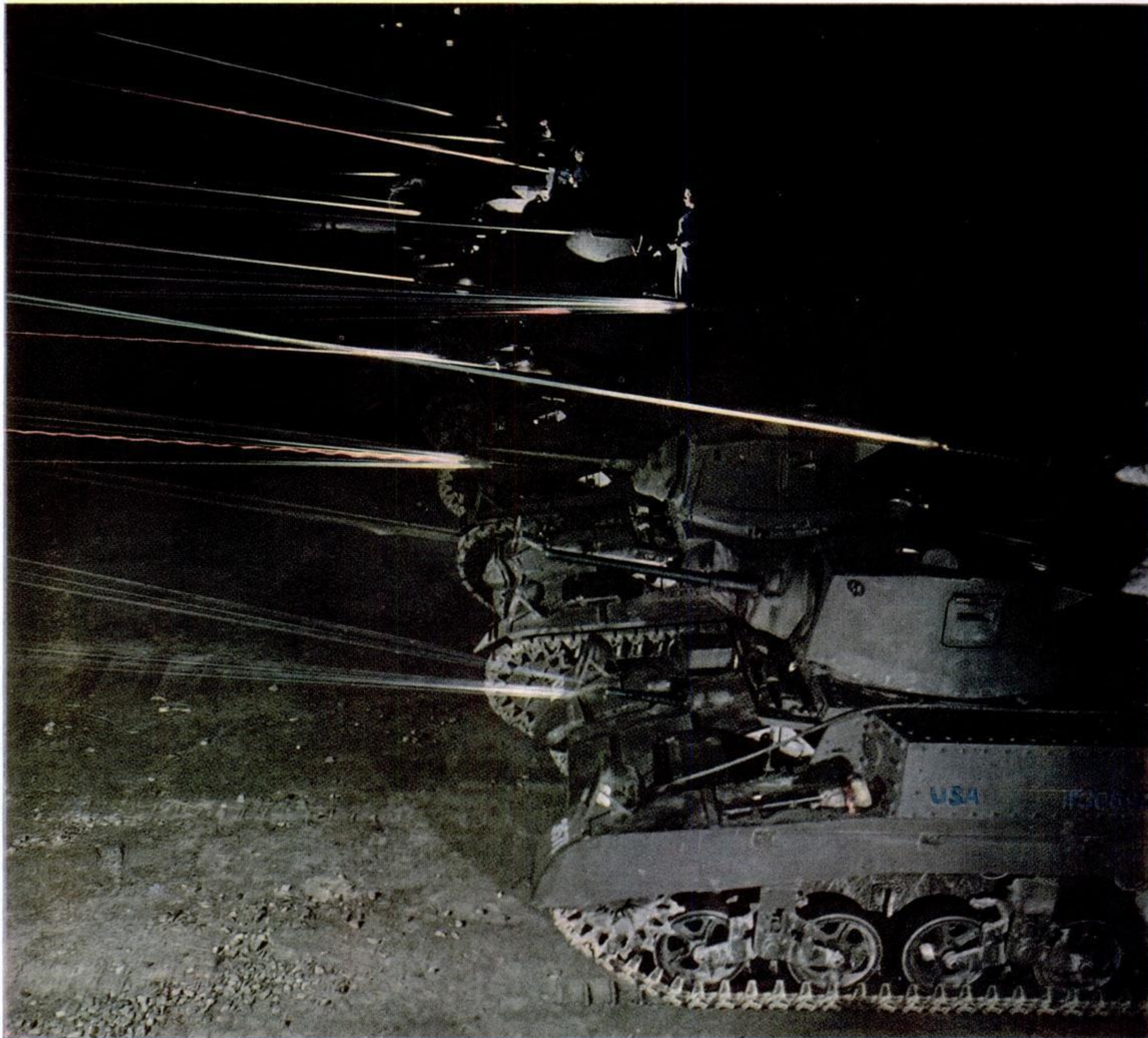


Medium tank is driven into a large man-made shell hole by Hubert Monks (*right*), one of Aberdeen's best test drivers. All vehicles at the Proving Grounds are given tough workouts.



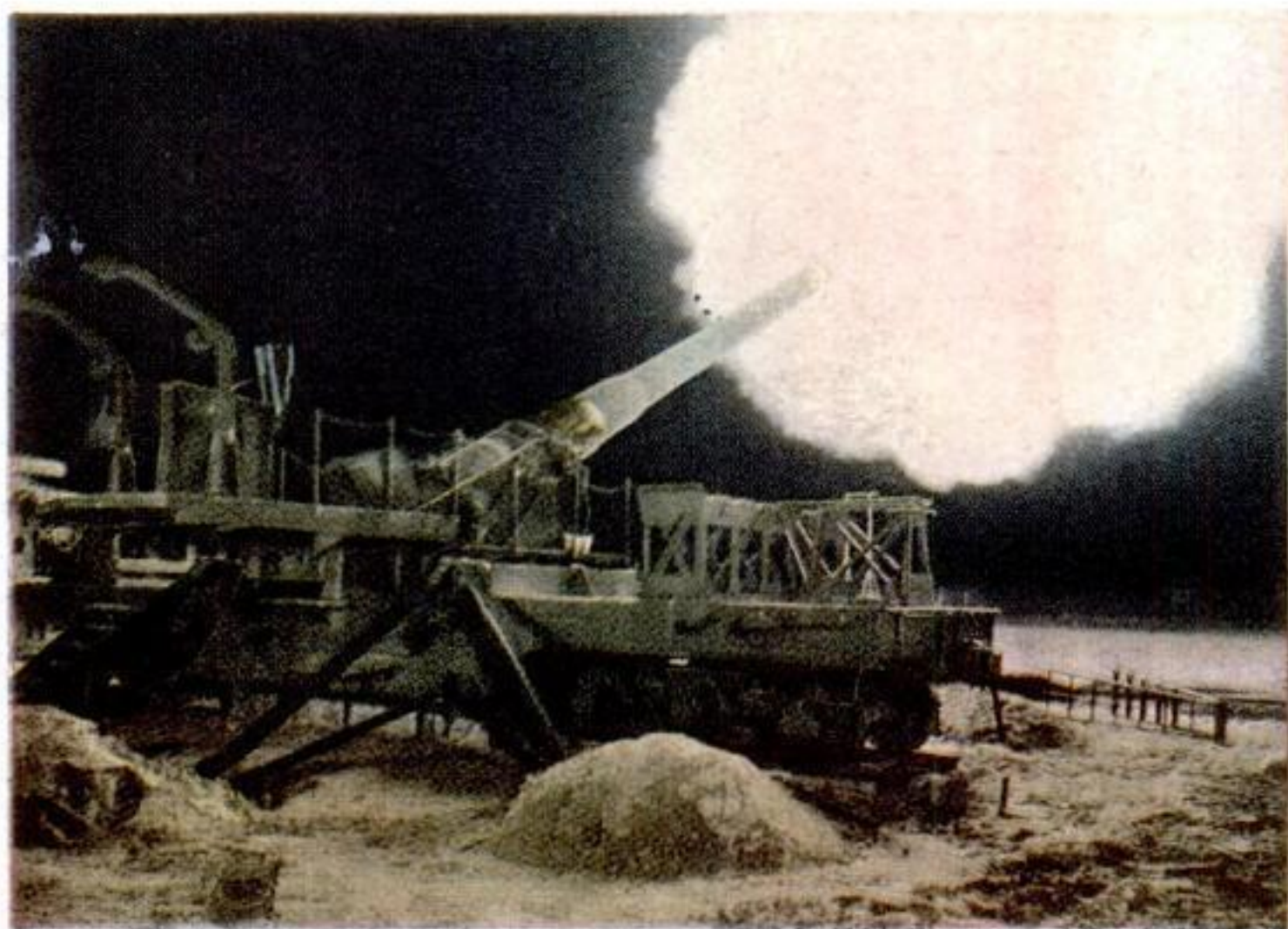
On the "slopes," a medium tank tries out its climbing ability at 50° angle. Despite the completeness of the present testing equipment, the Army is building an even more difficult course.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Fifteen light and medium tanks are lined up for spectacular night firing of their many machine guns on an Aberdeen Proving Grounds range. Firing the guns and driving the tanks

are civilian employees, including girls, who test all weapons and vehicles at Aberdeen 24 hours a day. The corkscrew flash (foreground) was caused by an unevenly charged tracer bullet.



The enormous muzzle blast of an 8-in. gun lights up the entire surrounding area. This gun, mounted on railway carriage, is equipped with outriggers to steady it and to absorb recoil.



Two machine guns are tested at night. The .50-cal. (left) weighs 65 lb., shoots 800 rounds per minute while the 30-cal. shoots 1,200. The tracers are greenish-white for 100 yd., then red.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



In a shell-loading room works Nealie Bare, whose husband is also an employe at Aberdeen. Here she is hammering a plug into a test slug to keep the shell's sand from running out.

WOMEN NOW MAKE TESTS ONCE DONE BY SOLDIERS

In the beginning there were soldiers at Aberdeen, loading and firing the guns, working the cranes, carrying powder bags, measuring shell velocities in the chronograph rooms. Then, as soldiers went off to combat duty, there were civilians at the same jobs. Finally last spring, as the draft hit hard, the civilians began to disappear and in their places came thousands of women. Today at Aberdeen women are doing the same work soldiers once did, and they are doing it well.

The women come from everywhere. Many have husbands in the Army. Others have husbands who also work at Aberdeen. They wear bright-colored slacks, and their "firing fronts" are a rippling blend of pink, blue and orange, mixed with white and black powder from the guns. They serve on crews of all weapons up to the 90-mm. AA's. They handle highly technical instruments. They drive trucks, act as bicycle messengers, swab and clean vehicles. A few of them have even been tested as tank drivers, but that work, with its physical bruises, is still a little too tough for them.

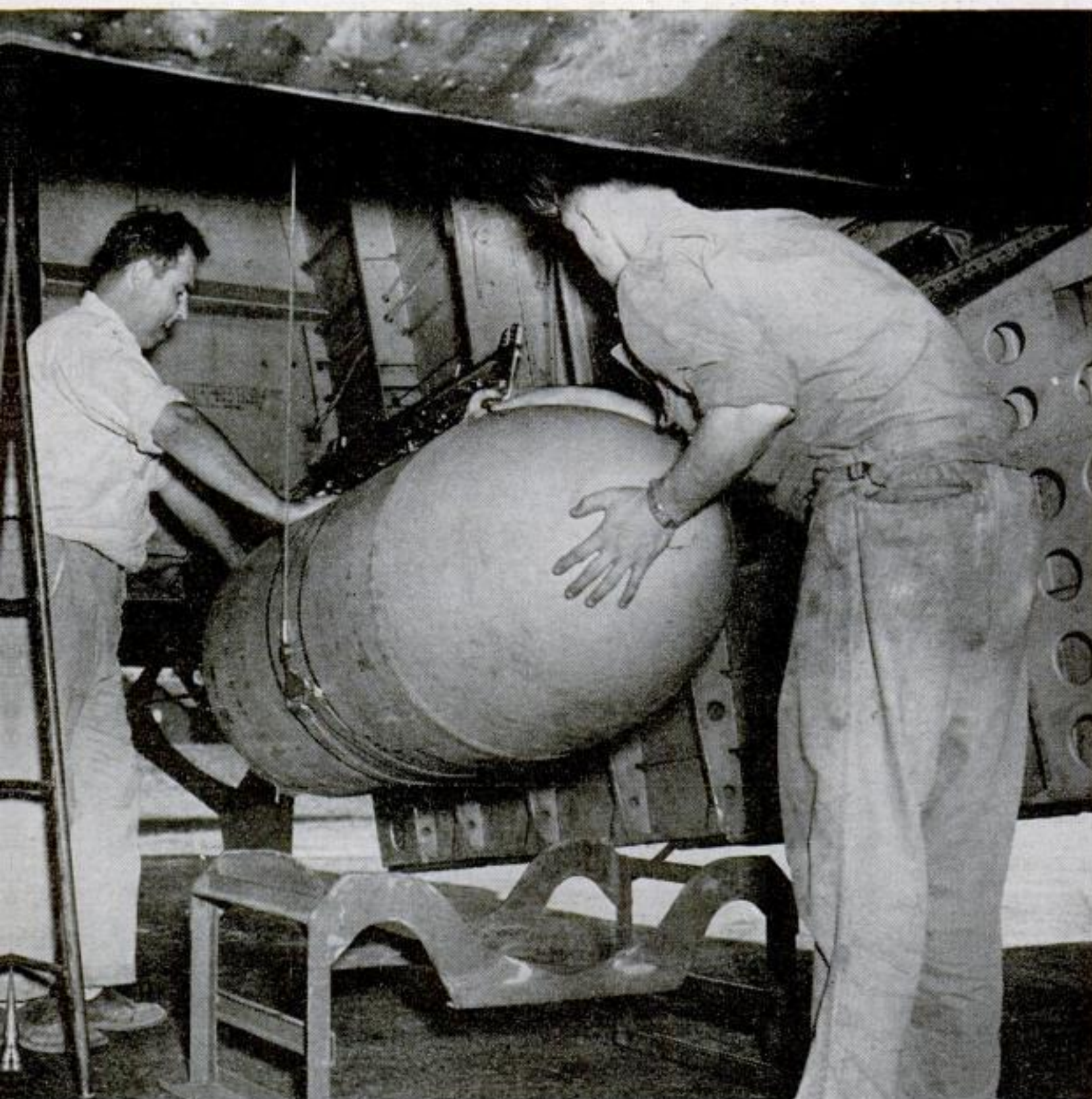
On this page are three of them. But there are many more. Like Mickey Leppert, 18, who tried to get a man's job, then started disassembling 37-mm. guns, now operates a crane. Or Mrs. June Roe, 18-year-old mother, chief of an AA crew, and Mrs. Helen Lay, who works in the powder room.



Test firing of new carbines is the job of Mrs. Ruby Barnett, a grandmother, who has been at Aberdeen 9 months. She never fired a gun before taking her job, but loves to shoot now.



One of "Three Fat Ladies of Aberdeen" is Viola Testerman, carrying a 41-lb. shell. She weighs 225 lb. Other fat ladies weigh 225 lb. and 231 lb. Their ages are "military secrets."



Into bomb bay of an old B-23 bomber goes a 2,000-lb. bomb. Tests like this can be made only when the skies are clear, because inaccuracy of aim would cause fatal destruction.



High up over the marked Aberdeen target, the 2,000-lb. bomb drops out of the open bomb-bay doors. At first it falls horizontally, then swings nose downward and starts to spin as its fins catch the air.

"BLOCKBUSTERS" MAKE BIG BLAST

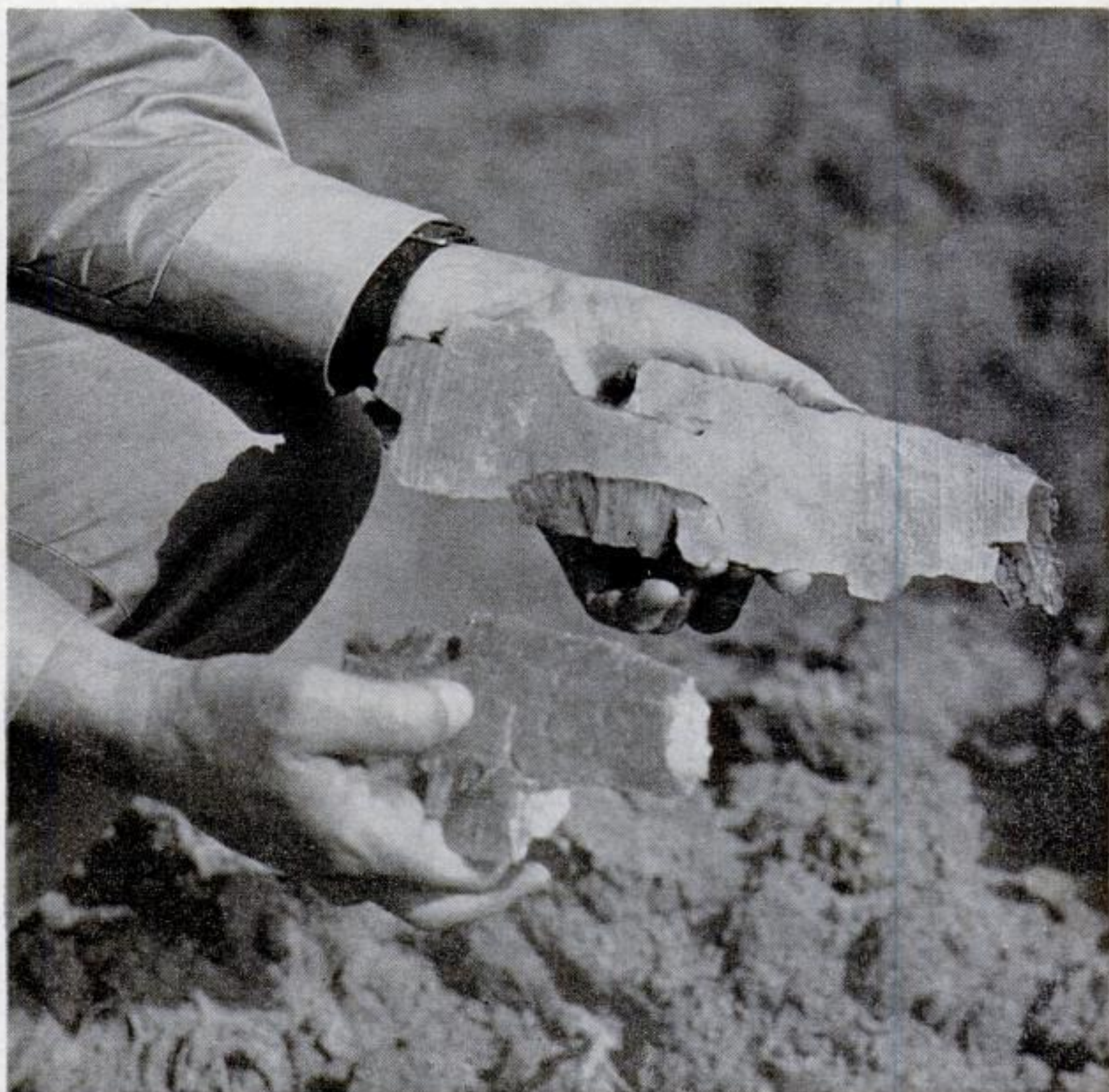
Ten miles from the "Main Front," out on a shell-torn meadow, is executed one of Aberdeen's most dangerous and most secret tests. There the big new 2,000-lb. and 4,000-lb. bombs, called "blockbusters," are tested.

To make the test, an old bomber loads the huge bomb in its belly, lumbers up to around 10,000 ft. The target is a 20-ft. "X" marked with parachute silk. Suddenly the slug flops away from the bomber, grow-

ing bigger and spinning as it rushes down. From a concrete shelter a mile from the target observers watch it through field glasses. Finally it hits. First there is a puny, fire-cracker flash of flame, then a puff of smoke, and then a rumble of heaving ground and the whiplash of a mighty volcano. There is black smoke and flying missiles, capable of shattering any structure within a hundred yards and killing a man at a quarter of a mile.



Bomb hole after explosion is deeper than a man and 40 to 50 ft. in diameter. From a mile away, with big bombs, observers hear no bomb scream, only actual booming blast itself.



Heavy jagged bomb fragments, hurled hundreds of yards in every direction, do most of the destruction, but a man standing within 100 yards of the exploding bomb would be killed by concussion alone.

LIKE A VOLCANIC GEYSER, SMOKE
FROM EXPLODING 2,000-LB. BOMB
RISES BLACK AGAINST THE SKY





Three branches of the armed forces try to take over the hotel suite and the girls in it: first a general, then an admiral and finally six marines who are looking for the USO.



Firing three shots out of the window is the Russian sniper (Arlene Francis) who has learned that her mother has had another child. She says: "One shot for momma, one for baby and one for Franklin D."

"THE DOUGHGIRLS"

Rowdy farce lampoons Washington, D. C.

To brighten up a Broadway season that was beginning to look like a discarded Christmas tree, Producer Max Gordon has brought to town a rowdy comedy called *The Doughgirls*. Whether the inspiration for this one came from the first act of *Hellzapoppin*, the housing situation in Washington, D. C. or the popular song that says "a woman's a two-face, a worrisome thing" it is difficult to say. But for sheer laughter and hilarious fun *The Doughgirls* is hard to beat. It will probably settle down to a long and comfortable run.

As topical and satirical as such other lampoons of Washington, D. C. as *Of Thee I Sing* and *I'd Rather Be Right*, this comedy about three unmarried "wives" who live with their "grooms" in one crowded hotel suite has everything in it but the Washington Monument. Taking part in the proceedings are the FBI, a rubber czar who was formerly the "wet wash king" of the Midwest, a judge of pie-eating from Montana, a Boxer dog, a Russian priest, a general, an admiral and six marines. Most amusing uninvited guest is a famous female Russian sniper complete with two telescopic rifles and a field kit. After an overnight walking trip from Washington to a Baltic port ("Baltimore") she comes back and tells the doughgirls she has seen a very good English movie called "Mrs. Minivitch."

Playwright of this pleasant nonsense is Joseph Field who may well hold this season's record for making playgoers laugh, as two other comedy-adaptations of his, *Junior Miss* and *My Sister Eileen*, have long been in the hit class on Broadway. Sharing no less in the honors is George Kaufman, whose shrewd sense of comedy is evident throughout the staging of the play. Well-acted by a large cast, *The Doughgirls* is like a pleasantly long joke, by turns funny, ribald and ridiculous.



A hasty wedding ceremony conducted by a Russian priest makes everything legal for Doughgirl Nan (Doris Nolan) and

her war hero "husband," who have been invited to have luncheon with President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House.



Arleen Whelan, fresh from Hollywood, is a pleasant surprise in her first stage appearance. Provoking much laughter, she plays part of Vivian, a scatterbrained "wife."



Fighting over her, with their coats off to preserve military dignity, are Vivian's "husband" (left) and a superior officer who, after seeing Vivian, felt need of a secretary.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71

HOW TO MAKE THE "TWO-STRIPER"
Newest Fashion in After-Dinner Drinks

Dinner ranks among Great Experiences...when you choose to end it with coffee and a "Two-Striper," made by combining two of Hiram Walker's fine, authentic Cordials.

Here's how: half-fill a liqueur glass with Hiram Walker's Crème de Cacao. Carefully float Hiram Walker's Green Crème de Menthe on top to fill. Cool, tingling mint blends deliciously with rich, creamy cocoa-taste...to evoke a delightful flavor reminiscent of an after-dinner chocolate mint. Order the "Two-Striper" at your favorite bar or restaurant. Earn compliments by serving it at home. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois. Crème de Menthe — 60 proof. Crème de Cacao — 60 proof.

Copr. 1942

CORDIALS by Hiram Walker

How American it is... to want something better!



MAYBE MOTHER'S NEW MIXER will be one of the few remaining or maybe she'll have to wait for it till after the war. But whenever it comes, you can bet she'll exclaim "Now this *is* something better!"

And how American to want "something better"—in kitchen equipment or airplanes or threshing machines or what-have-you.

Why, we're even fighting a war on the promise of a better tomorrow!

THIS FINE AMERICAN TRAIT goes right through our lives—helps us decide what we will wear or eat or drink. There is an ale—one with a 3-ring trade mark like the dewy rings your glass leaves on the table. "Purity," "Body," "Flavor," say the words in the rings. "Something better," say millions of Americans when they try this moderate beverage. And so *many* say it that this has become...America's largest selling ale.



America's largest selling Ale



To speed the day when we can have more "better things" buy war bonds and stamps

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

Copyrighted material

The Doughgirls (continued)



Uninvited guest is a little man who throughout play wanders into the hotel suite looking for a place to sleep. Doughgirl Edna (Virginia Field) tries to wake him.



Cleaning the hotel suite lampoons the fast-paced life of wartime Washington. Two maids rush into room with their vacuums and dusters, are out again in 15 seconds.



Rubber czar (seated) comes to the suite for a quiet business talk with one of the "husbands." First interruption is waiter with menus girls ordered the day before.



Imagine... 4 hours ago
these soft white hands were
taking a beating like this!



No wonder women whose hands take a daily beating — in war work, in kitchens...laundries...nurseries — use Pacquins! Doctors and nurses, too — Pacquins was *created* for hands in water 30 or 40 times a day. Lovely Joan Smith (shown here) needed special hand protection. Her job — engraving marine dials for the *Control Instrument Company, Inc.*; her hands — job-roughened, reddened. Until she learned "Pacquins helps keep hands soft, smooth...gives marvelous comfort such as my hands never knew before." Never greasy. Can't tip or spill. Get Pacquins Hand Cream today!



Pacquins
HAND CREAM



You can make this day come quicker

SOME DAY, in your town, a whistle will start to blow.

Then another. And another.

Bells will start ringing.

People will rush into the streets. Schools will let out. Flags will appear from nowhere, and banners, and bugles, and drums.

Men and women will march through the streets, shouting, cheering, weeping, yelling.

It's over!

The war is over! *Over!* OVER!

And we've won!

Every American knows that some day *this* day will come. But every American can make it come quicker by putting more of himself into the war.

One way to do this is to buy War Bonds. For every dime and dollar you put into Bonds is working to win the war. It's giving our soldiers the guns and tanks and planes they need to fight with. It's giving our Navy the ships they need to shoot from. It's bringing victory nearer.

Think it over!

Even if you're already buying Bonds (and who isn't?) can't you put *more* money into Bonds *today*? Can't you spend more on Bonds this month, and next month, and the month after that—*every* month until the war is over?

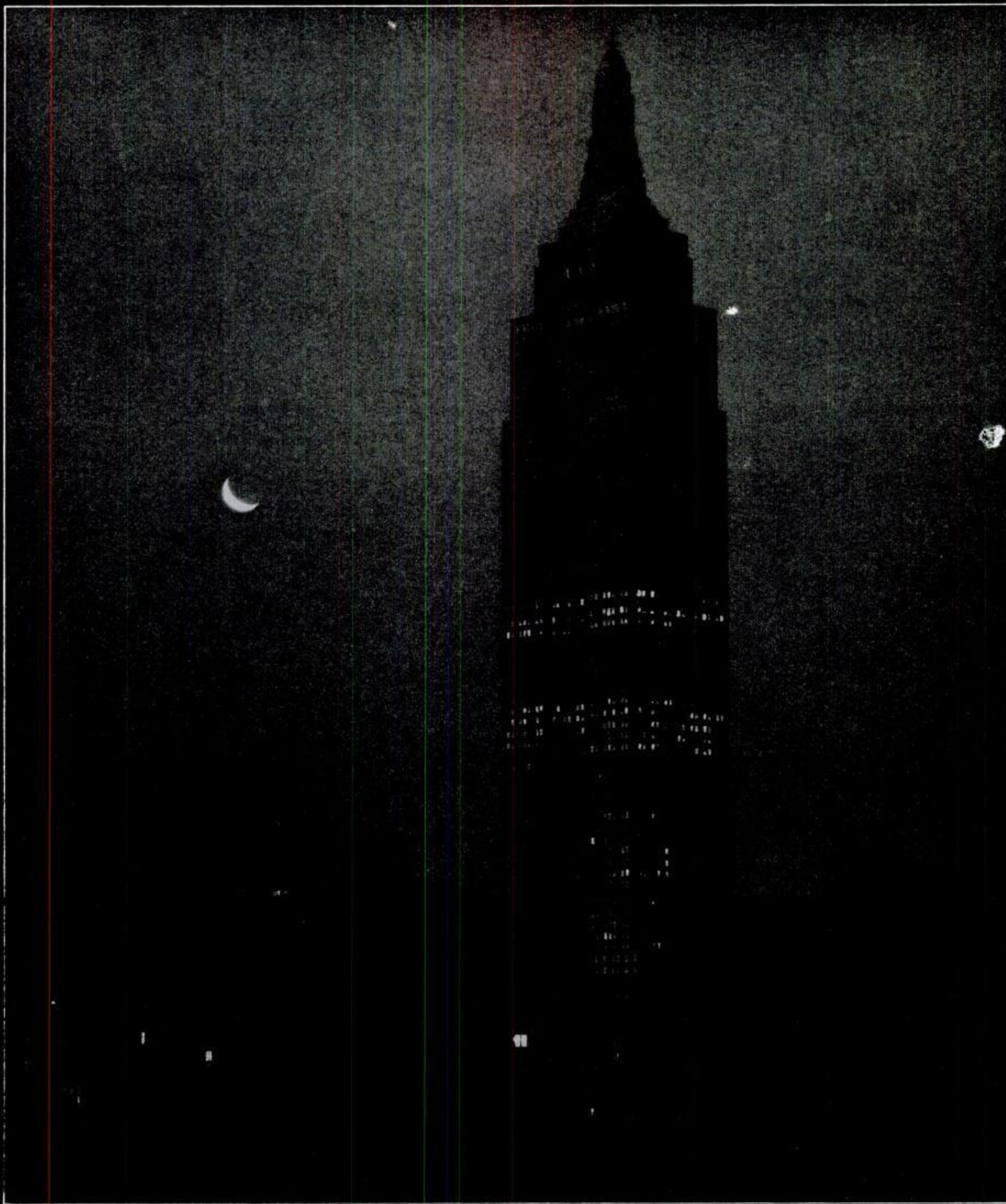
Can't you do just a little bit more to bring victory closer?

This advertisement in behalf of the Treasury's War Bond Campaign is contributed by

PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

MAKERS OF
PHARMACEUTICALS, BIOLOGICALS AND
SURGICAL DRESSINGS

Put at least **10%** of your Earnings in War Bonds

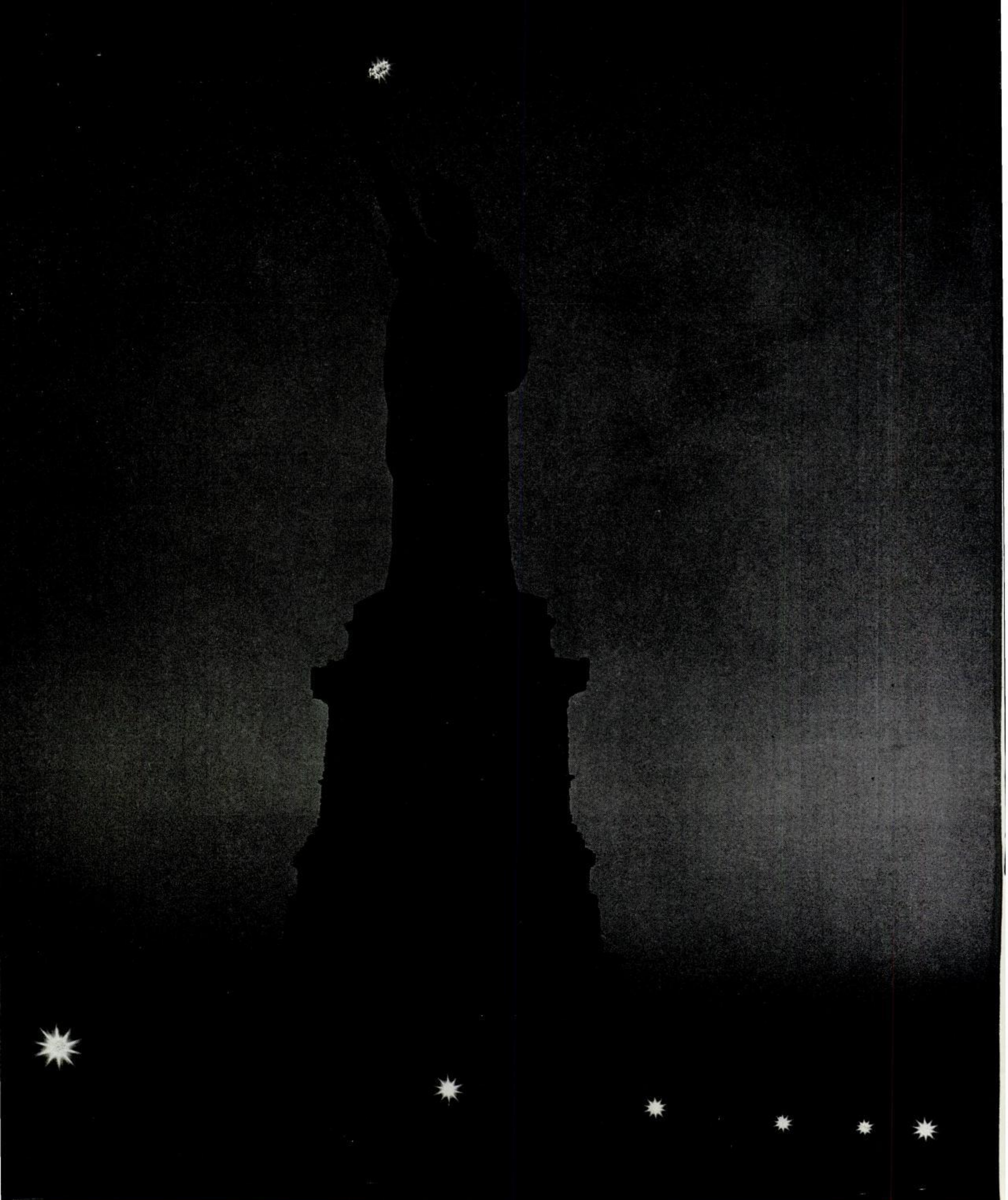


NEW YORK DIMOUT

When dusk drops on New York City, no glare of bright lights now comes on to challenge the darkness. The sparkling skyscraper windows, the shiny strings of street lights, the brazen electric signs are all subdued.

Andreas Feininger, a photographer who loves to show the shapes of cities (*LIFE*, April 14, 1941), here shows New York's wartime dimout. It begins after sundown and is not perfect.

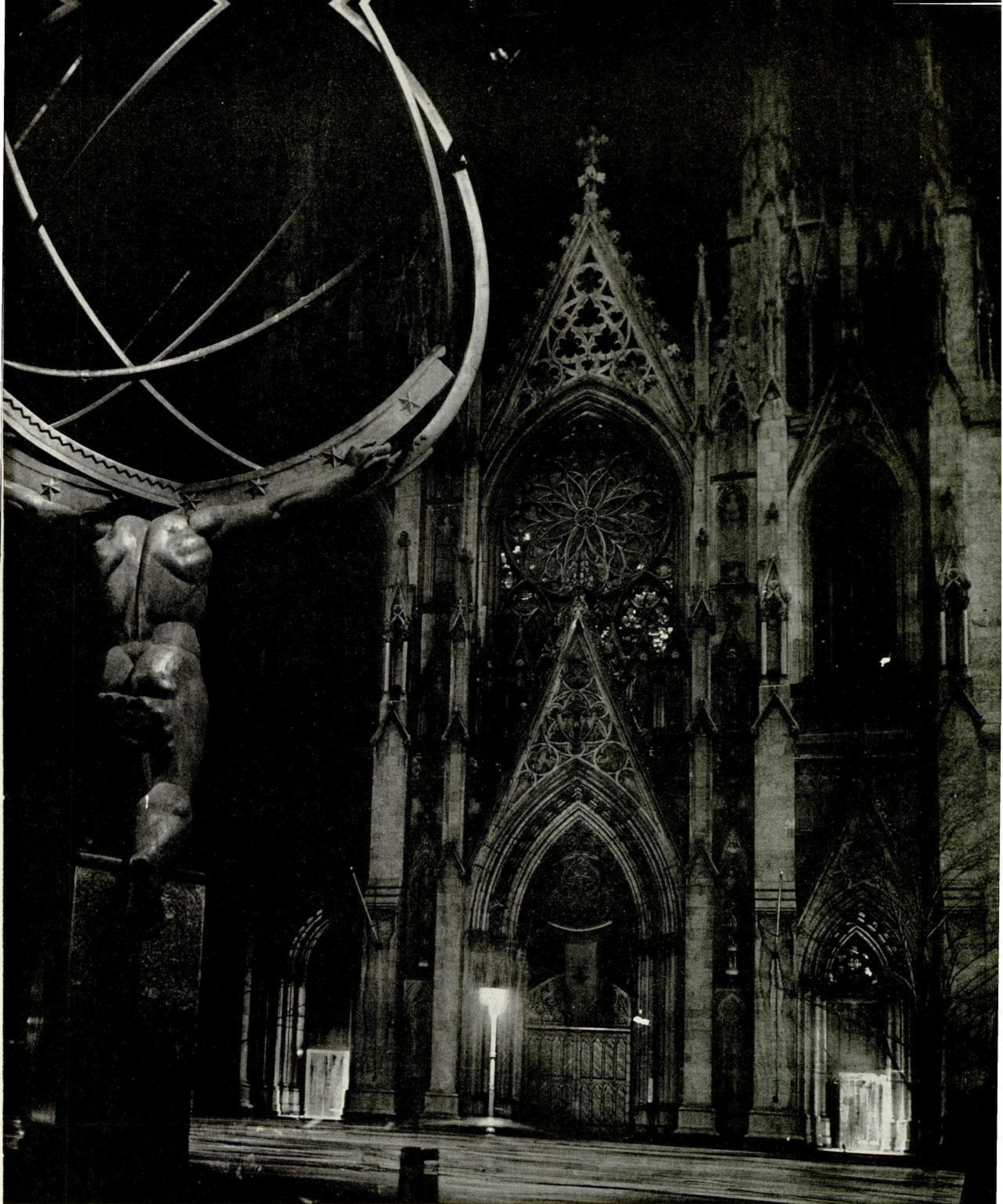
Some windows go unshaded. Some light seeps into the night. But the city is strangely darkened. The thin moon floating beside the Empire State Building has the sky almost to itself. In the streets, taxis move with unaccustomed caution. Along the shadowy sidewalks, where thugs and even assassins skulk, boys and girls walk unabashedly hand in hand. Sometimes, taking courage from the darkness, they even stop in the streets to kiss.



STATUE OF LIBERTY

The lights that once draped the big lady of Bedloe's Island are almost all out. The pier lights along the island's edge still sparkle like little stars. The torch in Liberty's right hand, which once shone with thirteen 1,000-watt lamps, now shines with only two 200-watt lamps. It is kept lighted not as a bright symbol of America but simply as a warning to airplanes.

The ferry commuters churning home at night to Staten Island can still see the Statue of Liberty. Industrial New Jersey is too busy to dim all its lights. As the ferry swings down the channel past the clanging buoys, the statue pivots into the lighted western sky. Then she stands there, not dim and shadowy, but clear and sharp, the way Liberty should always stand.



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL

Scarred by the acid city air, the stones of St. Patrick's Cathedral seem to grow old before their time. The dimout adds centuries to the Cathedral's age. At night its medieval likeness is less disturbed by the buildings around it.

Dimness softens the big church and it glows with gray light. From behind Rockefeller Center's pagan statue of

Atlas holding up the heavens, St. Patrick's is seen by the small doorway lamps and a single Fifth Avenue lamppost. But these are enough to show the stone saints in their niches, the delicate stonework above the intricate doors and windows, the smaller spires pointing up to the two tall towers which rise steeply and fade quickly into the night.

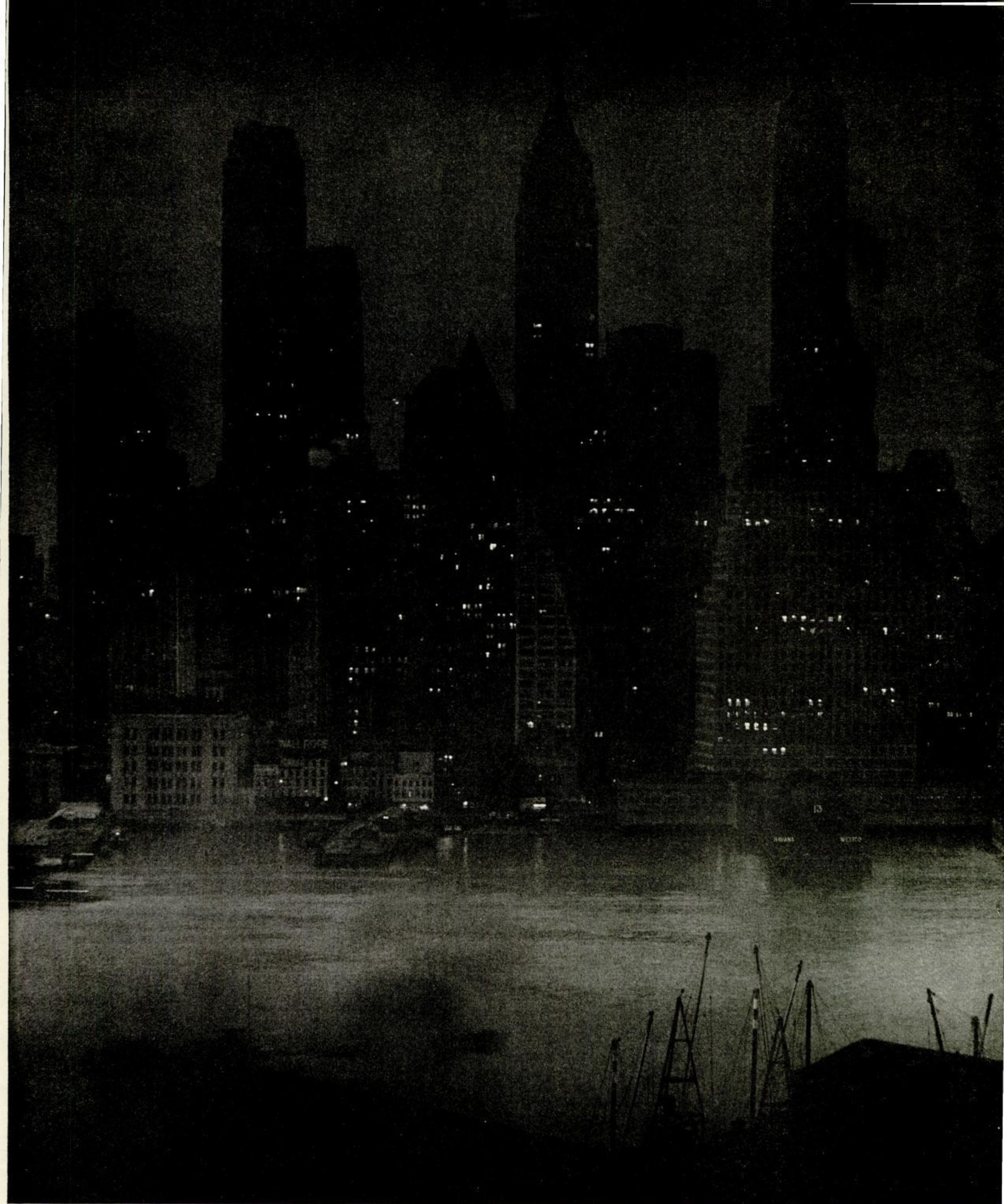


TIMES SQUARE

The dimout betrays Times Square. It no longer looks like a gaudy dream. With its lights gone it looks just like a big street in a big Midwestern city. The buildings, which no one ever saw for the lights, look shabby. The long avenues are cold and cavernous.

Crowds in Broadway movies and theaters and restaurants are bigger than ever but not so many sightseers hang around outside.

They stop sometimes near the Hotel Astor. Sailors stand there, waiting for girls or just looking. There is not much to see. The flowers in the florist shop (*center*) are not what a sailor comes to see in Times Square and even sailors can get a little embarrassed staring at the window of the women's underwear store (*right*) which features black brassieres, statuettes of well-girdled women.



EAST RIVER

New York was dimmed during the last war too. The object then was to save electricity and fuel. This time the dimout will probably save New York City some 62,000,000 kilowatt hours a year, which would cut \$900,000 from the municipal electric-light bill. But the object today is to darken the city and the lightless nights of 1918 were not so black as those today. Usually the downtown skyscrapers, which are seen here

from Brooklyn, stand like light-drenched honeycombs and the East River beneath them seems dark. Today the big skyscrapers are black and the East River gleams by contrast. During the evening, the damp air along its surface turns into a thin mist. The river catches the sky's light, throws it against the buildings. As its dirty water moves along, the river makes a luminous border for the war-darkened island.



THIRTY DAYS AFTER RESCUE Rickenbacker and Reynolds stand outside hospital at Samoa where they were taken

to recuperate. Reynolds, who normally weighs 130 lb., weighed only 90 lb. when picked up. Even after a month of rest and food

he was still skin and bones. Rickenbacker appears to have regained much of weight (also 40 lb.) he lost during the 21 days.

PACIFIC MISSION

PART II: IN WHICH THE NAVY RESCUES SEVEN CASTAWAYS AFTER 21 DAYS' DRIFTING

by CAPTAIN EDWARD V. RICKENBACKER

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As I said, Sergeant Alex died and was buried during the early morning of our 13th day in the rafts. It had been my habit, as soon as it was light enough to see, to count heads in the rafts. Seven (not including myself) was the number fixed in my mind. For the first few days, as I counted automatically, I would discover with a kind of shock that there were only six. Then I would remember. Alex was the seventh.

Alex's death left Lieutenant De Angelis, the navigator, alone in the two-man raft at the end of the line. With me in the middle raft were Colonel Adamson and Private Bartek, both very weak. Captain Cherry, the pilot, Lieutenant Whittaker, the co-pilot, and Sergeant Reynolds were in the leading raft. Bartek now asked De Angelis to change places with him. De Angelis was willing, but he preferred to be with his fellow officers at the head of the rafts. So Sergeant Reynolds came back with me and Adamson, and Bartek shifted to the little raft alone.

Before daylight a morning or two later, I woke up to find the little raft gone. The connecting rope was trailing in the water and, having tied the knot myself, I knew it could not have pulled loose.

At daybreak we saw his raft only a half a mile away, bobbing up and down on a gentle swell. We waved and yelled. Finally Bartek heard us and paddled back, almost reluctantly. I asked what happened. He admitted having untied the line during the night. I have never been able to understand why and, although I asked him directly, he offered no explanation.

My memory may be a little off, but I think we finished the last of the rainwater the evening before Alex died. Another calm spell settled over our piece of the Pacific. The rafts, scarcely moving, lay bunched together, and the sun started to burn our guts out all over again.

We went another 48 hours or so without water. After the last drop had gone, several men were almost raving wild in their thirstiness. There is really no limit to what men will try in their extremity. In the first terrible week we had saved our urine in the empty Very cartridge shells and let it stand for several days, hoping that the sun and air would work a beneficial chemical change. That was my idea. It was a bad one.

A taste of shark meat

We had been without food since we ate the last mackerel on the ninth day. Cherry, who had been fishing patiently, lost the second and last line and hook on a big shark. But before this happened, he had actually hooked a two-foot shark. With Whittaker's help, he managed to hoist it into the raft, where he stabbed it with a knife. Cherry cut the carcass into two pieces, keeping the smaller one for his raft and passing the other back to me, for Adamson, Reynolds and myself, and for Bartek in the little raft.

This week Captain Rickenbacker continues the story of his great adventure in the Pacific. In Part I he told how he set out on a mission for Secretary of War Stimson to inspect American air forces and how, on the flight from Hawaii, the Flying Fortress which carried him was forced down in the sea. He and his seven companions were cast adrift on three small rubber rafts, with no water and nothing to eat but four oranges. Day after day they floated beneath a blistering sun, growing steadily weaker. On the 13th day Sergeant Alex Kaczmarczyk died.

Captain Rickenbacker donated his story to the Army Air Forces Aid Society. Instead of payment, LIFE is happy to join with Rickenbacker in making a contribution to the Society.

I cut off equal pieces for the four. The meat was rubbery and tough; it took all my strength to force the rusty blade through it. Maybe we were more picky than some other castaways, but hungry as we were, no one had stomach for shark meat. It had a foul rancid taste and the two or three of us who chewed and sucked the meat, mostly for the liquid in it, soon spit out the pieces, gagging as we did so. I kept my piece in the boat all day, hoping the sun would cure it and make it palatable, but I simply could not down it. When I offered them another piece, Adamson and Bartek shook their heads. The flesh was beginning to stink, so I threw it overboard, without regret. In a little while I heard a splash—Cherry's half had followed ours.

While trying to stab the shark in the raft, Cherry had driven his knife through the rubberized canvas floor, making a quarter-inch tear, through which water seeped. Because the day was calm, Cherry decided to try to make a patch with the repair kit. In the kit were a tube of glue, a piece of sandpaper, and a small roll of patching material. The problem was to dry the raft bottom so the patch would hold. Cherry and the other two got out of their raft and turned it bottom side up, so that it floated on the inflated roll, leaving an air space underneath. Then they hauled themselves back on the bottom, resting there while the canvas dried.



ON RUBBER RAFTS of this size, Rickenbacker and his men spent 21 days. They had two large rafts and one small, so cramped they had to sprawl over each other.

The patch was a failure—perhaps because the patching material was ruined by salt water. It pulled loose soon after they righted the raft. They never tried another. The rent didn't let in enough water to cause danger, but enough to make them miserable. Unless they bailed frequently, there was always two or three inches of water in the bottom.

Our bodies, our minds, the few things we had with us were slowly rotting away. All the watches except Whittaker's stopped running, as salt-water corrosion froze the works. The compass needle ceased to point and finally rusted hard in the direction in which it had set. The silver coins in my pockets took on a discolored look. The secret orders that Mr. Stimson had given me faded and became unintelligible. The colors and the print came off our only map, which finally stuck together at the folds and could not be opened. But by then I had memorized the position of every island or bit of land of any possible use to us.

Career of a crucifix

In the breast pocket of my coat I have carried, for many years, a little leather case containing a crucifix and three St. Christopher medals. The crucifix was given to me in 1917 when I left with the A. E. F. by a 10-year-old girl, the daughter of a friend. Whenever I flew on the Western front, I always had that case in my flying suit. As the case wore out, I had it replaced—half a dozen times, I'd say. It was with me the night I flew into a hill near Atlanta. And it was with me again on the Pacific. Like all the other metal things, the crucifix and the medals started to corrode and disintegrate. I am not a Catholic and, aside from the sentiment connected with such things, I was certainly under no illusions as to what they could do for me. Yet after all the years, and the good fortune associated with them, I found myself believing, as men will when everything else is going to pieces, that my fate was somehow involved with them.

The watch I had was a gift from the city of Detroit after the other war. It was a fine, expensive timepiece; I valued it for that and other reasons. Yet not to be able to tell the time turned out to be no particular loss. Time, merely as something to keep track of, ceased to be any real concern of ours. One of the men who had a small notebook kept a diary through the first week but as far as I could see he never wrote afterward.

Adamson used to pencil terse notes on the side of the raft, with the date. But by the second week he was satisfied merely to scratch the day. His last note I remember clearly: "Fourteenth day. Rick and I still alive."

Either the 14th night, or the night before, an unexpected and depressing event occurred. After Alex died, I began to despair of Adam-

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It also needs to *avoid* waste of materials in the making of fighting tools.

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Do your share in "getting in the scrap"—and we'll do ours, in this and other instances like it, to get the utmost "fight" out of the materials we work with.

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BUICK WILL BUILD THEM**

BUICK DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

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THE FIRST PLANE APPEARS IN THE DISTANCE ON THE 17TH DAY. RICKENBACKER AND HIS MEN WAVE FRANTICALLY, BUT IT MISSES THEM AND DISAPPEARS INTO A SQUALL

PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

son. The nagging pain in his back, aggravated by salt-water sores, gave him no peace. To my knowledge he never slept deeply. He just slipped off into a permanent semiconsciousness, occasionally broken by feeble gusts of fury and intolerable pain. His feet, legs, arms, wrists and face had been burned to a red pulp and any movement in the raft, however slight, was certain to communicate itself to his back.

Hans Adamson is an old and dear friend. It was a terrible responsibility to sit there and watch the strength go out of him. His clothes were rotting on his back. The colonel's eagles on his tunic were corroded. His uniform shirt and pants were water-stained and coming to pieces. A gray stubble covered his face and his eyes were bloodshot and swollen.

On this particular night I felt the raft give a violent lurch. My first thought was that a shark was attacking. Adamson's body was no longer against mine. His end of the raft was empty. I saw something struggling in the water close by and my hand gripped Adamson's shoulder. He was too heavy for me to hold up alone, but my yells for help brought Cherry and Whittaker up in their raft. We were a long time at it, but we managed to haul him back into the raft.

In the morning Hans had a long lucid interval. We talked about many things, familiar and pleasant things done together, the mission we were on. But from that day on he seldom spoke or asked for anything.

It does us no dishonor to say that we were all becoming a little unhinged. We were unreasonable, at times, in our demands upon one another. Wrathful and profane words were exchanged over nothing at all. Every night the rafts were drawn together for prayer meeting. We continued to read from Bartek's New Testament, now yellowed and stained by salt water. But one or two, who had been most fervent, became backsliders. Because their prayers were not answered within 24 or 48 hours, they condemned the Lord for His failure to save them.

As commander I had final responsibility for the party and the only weapon I had was to brutalize and jar those whose chins sagged too far down on their chests. One man said to me across 20 ft. of water: "Rickenbacker, you are the meanest, most cantankerous so-and-so that ever lived." Some of the things I said could have been

a heavy weight on my conscience. But I felt better after we reached land. Several of the boys confessed that they once swore an oath to live for the sheer pleasure of burying me at sea.

There were occasions when I myself was pretty hard-pressed; when my private store of aches and pains reduced me to something less than a good companion. My legs and hip were rather severely torn in the Atlanta crash. Right up to the time of the Pacific trip I was under regular diathermic and physiotherapeutic treatment. If anyone had told me I could live for 21 days with two other men in a space approximately nine feet by five, I would have said he was crazy.

As I got thinner and thinner, my teeth began to give trouble. The gums seemed to shrink in proportion to the rest of me, and the new front bridgework which my dentist finished a few days before I left turned loose and uncomfortable. My mouth dried out, and under the bridge

the saliva formed an evil-tasting cottony substance that felt like mush. However, by washing the bridge four and five times a day in the ocean, and forcing salt water against the gums with my tongue, I found some relief. Knowing the fix I'd be in if the bridge ever slipped out of my hand, I was extremely cautious about this ceremony—overcautious, in fact. One time it did slip from my hand, but I had it back before it had sunk six inches. For me that was the most frightening moment in the 21 days.

Thus, like the others, I had my difficulties and, I might add, my particular delusions. One was a dream that repeated itself endlessly. It always began with my sighting an island occupied by an old friend with a fine home who was happy to welcome us. There would be breakfast, with an abundance of the fruit juices that I craved, and a telephone with a direct line to Mr. Stimson, who was waiting to hear where we were, so that he could send a plane to pick us up. Then I would wake up in horror, to find myself on the Pacific, with the raft rocking on the swell and the gray mist around.

Both Cherry and I were convinced we were well to the north and west of the convoy and air ferry routes. We tried from time to time to paddle in a southeasterly direction, but the effort taxed us and we gave up. It seemed much more important to conserve our strength.

On the 14th night or so we got a wonderful break. A series of squalls, one behind the other, passed over the rafts. It was a wild night. I doubt if I have ever worked so hard, or to such good effect. When I finished wringing the last shirt and sock dry at dawn, there was a gallon of water in my bailing bucket. Cherry had nearly as much in the Mae West. In the morning and again at noon we had a jigger around. This, with what we had sucked from the clothes before we squeezed the water out, refreshed and heartened us.

But because our last resources were plainly running out, we held council the next afternoon and decided to chance a course that I had steadily held to be risky. Ever since leaving the airplane I had insisted that the rafts stay together. But now I had come to believe that our only hope was for one raft, manned by the strongest three, to try to beat across the current to the southeast. In that direction they stood a better



Help comes at dusk on Nov. 12. A Navy plane circles over Rickenbacker, Adamson and Bartek, drops a flare over the darkened ocean before making landing.

SUSAN TUCKER HUNTINGTON
of New Canaan and New York

Her engagement to Aviation Cadet Warren Albert Stevens was announced September 9th while he was on his last leave. *Her ring (right) is set with an emerald shining either side of the exquisite diamond.*



Only a year ago when she first knew Warren, Susan was happily studying at the Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theatre.

Today—Warren has gone South to train as an Army flyer, and Susan is hard at work at the Delehanty Institute taking the course in "Assembly and Inspection" so she'll be ready to step right into a vital job on an airplane production line.

"Drills, bolts, screws and nuts have a way of leaving grimy smudges on my face," says Susan, "so I'm being *extra* fussy about getting my skin *extra* clean. Pond's Cold Cream suits me just fine. It helps slick off every little speck of machine dirt and grease—and afterwards my face feels soft as a glamour girl's."

Use Pond's yourself—and see *why* Susan says it's "grand." You'll see, too, why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan praise it—why it is used by more women and girls than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.



LEARNING TO DO A JOB THE U. S. NEEDS—At her bench at the Delehanty Institute, Susan drills precisely accurate holes in metal castings—a process she'll use often when she starts her war job. "Warren would be surprised if he could see how mechanically exact I'm getting to be," she says.

**Susan Huntington,
Air Cadet Stevens
Married in Alabama**

Just as this page about Susan's and Warren's engagement was going to press—they were married! Like so many girls engaged to army men these days, Susan's wedding plans were changed almost overnight.

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely! She uses POND'S!

**"SHALL I SEND HIM
YOUR LOVE, TOO?"**

Susan asks Jupiter, wire-haired terrier. After a grimy day in the school shop, it's wonderful to feel feminine again. Susan, in her sweet pink negligee, is bewitching—with her big dark eyes, and flower-*lovely* Pond's complexion.



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Pond's Lotion
(Danya)



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- soften hands in one application
- give busy hands a whiter, sweeter look
- relieve irritated chapping quickly



**COPY SUSAN'S SOFT-SMOOTH
COMPLEXION CARE...**

Use Pond's Cold Cream as she does—*every night* and for daytime clean-ups.

First, Susan smooths Pond's all over her face and throat. She pats gently, with brisk little pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well. Next, Susan "rinses" with *more* soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream and tissues it all off again. "My face feels *grand*," she says—"so soft and so clean."

It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!



RICK AND BARTEK ARE LOWERED INTO RAFT FROM PLANE TO WHICH THEY HAD BEEN LASHED. RICK THEN PADDED RAFT TO PT BOAT WHICH TOOK HIM AND BARTEK ASHORE

PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

chance to fall in with a transport plane or a ship; and if they were lucky enough to be picked up alive, they would direct the search for us. Cherry agreed to go, and Whittaker and De Angelis, who were in better shape than any of the others, also volunteered. I gave them most of the water, and the last oar in the little raft.

They set out in the early afternoon. Or I should say they tried to set out. They untied the line and paddled off. The sea was flat, but there was a slight headwind. Hours later they were still in sight, not more than a mile away, perhaps less. Watching, I could see two men paddling while the third rested. Long after the sun had set, I saw their shadows rising on the swell. Then I lost them in the night mist.

When day came and I hauled myself over Reynolds' back for a look around I saw they were only a short distance away, sleeping. Presently they paddled back, exhausted. Cherry said it was a physical impossibility to force the raft against the current and that little breeze. This was a heavy disappointment to all of us, but in an odd way the incident marked a turning point in our fortunes. Thereafter we were never without water. The skies clouded over, and there were few hours during the day or night when rain squalls were not chasing across the horizon.

We also invented a storage system for water. I hated to leave it in the bailing bucket on the bottom of the raft because there was always the risk of knocking it over. And the loss by evaporation during the heat of the day could be very heavy. The idea of using the Mae West lifejacket, which I wore, occurred to me. This had two double compartments, filled with carbon dioxide, each closed by a bicycle valve.

I let out the gas and, taking a mouthful at a time from the bailing bucket, forced the water down a narrow tube past the valve into the compartment. This took a long time—perhaps 15 to 20 minutes to transfer a quart. All the while the boys had their eyes fixed on my Adam's apple, watching for a convulsive jerk. The honor system has seldom been put to a more severe test, and I

can't blame the others for being suspicious. One night I heard one man muttering to a companion that while it only took a count of three for Rick-enbacker to fill his mouth from the bucket, it took a count of 16 for him to transfer the mouthful to the jacket.

The three used Very shells that we had saved served as drinking cups. They were about six inches long and perhaps an inch and a quarter wide. There was one in each raft. Proving how far men will go in adapting themselves to hard conditions, we also urinated in them since we dared not stand up in the raft. (Throughout the 21 days, even when we were without water, our kidneys functioned almost normally. On the other hand, I do not recall that anyone had a single bowel movement.)

Mackerel jump into the boats

With water we also gained a little food, by a great stroke of luck. One night in the third week, there was a tremendous splashing all around the boat. It was pitch dark, but the water blazed with zigzagging phosphorescent streaks. We could hear heavy bodies hitting the water terrific smacks.

A pack of sharks had hit a school of mackerel with the rafts in the middle of the slaughter. The terrified mackerel shot out of the water like star shells. One landed in my raft and I fell on him before he could flop out. Simultaneously another landed in Cherry's boat and was bagged. They provided food for two days. It was our first in nearly a week.

Cherry was the only one who could claim to have been hurt by a shark; and this was by mistake. One night we were all aroused by a blood-curdling shriek. There was a God-awful thrashing around in the forward raft and finally I heard Cherry yelling, "A damn shark came up and hit me and broke my nose."

We pulled the boats together and from Cherry's misery it was plain that he had been hit a hard wallop. Blood was streaming down his

face and shirt. Whittaker made him lie down while he heaped wet handkerchiefs over his nose. This stopped the bleeding and, after the pain eased, Cherry decided that his nose hadn't been broken after all. He had only the foggiest idea how it happened. He was stretched across the raft, with the upper half of his body across the inflated bulge, and while asleep he must have rolled out, just far enough for a shark to reach him with a flick of the tail.

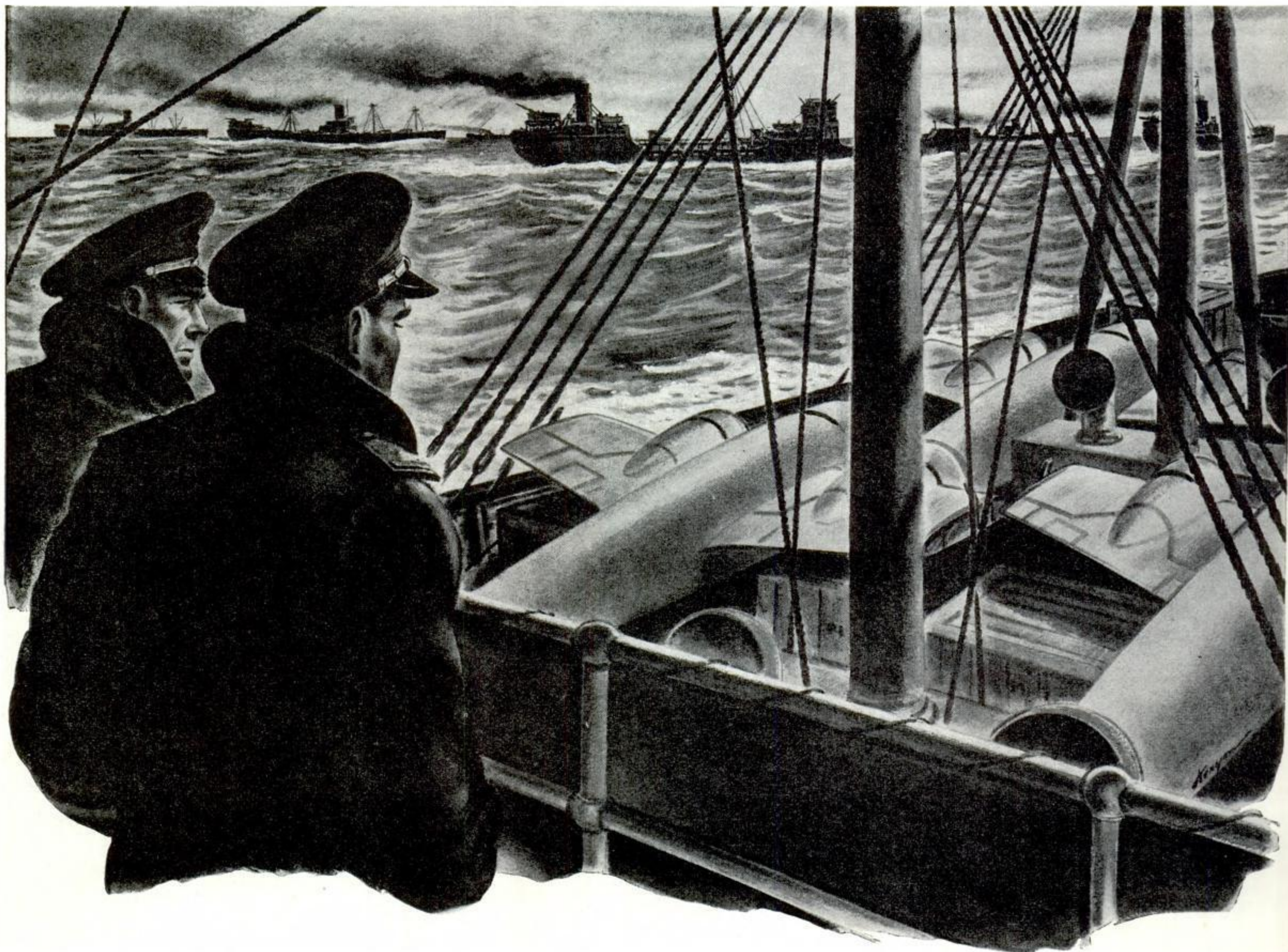
The 17th day brought the first tantalizing hint that we had finally drifted within the reach of assistance. We had been through several days and nights of squally weather which blew us in all directions. The rafts had taken a pounding and the interminable slap-slap of the waves, the everlasting pitching and swaying, had left us sleepless, exhausted and miserable. I would wring rainwater from clothes until my fingers turned stiff and useless. Then I would rest and wring some more. The reserve in the Mae West grew steadily; it had a fine heft when I lifted it. And we were drinking three jiggers a day per man.

This particular afternoon was heavily overcast; the sea was quite rough, with whitecaps, and I was worrying about the strain on the connecting lines. I saw Cherry in the raft ahead sit up, cock his head. Then he shouted back, "I hear a plane. Listen!"

In a few minutes we all saw an airplane off to the left. It came out of a squall, flying low and fast, about five miles away. Bartek was back in my raft that day. He stood up while I held him, and waved his arms and shouted until he slid out of my arms and fell exhausted across the raft.

The seven of us yelled our lungs out. The plane came no nearer. It was a single-engine pontoon job. I doubt that we had it in sight more than three or four minutes. It was too far off for us to make out its markings. A squall moved in between and we did not see it again. The yelling stopped and for a long time no one talked. My throat hurt from shouting so much.

Yet just to see that airplane was a terrific



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Into every piece of that equipment go all our "know-how," all our skill, all our determination to *do our share* in this war—and if possible, a little more.

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PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

stimulus. It was the first outside sign of human life visible to us in two and a half weeks. Here at last was proof that land was close by, or at least a ship capable of catapulting such an airplane. Only the sick men slept that night. Cherry, Whittaker, De Angelis and I talked steadily across the rafts.

On the 18th day, again in the afternoon, we saw two more airplanes of the same type, flying close together, perhaps six miles away. We waved our shirts but did not shout, knowing it was useless. On the 19th day, in the morning, there were four more airplanes, first a pair to the north, then another to the south, perhaps 4,000 ft. high. First the strong resonant note of the engines came from below the horizon; then we saw the planes themselves; then we watched them disappear. The sound lingered after they had gone.

That afternoon no airplanes appeared and somehow the fear took hold of us that perhaps we had gone past the land, perhaps we had drifted through a string of islands and were moving into the open Pacific. Being picked up, quite obviously, was going to be a chance in a million. We had assumed that an airplane with a vigilant crew could not miss the bright yellow rafts. Now we knew otherwise. In a rough sea the rafts must be just flecks against the whitecaps.

Yet this should have been our best time. We had water in reserve and we also had food. In the early morning, in the gray half-light before dawn, hundreds and hundreds of finger-length fish, resembling sardines, collected around the rafts. With practice and diligence, we learned how to scoop them up. The trick was to bring your hand from behind and pin them with a quick move against the raft. But for every one landed, a hundred were lost. Through the last three days we must have caught between 20 and 30. They were divided, share and share alike, and the fishes were still wriggling when we bit into them. I crunched them and downed them whole.

Cherry goes off alone

We come to the evening of the 20th day—about 6 o'clock. Cherry and De Angelis were arguing. I paid no attention until a phrase, louder than the others, came across the little stretch of water. It was the first inkling of what was afoot. Captain Cherry wanted De Angelis to give up his place in the little raft. "Why do you want it, Cherry?" I asked. He answered, "I'm going to try to make land. Staying together is no good. They'll never see us this way."

I told Cherry then he was wrong, and I still think he was wrong, despite the fact he was the first to be picked up. We argued back and forth between the rafts for at least an hour. My point was that he had no way of telling which was the best direction to take. The various airplanes had appeared in the north, south, east and west. And if they couldn't see three rafts bunched together, what chance did they have of seeing one? But Cherry was insistent. He argued that our only chance was to scatter. Yet he left the decision to me, saying: "I won't go unless you agree it is all right for me to."

I realized that no good would come out of prolonging the argument. De Angelis paddled past us in the little raft, transferred to the lead raft, and Cherry took his place. I wished Captain Cherry well and said so long. He had some water in his Mae West so I was not worried on that account. He drifted off alone, carried by the swell and a slight breeze.

Whittaker and De Angelis watched the receding raft with increasing nervousness. I heard them saying that maybe Cherry was right and there was nothing to be gained by staying together. They too decided to go off. I remonstrated with them as I had with Cherry. I was angry now. "What about Reynolds?" I said. "You haven't asked him." They couldn't ask him, Reynolds was too sick, too weak, to understand.

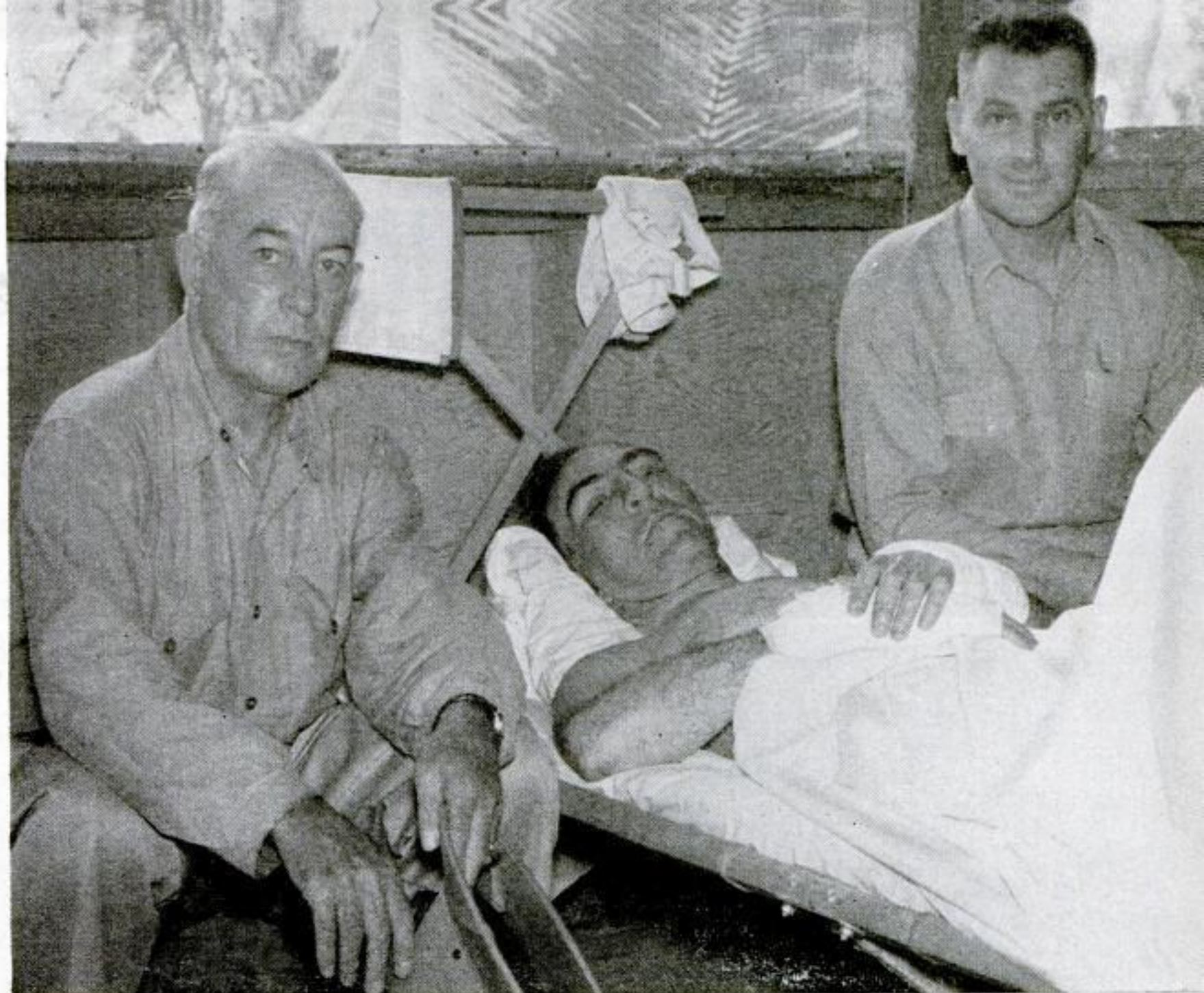
I gave in again. The talk had worn me down.

Cherry was almost out of sight when Whittaker cast off the line. Both rafts were out of sight before night fell. Now there were three of us—Adamson, Bartek and myself. Adamson and Bartek were more dead than alive. They hadn't been drawn into the arguments of the afternoon. I doubt that they even heard what was said. They were crunched up at opposite ends of the raft.

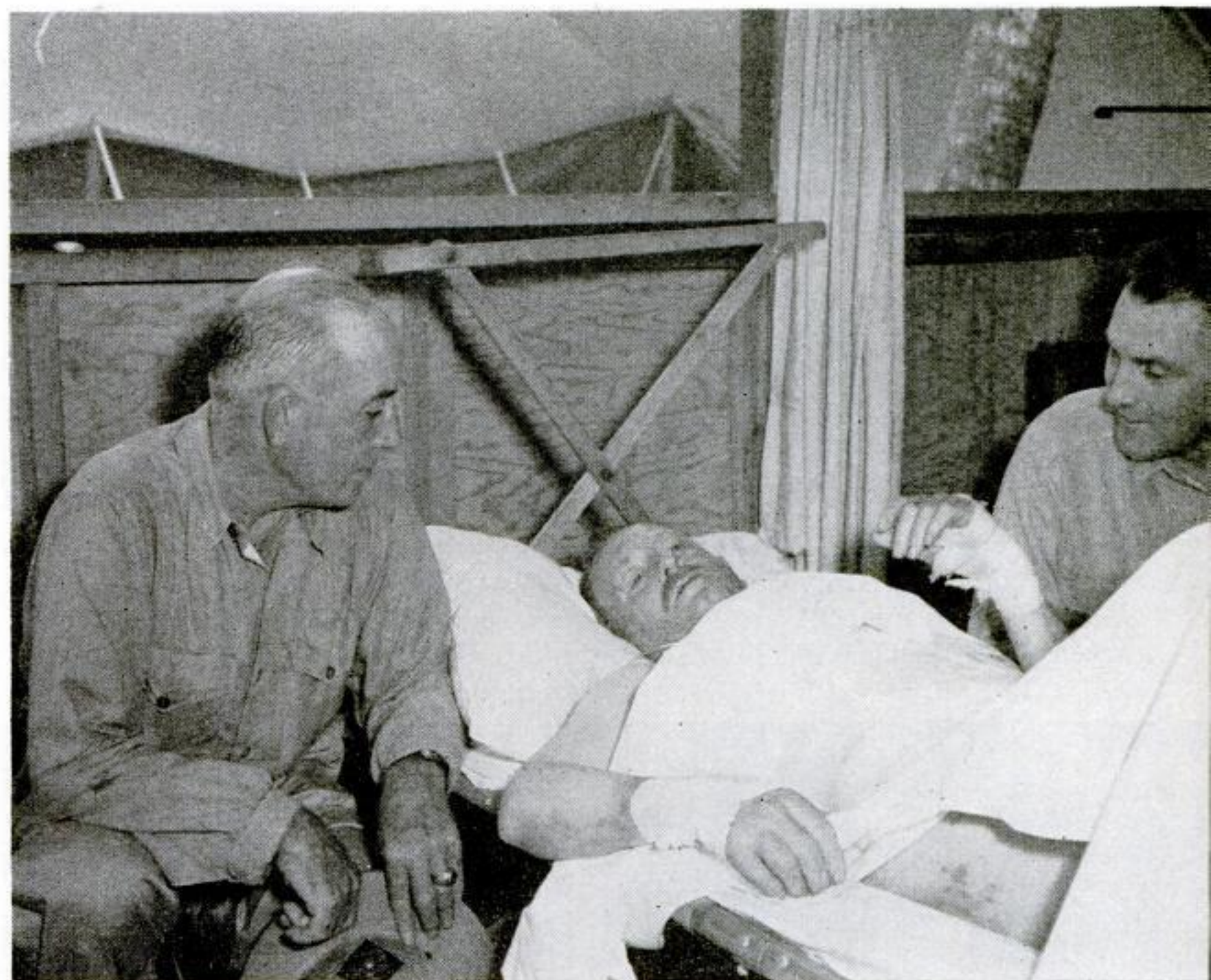
I was terribly worried that night. If we had indeed drifted past land, our chances of holding out much longer were damn poor. I had perhaps two quarts and a pint of water in the Mae West. Half of this, in one compartment, was good sweet water. The rest was dubious, being from the first wringing of the soaked rags. To be sure of getting rid of all the salt in the rags, we had at first thrown away the first pint or so, after using it to rinse out the bailing bucket and the Very "cups." However, a sip convinced me this water was drinkable and thereafter I frugally transferred the first water of a rain to the inside compartment of the Mae West. This became the emergency supply. The product of subsequent wringings went into what I called the "sweet water" chamber. This provided the regular ration.

On the 21st morning I woke from a particularly pleasant version of

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



AFTER HIS RESCUE, Rickenbacker lies in a hospital erected in three days for his and his companions' use by crew of Navy men unskilled in carpentry. With him at left is Captain Leech, commander of the Marines at the South Sea island base. Rick's hands are bandaged for sunburn.



COLONEL ADAMSON rests on another cot. Below: two of the three rafts. Cherry was found in smaller one. Whittaker, De Angelis and Reynolds beached other one on landing. Rick gave his to crew of PT boat as memento. "Mae West" jacket in smaller raft was used to store rainwater.



See Barbara Stanwyck in the Hunt Stromberg Production
"LADY OF BURLESQUE," released through United Artists

Barbara Stanwyck works at Canteen



SHE'S IN THE ARMY NOW! Barbara Stanwyck is a hard-working member of the Volunteer Army Canteen Service (VACS to you). Right now you see her catching a moment's rest—playing gin rummy with the boys. As usual, when she takes time-out to relax, she enjoys a bottle of Royal Crown Cola.



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SCREEN WORK and war work are tough jobs to combine. That's another reason Barbara Stanwyck goes for Royal Crown Cola... it gives her a lift and a fresh start. "When I want a 'quick-up,'" she adds, "I go for Royal Crown Cola."

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Barbara Stanwyck prefers
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Best by Taste-Test!



PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

my usual dream. I issued the morning jigger of water, but Adamson and Bartek were almost too weak to raise their heads to drink. As I measured the water into the shell, my hand trembled so much I spilled some. Part of Bartek's ration ran down his chin, and I had to give him more to make up for it. After two hours of scooping, I caught several more of the little fishes. But I was nervous and impatient and my hand moved with exasperating clumsiness.

The sky had cleared during the night and after the sun got up it turned terribly hot. I watched for seaweed and debris—anything suggestive of land. But the ocean was bare. Even the gulls were absent. Some time during the morning Bartek emerged briefly from his coma and asked: "Have the planes come back?"

I said, "No, there haven't been any since day before yesterday."

He seemed to have difficulty understanding this. Then he mumbled "They won't come back. I know. They won't come back." He said that over and over again.

"Listen, Captain—planes!"

Yet it was Bartek who first heard the planes when they returned late in the afternoon. I am quite sure that I was awake, but my senses must have been dulled, because Bartek pulled at my shirt and whispered, "Listen, Captain—planes! They're back. They're very near."

There were two airplanes approaching from the southeast. Adamson and Bartek were too weak to stand themselves, or to hold me up. Sitting down, I waved as hard as I could with my old hat. The planes, only a few hundred yards off the water, passed within a couple of miles and disappeared into the setting sun. My first elation was swallowed up in despair. Night was only a few hours away. This was our last chance.

Half an hour later we heard them again, much closer. They came directly out of the sun, straight for us. The first dived right over the raft. We yelled like maniacs. The plane was so low that I could see the pilot's expression. He was smiling and waving. Not until then did I look at the insignia. It was the U. S. Navy and gratitude and happiness filled me. I waved and waved, out of a half-crazy notion that the pilot must be made to understand we were not three dead men on a raft.

The first airplane made a full circle around the raft, then set off after the other. They disappeared into the direction from which they first had come. Like the others, they were single-engine pontoon jobs.

Bartek kept asking, "Are they coming back? Are they coming back?" I said yes, they know where we are and they are certainly coming back. My idea was that they had returned to some island base to report and a PBY flying boat would be sent to pick us up. In fact, I worked out half a dozen reasons to account for their leaving us. But, as it turned out, I overlooked the obvious one—they were short of gas.

As the minutes dragged, my confidence weakened. The sun was going down fast, and a dangerous-looking squall was making up in the south. About three-quarters of an hour later the same two airplanes reappeared, skirting the squall. While still a mile or so off, they veered off into a low cloud and vanished. Obviously they had lost us again. But a few minutes later they burst out of the heart of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39



LIEUTENANT W. F. EADIE, 29, of Evanston, Ill., was pilot of rescue plane.



L. H. BOUTTE, 22, of Abbeville, La., the plane's radioman, sighted first raft.



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FAMOUS SINCE 1894
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PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

the squall, headed directly for the raft. They must have seen us instantly, because they glided down and circled. Then one plane went off, while the other stayed overhead.

He circled, circled, circled. I waved and waved and waved. Never have I known myself to possess such strength, showing what mind can do over matter.

The eastern horizon was already quite dark. I wondered what program the pilot had in mind, whether he was waiting for someone else, or planned to land and pick us up himself. The sun finally set, but he just went on circling and the fear took hold that now he would have to return to his base and we would be in for another night on the raft, and if this squall caught us, God knows where we would be blown by morning. I couldn't understand why he didn't land.

Only a little light was left in the western sky when a white flare flamed below the plane. A minute later the pilot fired another—a red one. The reason for the circling now became clear. The pilot was waiting for a boat. Far off on the southern horizon two lights blinked a code signal.

The plane lands beside us

The plane straightened out and made a cautious landing on the darkened sea. Fortunately, it was smooth, except for a long swell. After taxiing within a few yards, the pilot shut off the engine. I paddled up and caught hold of the pontoon. The radioman climbed down to help me. The pilot joined him and I remember thinking how clean and handsome they were, how proud I was to have them as countrymen.

They introduced themselves—Lieutenant Eadie (W. F. Eadie of Evanston, Ill.) and Radioman Boutte (L. H. Boutte of Abbeville, La.). Eadie said a PT boat was on its way to take us in. But he went on to say that he didn't want to show another light, since there might be Japs in the vicinity. So rather than wait, he proposed that we taxi into the base, which he said was 40 miles away.

I told the lieutenant that first we had to dispose of a piece of unfinished business. The afternoon before, after the others had gone off, I had made this deal with Bartek and Adamson: the moment we knew we were safe, all the water in the Mae West was to be divided. They were to have all the sweet water and I the "tainted." This would give me twice as much water, but they were all for it.

I opened the valve in the Mae West and poured the sweet water into the bailing bucket for Adamson and Bartek. There was enough to give each a pint. While they were drinking, I unscrewed the other valve, lifted the tube to my lips and drank to the last drop. I must have had nearly a quart. It was salty all right, but if there had been a gallon I would have taken it.

Lieut. Eadie meanwhile gave us the good news about the others. Captain Cherry had been sighted the afternoon before about 25 miles away by a Navy plane on routine evening patrol, piloted by Lieutenant Frederick E. Woodward of Davenport, Iowa. With him was the same radioman who was with Eadie, and he was first to sight the raft.

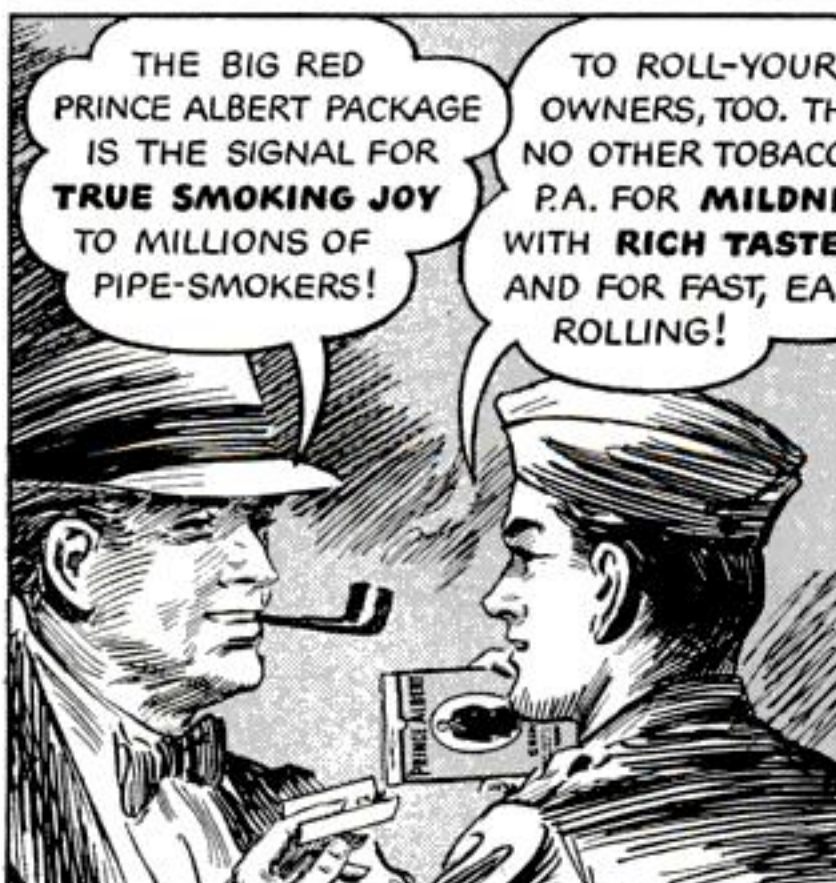
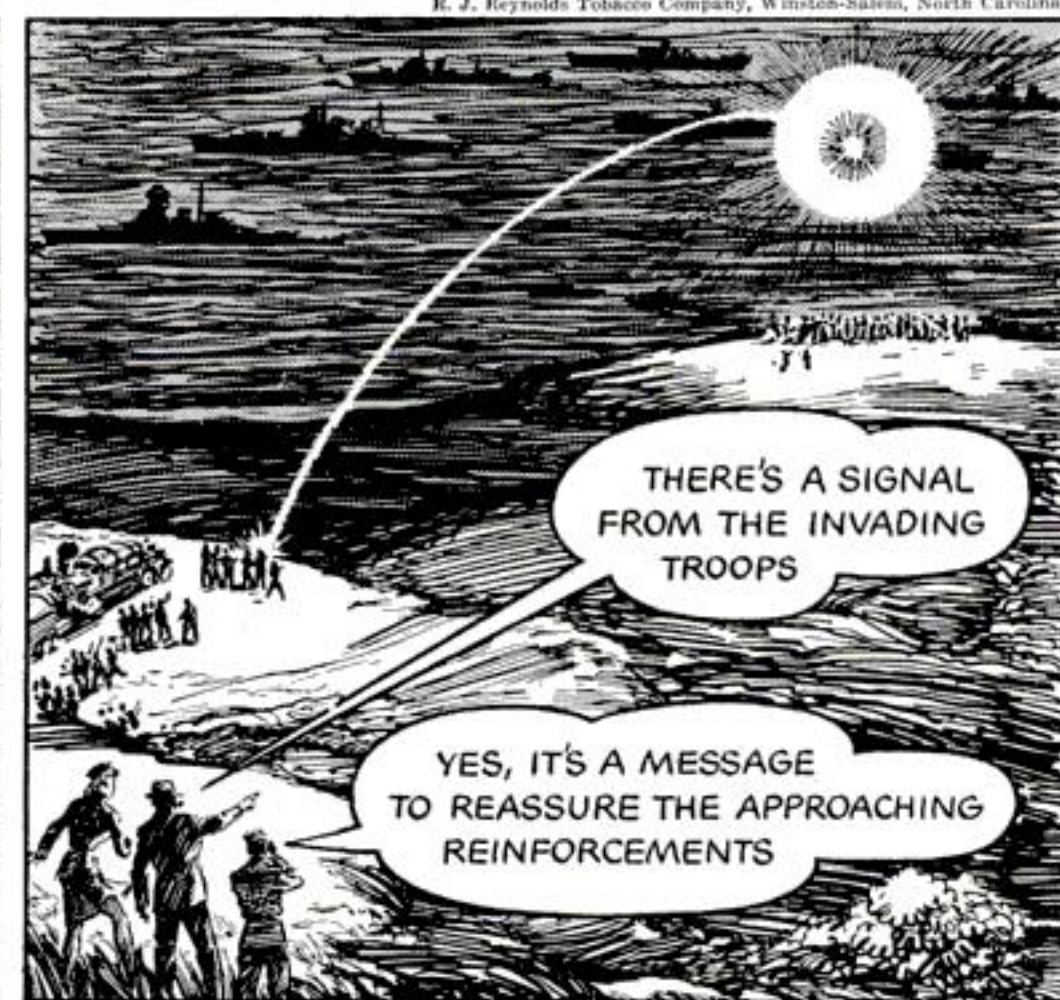
Luckily for Cherry, a PT boat was nearby. Cherry, not knowing where we had drifted during the night, was able to give only vague directions as to our likely position. Every available plane was put in the air and in the midst of the search a radio call from a nearby island informed the base that natives had seen three castaways on the beach of an uninhabited island several miles away. This news was supplied by an English missionary who had a small radio transmitter, and presumably it accounted for Whittaker, De Angelis and Reynolds. A doctor had already been dispatched to them in an airplane.

We were really the lucky ones. Our raft, during the night, drifted through the chain of islands, into the open sea. The next landfall was hundreds of miles away. There is, of course, no way of telling how far we drifted during the 21 days. My guess is between 400 and 500 miles. Unknowingly, we had drifted across the International Date Line, losing a day. By our calendar we were picked up Wednesday, Nov. 11—or Thursday, Nov. 12 by the pilot's. We were then a few hours into our 22nd day.

After we had finished the water, Eadie and Boutte hoisted Adamson 8 ft. into the cockpit. The plane had room for only one passenger and I took it for granted that Eadie would leave Bartek and me behind. So I said to Lieutenant Eadie, "Would you mind waiting until the PT does come up? I don't want them to miss us in the dark."

Eadie said calmly, "Why, Captain Eddie, you fellows are going too."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

I looked at the cockpit. "Where?" He smiled and said, "On the wing."

Eadie had the strength of Hercules. With Boutte's help, he hauled Bartek to the wing, lifted him over the cockpit and sat him on the right wing with his legs hanging over the leading edge. In that position he was tied securely to the wing and cockpit. I was boosted to the left wing and tied in the same way. I was deeply impressed by these two young Navy fliers. They knew their business, they asked no foolish questions. All that we could say was "This is heaven" and "Thank God" and "God bless the Navy."

I don't know how long we taxied—perhaps half an hour. It was pitch-dark and with the propeller wash battering my eyelids I couldn't see much anyway. Presently the shadow of a PT boat loomed up ahead. Eadie cut the engine and drifted within hailing distance. After a three-cornered argument involving him, the skipper of the PT boat and myself, it was arranged that Bartek and I be transferred and that Adamson continue in the plane, rather than be put to the discomfort of another change.

It was no hardship for me to change. I knew there'd be water and food—but water, above all—on the boat. They lowered Bartek and me back into the raft, and I paddled across to the boat. Planting my feet upon an American deck was the next-best thing to being home. The crew gave us a cheer. It bucked us up no end, but we hardly deserved it. There's no great honor attached to saving your own skin.

Bed rolls and blankets were laid out. Bartek fell asleep instantly, but all the excitement made me wakeful. Moreover, the salty water I had drunk stimulated a bowel action that took me to the toilet. My legs were rusty after days and nights of just sitting. Nevertheless, by holding on to things I managed to get to the washroom.

Enough water at last

Water was the only thing on my mind. One of the men led me into a cabin where I downed four China mugs of water in quick succession. The skipper, who was barely half my age, became alarmed. "Aren't you overdoing it?" he asked. I said yes, maybe too much water would be bad. So I had a couple of mugs of pineapple juice and a mug of hot beef broth, one after the other.

By this time we were at the base, and a beaching boat had come alongside. A Colonel Fuller, the ranking doctor, appeared with several pharmacist's mates. They had two stretchers, on which they lowered Bartek and me to the other boat. A few minutes later the keel crunched on the beach. We were carried across the beach and down a road, under the most beautiful palm trees I have ever seen. The moon was shining through the clouds, the air was warm—it was a lovely evening.

They took us into a little one-story hospital, with eight or ten cots in a single room. Colonel Fuller said proudly it had just been built and we were the first patients. My clothes literally came apart as they undressed me. As soon as they put me to bed, I demanded water. The colonel turned to the pharmacist's mate and directed him to give me two ounces every two hours. I said I wanted it in a bucket, not a medicine dropper. "If you drink too much," the colonel said, "the after-effects could be quite serious." I told him what I had had on the PT boat. "All the more reason," he said severely. "Two ounces every two hours."

That was all I got and that night I was literally afire. I thirsted as I never had the worst day on the raft. The salt in the water I had drunk was doubtless responsible.

I slept badly. The burns on my wrists, neck and face, the loathsome sores that covered my legs, thighs and bampus were plastered with healing compounds, but they hurt now as they never hurt on the raft. My old dream repeated itself, but with a nightmarish twist at the end. I was again in that fine house, eating and drinking with gluttonous pleasure. Then the dream dissolved and I woke almost in terror, imagining the raft was rocking and swinging under me, and mistaking the moonlight through the windows for the ocean mist.

In the morning I was aroused by a fearful hammering and pounding. I was told that a new and bigger hospital was being built a short distance away. Cherry was brought in that day and on the following day, Whittaker and De Angelis arrived. After being picked up, they had all been taken aboard a Navy tender. Poor Reynolds, however, had to be left behind. In his weakened condition the doctors were afraid to move him. I found I had lost 40 lb. on the raft. Adamson and Cherry, both heavier than I to start with, had each lost 55 lb.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

RITE-LENGTH SLIP

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By Nancy Lee

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'Aren't you the guy who told me not to waste?'

1. **BETH:** Listen, you've been picking on me to save fat and scrap and what not. But I notice you've been tossing out practically new shirts. Is *that* saving?

BILL: What can I do? My shirts shrink up on me. You wouldn't want me to go around with my neck in a sling, would you?



2. **BETH:** It might look good on you. Say, how about craning that precious neck of yours and looking at this label? It explains why *my* things always fit right.

BILL: Hmm. "Sanforized," it says. So what? All my shirts are pre-shrunk. I always ask the clerk about it.



3. **BETH:** 'Tain't the same. "Sanforized" means the fabric won't shrink more than 1%—according to government standard tests. I've had to buy very few new things recently, because the things I've got keep fitting perfectly. So there!

BILL: Now, don't get in a pet, pet. You see, I just thought—

Look for the "Sanforized" label on all washables made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon. It's your assurance that the fabric can't shrink more than 1% in men's and women's work clothes... men's shirts, shorts, pajamas... women's sportswear, housedresses, slips... children's washables... slip covers and draperies.

**AVOID WASTE...GET PERMANENT FIT...
LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL**



4. **BETH:** Well, just think about this. Whenever you or I have to replace a shirt or a dress, it takes valuable material and work-hours to do it. So if you really must get new shirts, try to get 'em with the "Sanforized" label. Now promise!

BILL: I promise—on a stack of ration books.

•SANFORIZED•

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Checked standard of the trade-mark owner

The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on "Compressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by licensed users of the mark.

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Famous Highs by C.A. Voight



Clock high!

YOU COULD TAKE A FERRIS-WHEEL RIDE ON THE MINUTE HAND OF THE **WORLD'S LARGEST** CLOCK, BECAUSE IT'S ALMOST 40 FEET LONG! WHICH REMINDS US IT'S HIGH TIME YOU DISCOVERED THE AMAZING SMOOTHNESS OF **TEN HIGH**, THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"



Aquaplane high!

AQUAPLANING IS ROUGH GOING, BUT ONE MAN MANAGED TO STAY ON THE BUCKING BOARD FOR A **RECORD** OF 10 HOURS! FOR THE EASIEST KIND OF GOING, WE REFER YOU TO THE SMOOTH, **ALL-BOURBON** FLAVOR OF TODAY'S **TEN HIGH**!

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A new high
in whiskey smoothness!



Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of **TEN HIGH** there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of **TEN HIGH** is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of **TEN HIGH** may sometimes be delayed.

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

Whittaker and De Angelis had a hair-raising tale to tell. The morning after they left us, they saw palm trees a long way off to the north. Whittaker said he rowed for hours. Every approach to the island was guarded by reefs, over which the surf broke heavily, but they took a chance and rode the breakers to the beach. Too weak to walk, Whittaker and De Angelis crawled on their hands and knees, dragging Reynolds between them.

After propping Reynolds against a palm tree, they searched the underbrush for food and water. A short distance away they found a partly finished hut and the half-finished hull of a canoe, carved from the trunk of a coconut tree. The canoe had collected considerable rainwater. They skimmed off the dead bugs and drank to their bellies' content. The rubbish was infested with rats. They got close enough to one to club it to death, and devoured it raw. Afterward some natives arrived in a canoe and took them to an island several miles away. Here they were cared for by the English missionary until the Navy doctor arrived.

That same afternoon a flying boat brought two doctors in from Samoa—a Captain Jacobs of the Marine Corps and a Lieut. Commander Durkin of the Navy. They gave us a careful going over and decided that all of us, except Bartek, should fly back with them to Samoa. Bartek was still too sick to be moved. As for Reynolds, the last word was that it would be best for him to remain on the tender. Adamson had failed to bounce back as rapidly as the rest and the doctors deliberated some time over the wisdom of moving him. They finally decided to chance it, since the base hospital at Samoa was much better equipped to take care of him. It was a good thing they did. Had they left Hans there, I am sure he would have died before another week was out.

In three flying boats we took off early Monday morning. I was mighty glad to be on my way, but I was also sorry to leave my friends on the island. My affection went beyond the fact they had done so many wonderful things for us. I liked their spirit, the conscientious way they went about their patrols, and I liked the way they put up that hospital. College men for the most part, pharmacist's mates by Navy grade, few of them knew anything about carpentry. But they put up that hospital in three days. They were up before dawn and they worked until dark. There's no 40-hour week on that island.

NEXT WEEK: PART III OF "PACIFIC MISSION" by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker



DE ANGELIS AND WHITTAKER (top to bottom) sit on floor of the landing barge which took them to hospital. Rick and they were in best shape of the seven survivors.

REALLY GOES AFTER DIRT



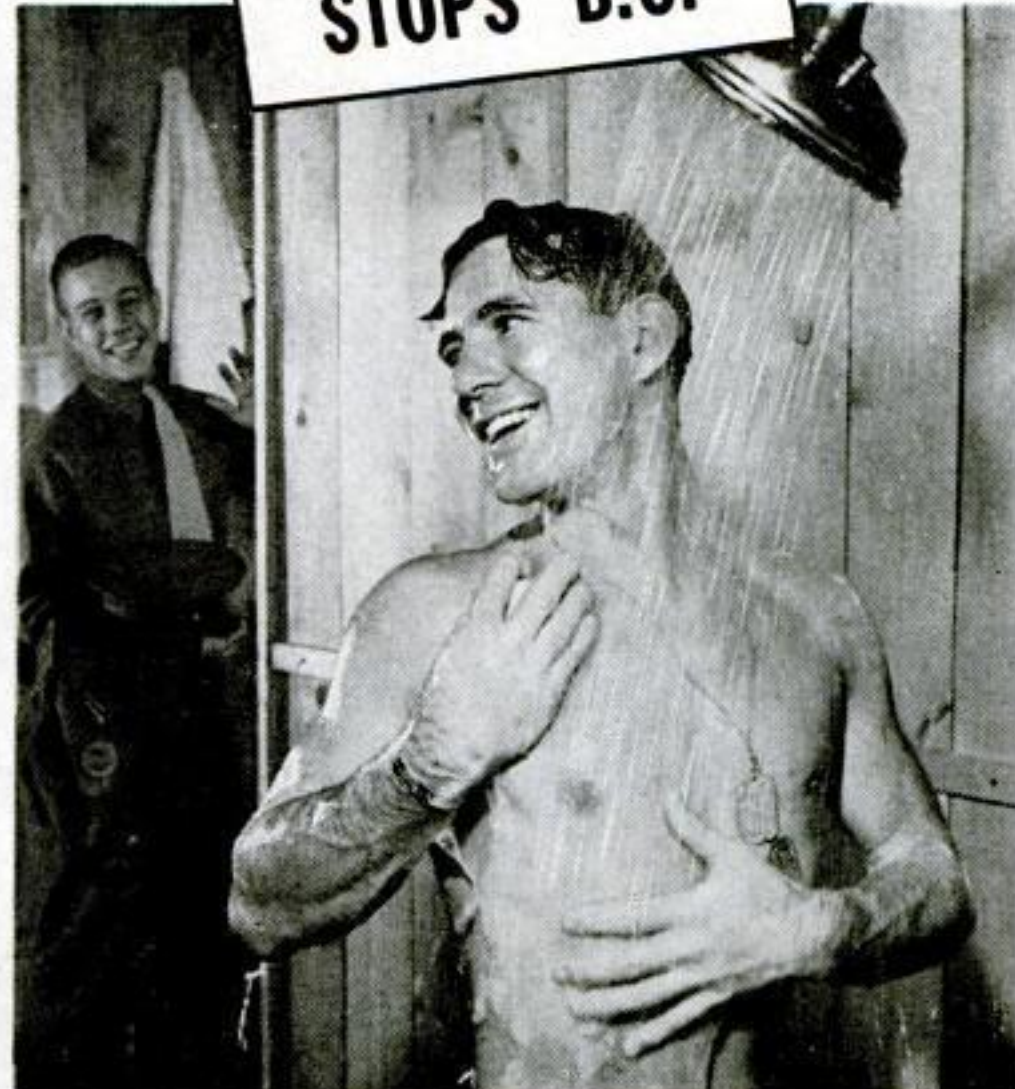
"When my hands are *really* dirty, give me Lifebuoy! Man, what lather—rich and thick! And what a job it does on dirt—crime! Yet it's extra mild. Lifebuoy's the soap for my money."

KIND TO TENDER SKIN



"Yes! Lifebuoy is a grand complexion soap! I use it all the time! Why, tests show it's actually milder than many so-called beauty soaps. And you need a mild soap for a lovely complexion."

STOPS "B.O."



"We men in the army go for Lifebuoy! It lathers to beat the band in hard or cold water. And when a fellow's hot and sweaty, Lifebuoy's the soap to stop 'B.O.' I use it every day."

WHERE'S THE SOAP THAT CAN MATCH IT ON ALL 5 COUNTS

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"It's true! The fresh, clean scent of Lifebuoy's purifying lather disappears entirely. Why, it's gone even before I'm dressed! Yet the protection lasts. I'm all for the new Lifebuoy!"

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"We must guard against germs by washing our hands often with Lifebuoy, mother says. 'Cause dirty hands can spread germs and germs make us sick. It's fun to use Lifebuoy—it feels so good."

No job
too
tough
•
No skin
too
tender
FOR
LIFEBUOY



Use it daily
FROM HEAD TO TOE
IT STOPS "B.O."





JIM AND NIKKI WATCH THE SETTING SUN NEAR SIDI AB DER-RACHMAN (BACKGROUND). BUILDINGS ARE BEACH RESORT

Jim and Nikki

An American Navy flier meets

It was only a date for lunch and the afternoon. But the American naval lieutenant (j.g.) of the patrol bombers met the pretty, wellborn, refugee French girl in Casablanca, against a background of great events in late December. Jim added to Nikki's limited English and Nikki taught Jim a little French. She had been born in China, had fled Vichy France with her mother. He was part of the tidal wave of Americans in Casablanca.



WITH VOITURE AND A DAPPLED PLUG AT "EL HANK,"



SURE-FOOTED, BARE-LEGGED NIKKI, FOR ALL HER HIGH HEELS, NEGOTIATES THE ROCKS



HIGH UP ON THE PEAK ABOVE RESORT OF ANFA, NIKKI INSISTS ON DOING IT ALONE

in Casablanca

French refugee girl in Morocco

After lunch at Papa Gouim's for about \$2, they took a carriage along the shore toward the light-house called "El Hank." Nikki nibbled at Jim's Field Ration D chocolate bar and a picnic of olives, oranges and wine. When the sun fell toward the Atlantic, they hurried back for curfew. LIFE Photographer Eliot Elisofon got this record of their simple date, including the picture of them in the carriage on this week's cover.



JIM TAKES NIKKI'S PICTURE AS THE TIDE GOES OUT

JIM LIGHTS A U. S. CIGARET. AMERICA'S GREATEST GIFT TO NORTH AFRICA, AS NIKKI HOLDS HIS NAVAL OFFICER'S CAP

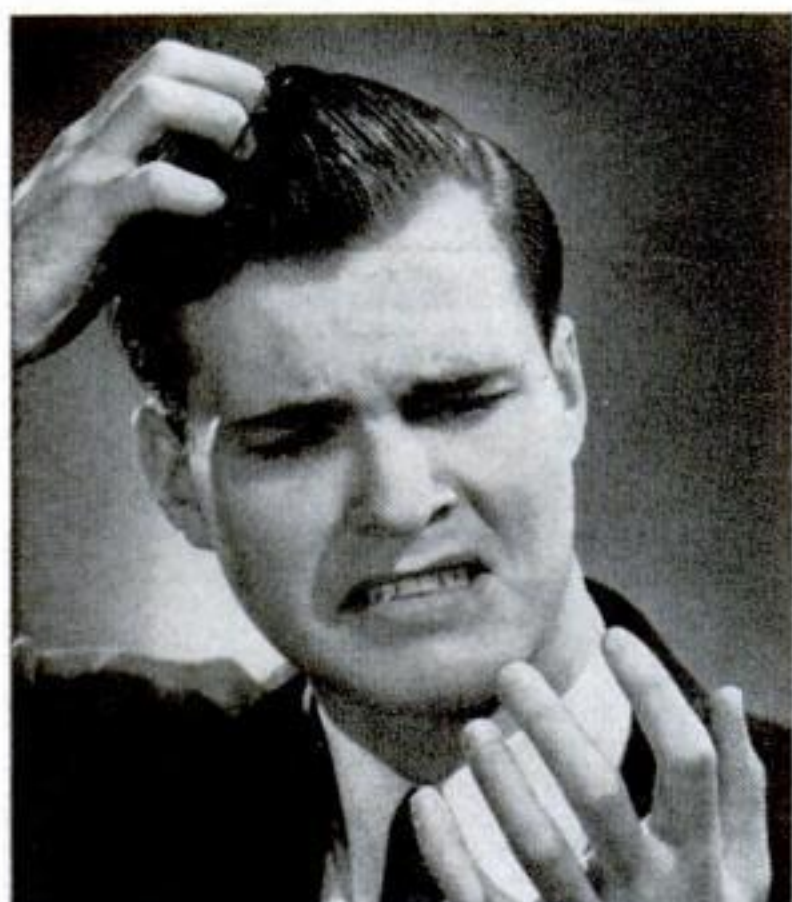


SEAWATER THROWS BACK REFLECTIONS OF JIM AND NIKKI IN PORTRAIT FOR AN IDYL



ON BEACH AT SIDI AB DER-RACHMAN, THOUGH TEMPERATURE WAS 70°, WATER WAS COLD

Can your scalp pass the FINGERNAIL TEST?



1. SCRATCH YOUR HEAD and see for yourself. If dryness or loose ugly dandruff is spoiling the looks of your hair, you need the new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula today. Safe 3-action grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff!



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**NEW WILDROOT
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GROOMS THE HAIR . . . RELIEVES DRYNESS . . . REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

Don't worry if you find loose ugly dandruff under your nails when you try the Fingernail Test! New Wildroot Cream-Oil made with Lanolin* removes loose dandruff and relieves dryness. Keeps your hair *well groomed all day* without that greasy look!

Get a bottle of Wildroot Cream-Oil today! Discover why 76 out of every 100 users, on a recent nationwide test, prefer it to hair preparations they had been using! Mild, pleasant odor. Equally good for women and children! Grooms and relieves dryness.

*REFINED LANOLIN is an important soothing ingredient that closely resembles the natural oil of the skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is scientifically homogenized for uniformity! Get a bottle today. Two sizes.

EASY AND ECONOMICAL TO USE!



Just pour a few drops into the palm of your hand. Rub hands together and apply to your hair.



Massage briskly. Dampen hair with water if desired. Then comb or brush in usual way.

*contains
LANOLIN**



**GET A BOTTLE TODAY AT YOUR FAVORITE DRUGGIST!
PROFESSIONAL APPLICATIONS AT YOUR BARBER!**

Life in Casablanca (continued)



Casablanca town, outside the native Medina, was safe enough during the day. A left is a Berber, at right a native soldier. But all whites quit the streets at sundown.



Nikki does the bargaining in French and a little Arabic for Jim's benefit, but the lieutenant does not really want to buy any of these huge worked-brass coffee pots.



A fine lunch cooked by Casablanca's best chef, Papa Gouim, late of Paris and the S.S. Normandie, includes hardboiled eggs, sardines, herring, beans, African red wine.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

Home is where your Model is



On your way home after a tough day—make a date with **Model**. Puff away your cares. Let your troubles go up in smoke — the calm, cool, fragrant smoke of the best-tasting tobacco you ever packed in your pipe!



Model's mild — every good, mellow, fine-flavored morsel. Never parches your palate. Leaves no gummy heel in your pipe bowl. For **Model** burns dry-ash clean from first puff to last.



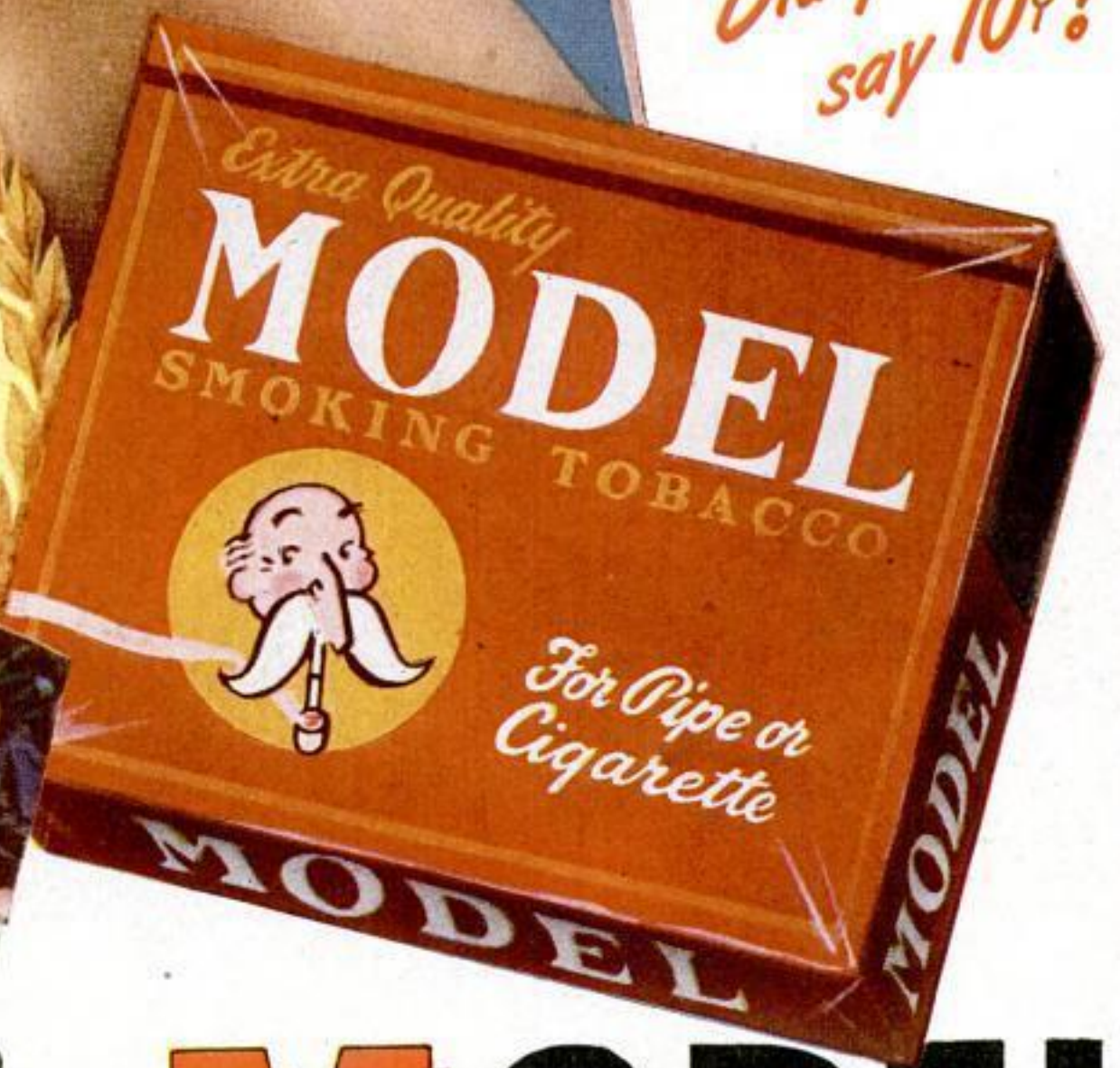
An all-time sweetheart — that's **Model**! But talkin' will never convince you like smokin'. So pipe aboard and—make a date with **Model**!

How's about it? MAKE A DATE WITH **MODEL'S** "GAY NINETIES REVUE" — CBS—COAST-TO-COAST EVERY MONDAY NIGHT



WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE MODEL?

MEN: Choose the "gal" you like best from the ten models below and send her name with your own name and address on a postcard to: Model Tobacco, P. O. Box 37, Station G, New York, N. Y. We'll send you, FREE, a gorgeous 7 1/2 x 9 7/8 full-color print suitable for pin-up or framing. Only one to a person. Offer good in U. S. A. only.



Did you say 10¢?

Make a date with **MODEL**

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*The Corvette—symbol of Canada's fast-expanding Navy, is speedy and maneuverable—does a magnificent job of convoy duty and helps free the seas of enemy raiders. The G & W Label has been a symbol of superiority in whiskey distilling and blending for more than 111 years.

More Pleasure Per Bottle!

ASK G & W enthusiasts why they prefer these fine whiskeys and, frankly, you'll get pretty much the same answer—*more pleasure per bottle!* That's been true of these whiskeys from the time of the stately Clipper Ships to the modern streamlined Corvette* of today. Take G & W Five Star, for example. Rare base whiskeys are responsible for the distinctive body of this matchless blend. Specially "rounded" spirits lend it a rich smoothness, an extra mellowness altogether its own. Best of all, this premium blend is now moderately priced. Try G & W Five Star in your favorite drink. One taste is *convincing!* Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., Peoria, Ill.

G & W 5-Star Blended Whiskey, 86 proof,
75% grain neutral spirits

G&W Five Star Blended Whiskey

GOODERHAM & WORTS, LIMITED FOUNDED IN CANADA 111 YEARS AGO



At Navy fliers' club in Casablanca, called Airdale Club, Nikki meets Jim's friends who fly PBV's. Navy pays rent for this villa confiscated from Axis sympathizer.



Music and dancing for the Moslem "Feast of the Mutton" is paid for by Jim. Center man plays goblet drum and all remove shoes. Nikki is only unveiled woman present.



Moslem taboo against other men looking at their women is not extended to white men's women, as Berbers gawk at the handsome white couple touring the town.

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Engagement Ring 200.00

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Please send the book "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding", with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings", illustrations of "Keepsake" Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

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Soon—the same good Sunsweet will be in a new war-time bottle.



Just look what this one wholesome fruit juice means to you in food benefits. It contains:
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Carbohydrates—for quick, abundant energy.
Laxative Effect—to sweep away poisons.

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The Growers' Own Brand



Also—3-WAY HELP for War-time Meals

MOTT'S Apple Juice—A delicious start for lunch or breakfast.
MOTT'S Apple Sauce—A blend of five New York state apples.
MOTT'S Cider Vinegar—Makes salad something to remember.

3 of the famous

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Produced by the Distributors of Sunsweet Prune Juice

STOP THAT LIE GRAY HAIR TELLS ABOUT YOUR AGE

(The truth is, you're no older than many of your friends who owe their youthful look to Clairol)

You seldom see women your age with gray hair today. So much the worse for you if your hair is gray! For the fewer gray-haired women there are around you, the older your own gray head makes you look by comparison.

Why do you put up with it? It isn't true that hair has suddenly stopped getting gray. What is true is that so many women have met the gray hair problem and solved it.

Today, attractive women all around you have discovered a wonderfully simple way to have youthful-looking hair color... "Naturally, with Clairol, the original shampoo tint." You can't tell it, of course—no one ever can, with genuine Clairol.

Unlike harsh, old-fashioned dyes or artificial-looking imitation shampoo tints, Clairol color-conditions your hair with shining highlights; gives it tones so true

and transparent they rival Nature's own. Modern women adopt it with confidence, just as they do lipstick and rouge.

Know the happiness and self-confidence that come with the sudden discovery that you are young-looking again! It's so easy. Depend on genuine Clairol to do this for you. And remember—better beauty shops will never substitute.

Make that appointment for your Clairol treatment now.

FREE!... "11 Secrets of Beautiful Hair." Fascinating booklet by a hair specialist tells you how to bring out the full beauty and radiance of your hair. Just write: Clairol, Inc., Dept. L-3, P. O. Box 1455, Stamford, Conn.



CLAIROL KEEPS YOUR SECRET

Because it completely avoids that tell-tale "dyed" look of old-fashioned methods. NO OTHER PRODUCT gives such natural-looking results.

CLAIROL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Original Shampoo Tint

CAUTION: USE ONLY AS DIRECTED ON THE LABEL

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

BERKSHIRE WINTER

Sirs:

The ice-coated elk (below), a memorial of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, on the Mohawk Trail in the Berkshires, was a victim of last month's capricious ice storm (LIFE, Jan. 18).

Standing there gaunt and lonely in the storm's frigid aftermath, he had gathered layer after layer of ice which decorated his antlers and hung in dainty icicles from his body.

ROBERT M. MANION

North Adams, Mass.



"SPRING" IN NEW ZEALAND

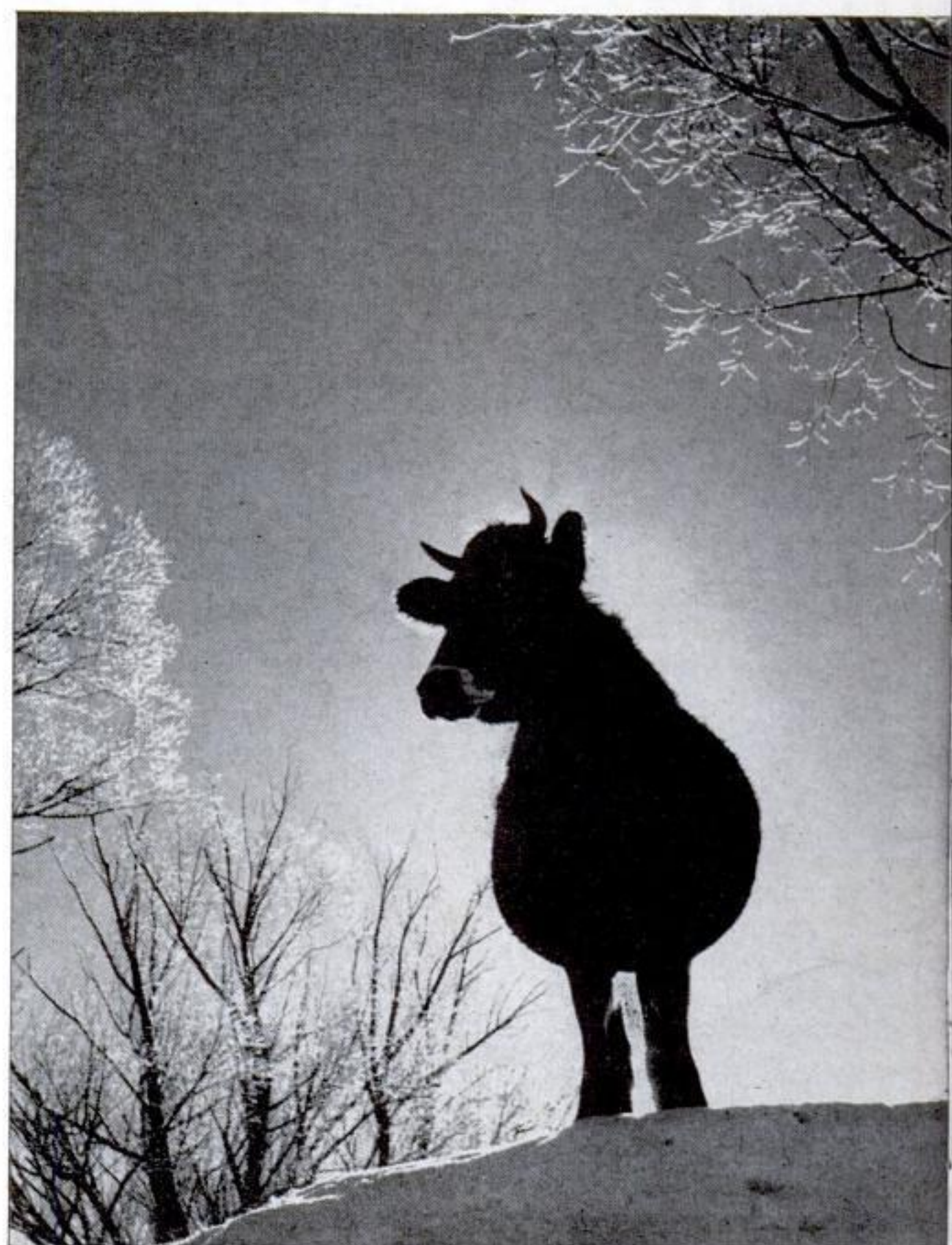
Sirs:

This picture was taken last spring in New Zealand (the beginning of winter in the U.S., because the seasons there are in exact reverse). I was walking through the countryside looking in vain for the violets and robins my bones told me I

should be spotting, when I came upon this bovine figure on a hilltop. Its mutinous countenance, pot belly and quiet tolerance made me think of it as a mate for Ferdinand, the flower-smelling bull.

GEORGE SILK
War Photographer

Headquarters
New Guinea Forces





I was born in England. Every bomb that fell on the old island did something to me too. And you can bet I'm working to speed the day when we'll reverse the Blitz.



I still have relatives in England. I know what they've been through. May the day never come when children in this country must huddle in holes and lift up their eyes in fear.

IN AMERICA, CHILDREN SMILE!

"I can't carry a gun. But down at Revere, I'm working with all my strength to help forge a great big fist for Uncle Sam to smash in Hitler's face. Because I know that if he wins, I'll no longer be my own master. I'll have to live in fear of my neighbors instead of respecting them, and my grandchildren will forget to smile, as children in Germany have forgotten under the heel of the 'new order.' But I know that will never happen if Revere production can stop it."

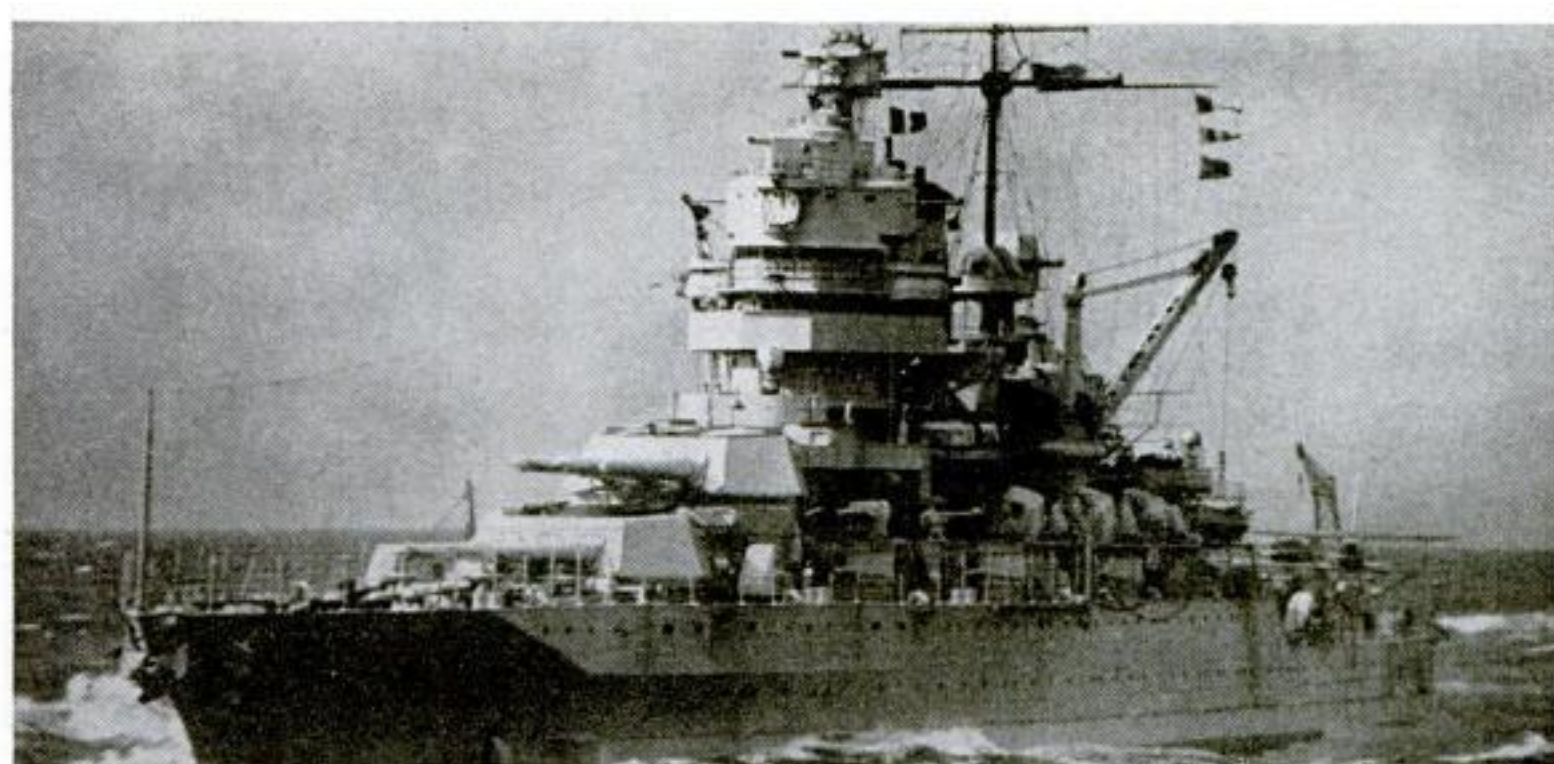
ROLAND PRITCHARD



Children like this are the symbol of what we're all fighting for. Thank the Lord, in America children still smile. May their steps, from the first hesitant ones of babyhood, always be in the path of freedom!



Copper is almost a precious metal. That's why I'm particularly proud of my job at the Revere plant. I see to it that not one tiny piece of it is ever wasted.



My son George is 'somewhere at sea' on a battleship. And when I think of the dangers he's running, I tell you some of the arguments we have over here seem pretty picayune!



I particularly enjoy foreign war news. And each time I listen in, I cheer again the American interpretation of freedom—the right of all to follow their desires, to build their own lives, to enjoy the rewards for the things they created.



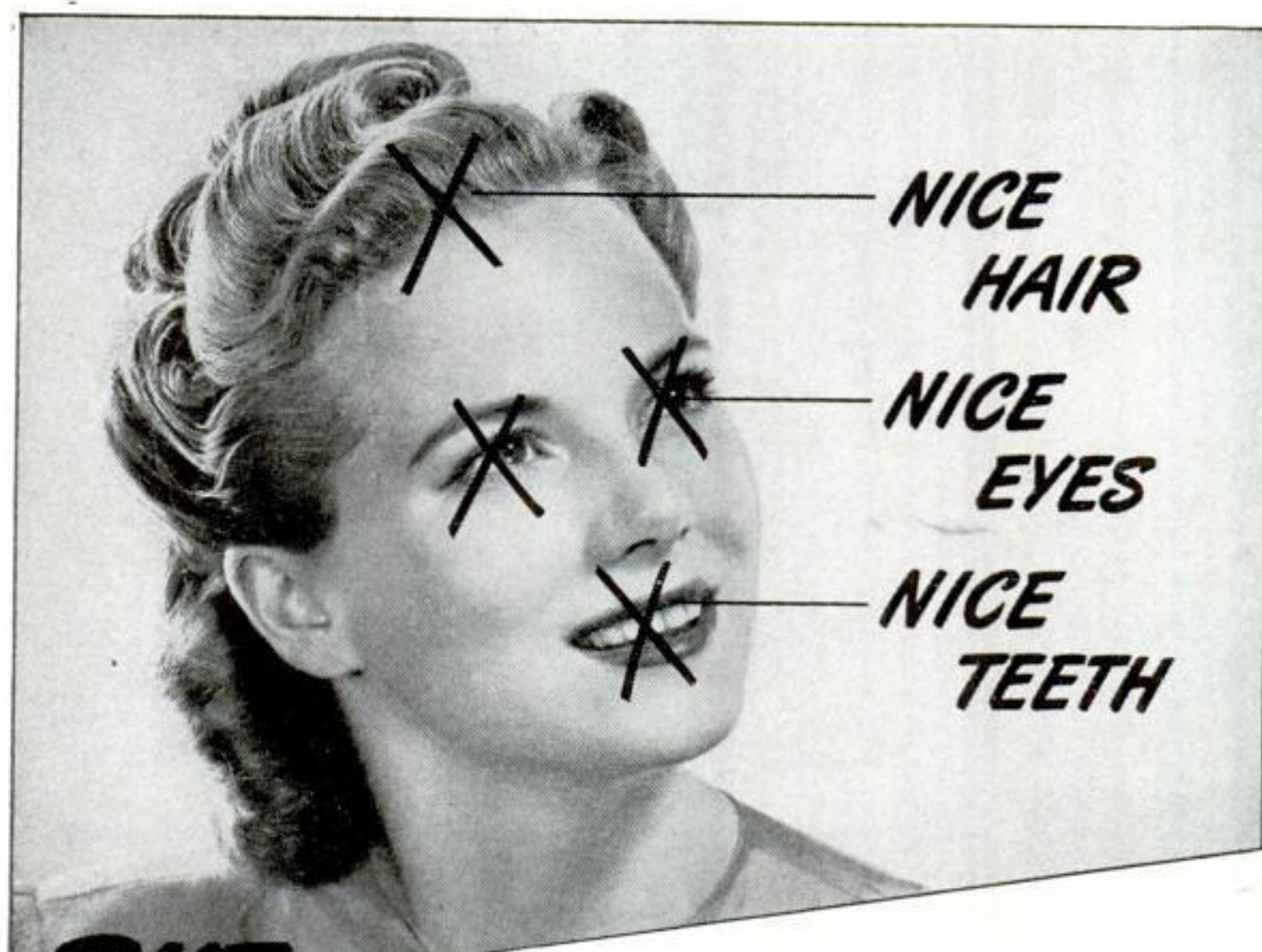
Every one of us old enough to, is working at Revere to help protect what Revere helped us win. Independence, a happy home, a loving family, and best of all, faith in the future.

Roland Pritchard has been working at Revere for 36 years. In peacetime, it was your constantly increasing purchases of products containing copper which, through the American system of freedom of enterprise, permitted him to create the independence he so prizes. Today, Revere of course, is working 100% for victory. But we are also planning for tomorrow, when the victory will be won. Then, by adding new products, new alloys, new services, to those we have always offered, we hope not only to serve you better but also to maintain all of us who work at Revere in the comfort and dignity that is the right of every American.

R E V E R E
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BUT—these charms may be wasted if she uses the **WRONG DEODORANT**

ATTENTION MEN

You may be wasting plenty of personality and good grooming, too, if you think it's not noticeable when a man neglects perspiration odor. Don't gamble! Use quick, economical Odorono Cream. Get a jar today!



NEW ODORONO CREAM CONTAINS AN EFFECTIVE ASTRINGENT NOT FOUND IN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

EFFECTIVE: Stops perspiration moisture and odor by effective pore inactivation.

LASTING: Keeps underarms sweet and dry up to 3 days.

GENTLE: Non-irritating—contains soothing emollients . . . it's skin-safe, after-shaving safe.

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DELIGHTFUL: Whipped cream smooth—flower fragrant—white and stainless. The loveliest way to end perspiration troubles.

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY: Gives you 50% more for your money than other leading deodorant creams.

THE MARCH OF TIME

for the millions of Americans who seek intelligent entertainment on the moving picture screen

ASK YOUR THEATER MANAGER WHEN HE WILL PLAY THE LATEST MARCH OF TIME

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

MARINE TACTICS

Sirs:

While his daddy works on the production line of an Oklahoma aircraft plant, Roy Dean Winchester pretends he is cleaning the Japs out of the trees in New Guinea—only in this case, the Jap is a cat. In the first picture (below) he tries to shake it from the branches, where you can see it perched near the top of the picture. Then, with true Marine tenacity, he grabs the cat by the tail and drags it down. In this same spirit our boys are wringing the tail of the Axis all over the world.

BURL WINCHESTER

Madison, Wis.



No unpleasant Scrubbing! Cleans Toilets FAST!

For over 30 years, Sani-Flush has been the quick, easy, sanitary way to keep toilet bowls sparkling-clean. Use it at least twice a week. Every application cleans away recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. Removes unsanitary film.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. When used according to directions on the can—Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks* or their action and is absolutely safe in toilet connections. Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes.



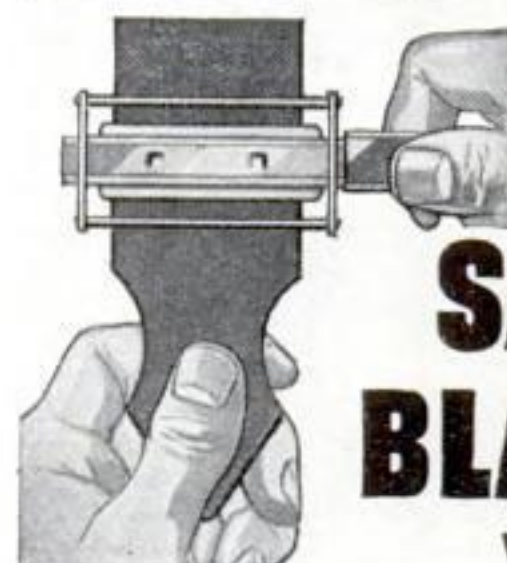
*FREE for Septic Tank Owners

Septic tank owners don't have to scrub toilets, either! Tests by eminent research authorities show how easy and safe Sani-Flush is for toilet sanitation with septic tanks. For free copy of their scientific report, write: The Hygienic Products Company, Dept. 28, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

**COLDS' DISTRESS
BREAK IT UP WITH
Salicon TABLETS
"FASTER THAN QUININE"**

BUY MORE WAR BONDS



DURHAM RAZOR AND STROP

A Durham hollow-ground blade is twice thicker. Takes almost unlimited stropings. Saves steel for war, saves money for you. Gives you grand shaves every time.

Durham Razor and Strop Kit, \$2.50, at drug-stores. For Strop only, order direct, \$1.

SERVICE MEN: Order thru Post Exchange. DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. L, MYSTIC, CONN. Also makers of Enders Speed Shaver



What did *you* do today ...for Freedom?

Today, at the front, he died . . . Today, what did *you* do?
Next time you see a list of dead and wounded, ask yourself:

“What have *I* done today for freedom?

What can I do tomorrow that will *save* the lives of
men like this and help them win the war?”

To help you to do your share, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as a part of local Defense Councils, with some war task or responsibility for every man, woman and child. Probably such a Corps is already at work in your community. If not, help to start one. A free booklet available through this magazine will tell you what to do and how to do it. Go into action today, and get the satisfaction of doing a needed war job well! **EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER**

CONTRIBUTED BY THE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS OF AMERICA.

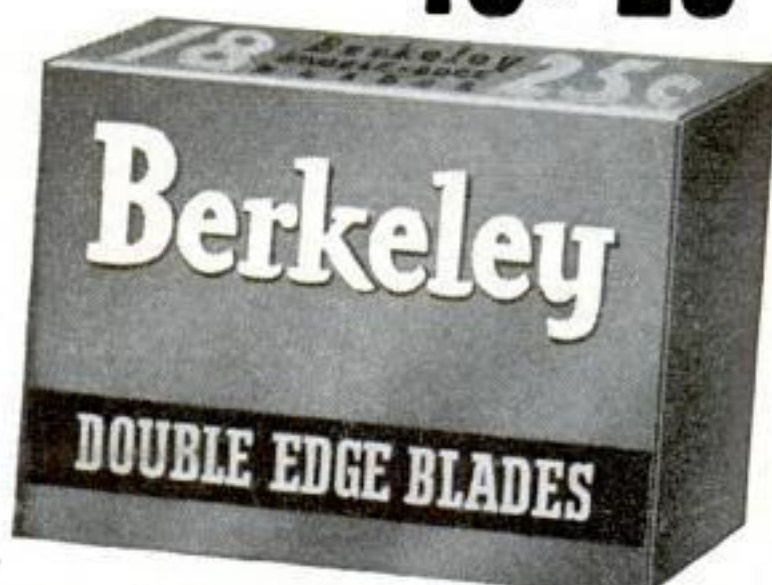
STOP LOOKING!



HERE'S THE ANSWER for every man who wants better shaves at low cost. Only 25¢ now buys 18 of the keenest razor blades you ever used . . . Berkeley Blades! Switch today. Made of fine watch-spring steel; precision honed. Money-back guarantee!

NO BETTER BLADES
AT ANY PRICE

18 for 25¢



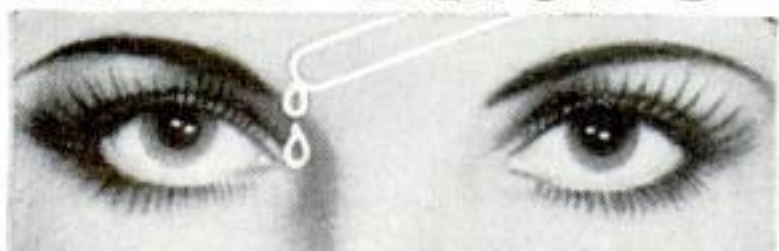
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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

GLAMOR GIRL CHADWICK

Sirs:

Believe it or not, the little girl in the first picture (below) and the glamor girl in the last one are me! Thanks to your printing my birthday pictures taken with my father year by year (LIFE, Sept. 13,

1937), one of the producers of dextrose sugar will use the pictures, together with a portrait made for them, in a national advertising campaign this coming spring to illustrate the growth and development of a child.

MARION CHADWICK
New York, N.Y.



MARION AT 3



HERE SHE IS 13



A CHUBBY 18



IN HOLLYWOOD-LIKE SETTING MARION IS READY FOR OTTO HEFFE'S CAMERA



THIS PICTURE OF MARION GLAMORIZED BY EDDIE SENZ WILL APPEAR IN COLOR

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HE WON'T
LOVE
YOU
IF YOU
COUGH



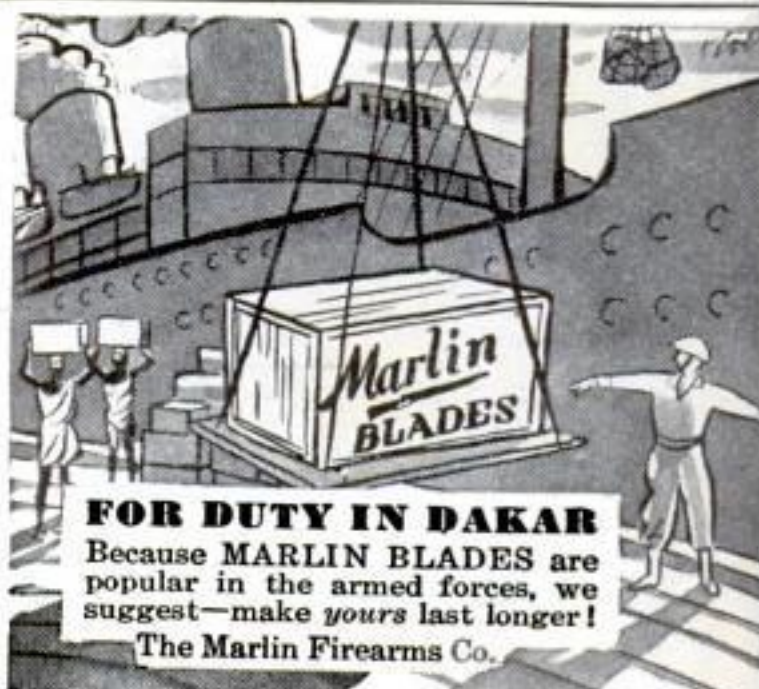
★

PASS ALONG THIS COPY
TO A MAN IN THE
ARMED FORCES

LIFE has proved to be very popular among men in the armed forces stationed in the U.S. A recent survey shows that 63% of them read LIFE each week. Chances are that some man you know will be pleased to receive this copy when you have finished with it.

Or turn it in to your nearest U.S.O. or canteen.

★



What *Every Woman* wants to know about a Man...



that he belongs
to that gallant army without banners
which shares with neighbors
in the true American way . . .
that tho' his mind is on winning the war,
he still remembers to be gallant to *her*,
saluting her on St. Valentine's Day
with "hearts" and flowers!



that when he drinks a toast
to their romance
he chooses a magnificent whiskey
worthy of the occasion . . .
that his taste for the
"First in Quality"
leads him inevitably to Old Schenley,
America's Mildest Bottled-in-Bond!



Straight Bourbon Whiskey — 100 Proof — This Whiskey is 6 Years Old. . . Copyright 1943, Stag-Finch Distillers Corporation, New York City.

[TUNE IN! JACK PEARL AND MORTON GOULD'S ORCHESTRA ON THE SCHENLEY CRESTA BLANCA WINE CARNIVAL. MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING]

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Scouting the crop before auctions open." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Georges Schreiber

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